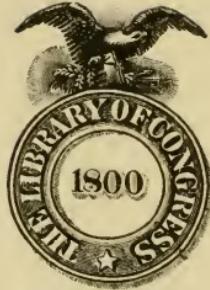




RANDOM RHYMES and RHAPSODIES *of the RAIL*

By
SHANDY MAGUIRE





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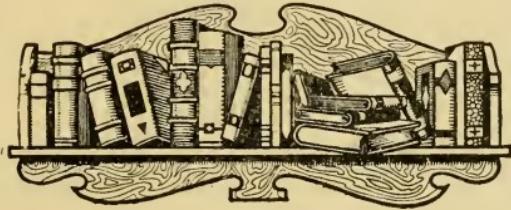
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Shandy Maguire

Random Rhymes and Rhapsodies *of the Rail*



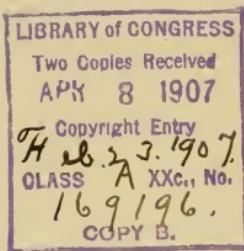
BY

SHANDY MAGUIRE

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To the men of the rail, who can best understand them, these
lines are inscribed by one of their number.

THE AUTHOR.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.

* * * * *

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise, but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth."

—*Kipling*.

IN THE GLOAMING LONG AGO.

Sweet, come sit thee here beside me,
Till I sing of love and duty;
Till I clasp my arms around thee,
And I press thee to my breast;
And I'll gaze in admiration
On thy graceful queenly beauty,
And enjoy thy peerless presence,
As against my heart thou'l rest.

Oh, the joy of thy embraces
Sends my bosom palpitating,
And thy witcheries love-laden
Thrill me like a magic wand.
And thy breath, as sweet as zephyrs
Over clover fields gyrating,
Is enjoyed with greedy pleasure,
By my heart intensely fond.

Many Junes ablaze with roses
Have delighted us and vanished,
Since our love was fondly 'trothed,
In the halcyon long ago;
Many meetings had their partings,
And I from thy side was banished,
In the gloom of desolation,
With my bosom full of woe.

But again in queenly grandeur
Thou wouldst greet me with thy kisses,
And all love-sick sobs would leave me,
As thy touch would soothe my brow ;
And a happy transformation
I'd enjoy amid new blisses,
As thy smiles would beam upon me,
Like the way they're doing now.

Fate is kind and also cruel,
It was either joyful greeting
Or a tearful salutation
Which she dealt us from her store ;
Full of bitter sweets our bosoms
At each parting and each meeting,
But the hours, even sad ones,
I could gladly live them o'er.

How I loved thy raven tresses,
And thy modest drooping glances,
And thy smiles of virgin coyness,
In the gloaming when we'd meet.
And thy timidness reproving
All my vigorous advances,
When I'd wind my arms around thee,
And salute thy lips, my sweet !

Now the silver hairs are straying
In amid those raven tresses,
And I, too, display time's furrows
Which are deeply on my brow ;

But thy lips retain their sweetness,
And I thrill with thy caresses,
And till death, dear Sweet, I'll love thee
In the way I love thee now.

Out beyond the starry portals,
And our finite field of vision,
In a land of joy supernal,
We may meet when life is o'er,
Where the pure of heart are dowered
With rich gifts of love elysian,
In that realm of endless glory,
Where all parting is no more.

AN ENGINEMAN'S JOY.

I love a flight, on a summer's night
O'er the prairie's wide domain,
On my noble steed, in her matchless speed,
As she wheels the flying train.
How her sharp exhaust keeps the cinders tossed
Up high in the balmy air,
And the track ahead, on its rocky bed,
Is swept by the head-light's glare.

There's thrilling sound, in the wheels' swift
bound,
Which no sluggard's heart can feel,
As they spin and roll, at my hand's control,
O'er the ponderous rails of steel.

By each mile-post on, ere a minute's gone,
Like a meteor's flash we run,
Never slacking pace till we end our race
Many miles toward the setting sun.

When my trip is o'er through my cottage door
Bound my boys and girls in glee,
With their joyous cries, full of glad surprise,
And their kisses sweet for me.
Oh! I gain new life as my bonnie wife
With her cheerful smiles I greet,
And I thank the Lord for the blessings stored
In the cot full of joy so sweet.

MUSING ON THE PAST.

Oft mid memories I'm living of the dear old long ago
When I first began my toiling on the rail,
When I didn't mind the hardships or the cuts
when full of snow,
Or the razor-edge of frost flung by the gale;
For my youthful pulses bounded with a stimulating tide,
And the glories of young manhood filled me there,
And the world was all before me with its portals open wide,
And the skies that spread above me mostly fair.

Then the cabs were small, and happy were the
men that filled them too,

It was song and ceaseless laughter all the time,
For a pair of true companions were each loyal
engine crew,

And dissension, it was looked upon as crime.

Then we always helped each other in our
moments of distress,

For there was no line dividing left and right,
And our engines we adored them, oft we gave
them fond caress,

As we watched the crank pins tossing with
delight.

How we'd speed into the station, and how grand
I'd toll the bell,

To salute with mystic sound a fair one's ear!
And when in the crowd I'd spy her, how my
youthful heart would swell

As I'd gaze with loving eyes upon my dear!

Those old evenings in the gloaming, with the
charmer at my side,

How I'd boast of spurts of speed made on our
trips,

Till she'd cuddle to me closer, with my arms
opened wide,

There to clasp her with my mustache on her
lips.

But a change has come most woeful since those
days of which I sing,

Now 'tis decapods, and moguls and the like,
And the harmony we felt then many times has
taken wing

Save upon some rare occasions on the pike.
And besides on "Mother Hubbards" we are many
feet apart,

Not a chance to sing duets or beg a chew,
There is nothing now but worry from the
moment that we start,
Till the mountain made of iron gets us through.

Oh I know that time is changing all the current
of our lives,

And I know there's no use sighing for the past,
For the second growth surrounds us and our
mid-aged portly wives

Are a certain sign that youthful days are past.
And how gladly I'd recall them if again they'd
backward come,

But alas, they're gone forever; by and bye
We may live in youth eternal in the promised
happy home
That was built for faithful toilers, o'er the sky.

THE UNSUNG HEROES.

Let men sing of the heroes who're falling
In front of a conquering foe;
They're bred to their soldierly calling,
And charge with their bosoms aglow;
But don't forget laurels to others,
Whose hearts in dread moments ne'er fail,
My noble professional brothers,
The heroes, unsung, of the rail.

No drum-beat or trumpet inspires them,
When life is the price that they pay;
'Tis duty courageously fires them,
The martyrs we hear of each day.
No marble proclaims the devotion
Of men in the cabs or on cars
To duty, devoid of emotion,
As up go their souls o'er the stars.

When wreaths are bestowed on immortals,
To crown every heroic name
That passed through eternity's portals,
To rest in the temple of fame.
Remember all those who stand ready
To give up their sweet lives, resigned,
Awaiting death calmly and steady,
To save those from danger behind.

BILLY KANE'S DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH.

There's old Dr. Sawbone's carriage going up to
Billy Kane's.

He has skill, that's why we got him ; Nature gave
him lots of brains.

Modest Billy proved a hero. If he'll live, we can-
not say,

And some eyes are red from weeping for poor
Billy Kane today.

He is all a man could ask for as a friend and
Brother dear ;

One who throttle-barred the Thirty as a model
engineer.

Steady, sober, honest, loving, never given to com-
plain,

And the height of his ambition was on time to
have his train.

It is thirty years and over since he first came on
the line ;

He was noted as a fireman for the way his brass
would shine.

To a shifter, to the local, to a through freight, to
the stock

He was lifted, and he ran them just as steady as
a rock.

Very soon he reached the zenith of an engine-man's delight,
Tossing crank pins, hauling coaches, on a day run
from a night;
And day in and out his signal gave us pleasure,
for we knew
That it meant he home was rolling safely with
his cars and crew.

T'other evening rose the thunder and the lightning and the wind,
And the belching rain, it followed, human eyes
to sorely blind.
Ere a score of miles was covered, running close
to Benson Hill,
Down the Thirty went and Billy to the foot of
Bailey's fill.

He had little time for thinking, yet he scorned
to leave his post,
And the brakes he sprang to danger and he soon
began to roast,
For the firebox door flew open, but the rescuers
were near,
And they quickly extricated the heroic engineer.

There are times he seems to rally and at other
times he raves,
Just as others did before him who are filling
heroes' graves;

When we tell him how his courage saved his
passengers, he smiles,
And how flowers reach him daily from admirers
round for miles.

Here's old Sawbones now returning and we'll
shortly know his doom,
If again he'll live to join us or be carried to the
tomb;
"All the danger's past this morning, you'll see
Billy back once more
In a week or two at longest just as sprightly as
of yore."

We have many men like Billy, who play touch
and go with death
In the cabs of locomotives with their very latest
breath,
And unnumbered scores of heroes we have gently
laid at rest
Till the trumpet shall be sounded, with an E.
upon each breast.

TO MR. W. H. TRUESDALE,

Founder of the Employees' Pension, Delaware,
Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

Mr. President Truesdale, when singing this song,
I but echo the praise of the thankfulest throng
Of old gray-beards all over the system, that e'er
Gained the hilltop of joy from the depths of
despair.

Now we feel that at last we've a father in fact,—
One not given to talk, but humanely to act.
Filled with justice for those who gave muscle and
brain

Night and day, to your road in snow, sunshine
and rain.

When you first came amongst us we trembled
with fear,
For we felt you intended to drive us from here;
But we soon found you noble and kindly of
heart,

Most approachable,—liberal too,—from the start;
One who *acted*, instead of *professing* to be
A true friend and a father to each employee,
Like some “friends” whom we wot of who
blowed their bazoos,

Just to hear themselves talk but who'd pensions
refuse.

Those old lads held us down—they kept salaries
small,
Just enough to keep bread in our stomachs, that's
all;
And we dreaded the time when we couldn't get
round
With the gait of the boys who are youthful and
sound.
But your brains sought the problem your kind
heart desired;
Now we old servants feel, when we're ailing or
tired,
That the poorhouse will not be the final abode
Of us men who gave all our best years to your
road.

Speaking, Sir, for myself, I have oft by the boys
Been invited all over to sociable joys,
Just because with my pen I've been handy at
times
And could tickle their fancies with doggerel
rhymes;
But I had to decline. When my service is o'er
And the duties of years shall require me no more,
I'll be off when invited. Wherever I go,
Of yourself and your road like a rooster I'll crow.

I shall point to the stripes of my service in years
To the listening throngs till I move them to
cheers
For the road and the man who presides at its
head,
Who assured us old-timers fixed rations of bread.
And I feel that your coffers shall never decline,
For you'll multiply friends for yourself and your
line;
And the dear Lackawanna with patrons shall
bloom
Through your management after we're laid in
the tomb.

FLIRTING OFFICIALLY PROHIBITED.

Dear Mr. Blackall, you deserve
My most sincere and heartfelt thanks,
For punishing, without reserve,
The male coquettes within our ranks.
When I perused in public print
Your order to your engineers,
I laughed until, like sparks from flint,
My eyes shed down big pearly tears.

Oh, many a long and tedious night
I've tortured my insipid brain,
To guide upon the path of right
The greasy dudes on every train.

Despair did oft my vitals gnaw,
For when a lady they'd espy,
They'd break through all the Moral Law
To catch her roguish, winsome eye.

I'd sometimes blame them right severe ;
And Holy Writ I'd ransack o'er,
To show them how the course to steer,
That leads to Canaan's happy shore ;
They'd hang their heads in meekness low,
And guilty plead to acting rash,
But, when from out my sight they'd go,
'Twould be to make another "mash."

The human heart is prone to err,
And often beats with sinful force ;
But fierce is the reaction, sir,
When it is tortured by remorse.
For me, I walk the narrow road,
Beset with brambles, rocks and briers,
But, bless you ! as I onward strode,
I've often had some queer desires.

A pair of crimson lips I know,
That shed their humid fragrance out,
Like tropic breezes when they blow
Perfume of spicy wales about ;
A shape like Juno's, when she won
The heart divine of mighty Jove ;
Her smiles as bright as midday sun,
And every movement made to love !

Her teeth are pearly white, her cheeks
Are blooming as the roses red;
Her voice is music when she speaks,
And raven tresses crown her head!
Her little hands, when placed in mine,
Can thrill me with delightful bliss;
And never had I tasted wine
Intoxicating as her kiss!

If she were standing near the track,
And did a signal to me make,
Though I ne'er fetched your engine back,
I'd flirt until my arm would ache;
I would, if both injectors "broke,"
Or pumps gave out, or crown-sheet bare,
I'd also let the crank-pins smoke,
Till I'd salute this lady fair!

I know on duty it is wrong,
And I'll admit that you are right;
I'll also aid you with this song
I'm moralizing in to-night.
You're worthy of the greatest praise;
But, sir, you have a task to fill
Your leisure hours, for countless days,
E'en then they'll all be flirting still.

You'd surely need an hundred eyes,
And every one as flashing bright
As Venus in the autumn skies,
To keep your engineers in sight!

Because I know they'll flirt and wink,
With hearts aflame and mouths agape.
They'd do so, sir, I really think,
At scarecrows dressed in woman's shape!

They act like boys just cut of teens,
And not like men sedate and old;
To dare to flirt with Nature's queens!
Their hearts should all be frozen cold!
But grind up your official shears,
And clip their wayward wings with speed
We'll stop those flirting engineers,
Or make their hearts in anguish bleed!

And, mind you, keep a watchful eye
Upon your firemen, for I've known
Those lads to work a case up sly,
And claim the prize as all their own.
Conductors never flirt at all.
Oh! no indeed, the saintly set!
They never enter Cupid's thrall,
Or struggle in his amorous net!

'Tis only those within the cab,
Who have no other work to do
Than simply flirt, and wink, and blab,
With women whom they hourly view.
Perhaps you have been there yourself,
And know just how the game is played?
If so, old harp, go on the shelf,
Some other time I'll need your aid.

A SMOKER'S LYRIC.

Don't talk to me of fine cigars,
With fragrance of the tropics ripe;
For solid comfort on the cars
 Oh! give me my old darling pipe.
It never fails to touch the spot,
'Twill banish every care and pang;
'Tis just as sweet and matters not
 If filled with Turkish pride or whang.

An apple-wood or brier root,
Or old black bucket, made of clay,
When steaming freely in my snoot,
 Can drive blue devils far away;
Amid the wreaths my thoughts arise,
And gaily float on buoyant wings;
With every puff it seems a prize
 From Fortune's grab-bag freely springs.

I always carry a supply
Of Navy clippings in the cab.
'Tis more nutritious, boys, than pie,
 No matter how the doctors blab
About the nervous system or
 Spasmodic action of the heart;
Why, boys, 'twill soothe the stomach's war,
 When pierced with hunger's keenest dart!

This isn't just the theme to suit
A lady's fine, esthetic ear ;
She'd much prefer a mild cheroot
The subject of my praises here ;
To Sheol with the whole brigade
Of cigarettes and choice cigars ;
For solid comfort nothing's made
To beat a pipe in smoking cars !

I've ridden o'er the Northern States,
To Union meetings and to balls,
Accompanied by jovial mates,
Who always jump when duty calls.
I've heard them freely canvass o'er
The many grades a smoker's got,
And all of them in chorus swore
It takes a pipe to touch the spot.

Cigars may please your Sunday girl,
And are the best for dress parade ;
But, 'mid our scenes of daily peril,
With some old pelter on a grade,
When pumps give out or pins run hot,
Or cataracts run down the flues,
The only thing to bless your lot
Is fill your pipe and chase the blues.

TO REV. CHARLES COYNE, PITTSBURG, PA.

By request of a number of Brothers,
Who hung with delight on your tongue,
And also from numerous others,
All scattered your audience among,
I've been asked if I'd sing you a measure
Expressing our thanks for your speech,
Here's at you, dear father, with pleasure,
In the way *I'm* accustomed to preach.

We'll never forget how you thrilled us
That day with your eloquent words,
How with maxims of wisdom you filled us
As full as the language affords.
We were swayed by the touch of a master,
Unconsciously moving along,
Who discussed all his topics much faster
Than I can describe them in a song.

Unassuming we saw you before us
Reluctantly rise to begin;
Soon away with your subject you bore us,
Until to yourself we were kin;
You were meek, and you chastened our spirits,
You were proud and we glowed with the same,
You were candid, reciting our merits,
And you placed us in niches of fame.

You rebuked, and we bowed in submission,
In humbleness kissing the rod;
For you pictured the pains of perdition
For men who're ungrateful to God.
You were broad in your language, we bounded
Away from the confines of creeds;
And applause up in thunder resounded
When you told of our heroic deeds.

When you spoke in a manner pathetic,
We responsively melted in tears,
And again, all our feelings magnetic
Were instantly known by our cheers.
None but orators gifted by nature
Could sway us and bear us along,
As you did by words, gestures and stature
That great representative throng.

There's a future resplendent before you,
Which leads to the hilltop of fame.
Men who hear you can't help but adore you,
And wreath with green laurels your name.
O'er this nation, from ocean to ocean,
We are sounding your praises to-day,
With the warmest thrills of emotion,
Which ne'er in our hearts shall decay.

JACK REGAN'S GHOST.

Jack Regan's ghost came up last night and stood
beside my bed—
Poor Jack for six or seven years is numbered
with the dead—
Of course I got a fearful shock when I beheld
him there,
And barely could I move my lips to offer up a
prayer;
Like quills upon the porcupine stood every hair
I had;
My eyes stuck out upon my face just like a
fellow's mad;
I shook in fearful agony, my brain began to roast,
Until admonished to keep cool by Johnny Re-
gan's ghost.

"Don't make a jackass of yourself," the phantom
then began,
"Your fluent pen and brawling tongue oft said
you were a man;
And now, at mid hour of the night, you're
paralyzed with fear,
Because for old-time friendship's sake I come to
visit here.
I'm sure that I'm not such a fright as you would
make believe
I'm just as I appeared in life, and out on a re-
prieve

From fires that belch beneath the earth until the
dawn of day;
So, Shandy, lad, I thought I'd come awhile with
you to stay."

I felt a wave of courage, boys, sweep gently o'er
my brow!

The spook's words put me at my ease, as calm
as I am now;

And when he asked me for my pipe, 'twas ready
with a match,

But Jack, poor soul! was hot enough the caven-
dish to catch

A little streak of colored gas with every whiff
he blew

Forth from his mouth, about my head, of most
sepulchral hue;

The atmosphere it made so dense within my little
room,

I fancied that it was the smoke from that poor
fellow's tomb.

He smacked his lips when he had done and put
my pipe away;

And there we two did sit and chat until the dawn
of day;

First, Jack led off, and asked the news, I told him
all I knew.

But when he heard his wife had wed he in a fury
flew;

I tried to pacify him but my efforts were in vain,
Until I said she lived a life of more than mortal
 pain;
That seemed to make him more serene, it quelled
 his burning ire,
And then of chaps long gone from earth I kindly
 did inquire:

“Pray how is old Tom Raymond, Jack? Come
 tell me truth, I crave;

I fondly hope he now enjoys good times beyond
 the grave.”

“That hoary fox is singed at last, he handbrakes
 on a train

That Puffenberger nightly runs with scabs to
 Brimstone Plain.”

“Is Jimmy Smith enjoying health?” “Yes,
 Jimmy feels first rate,

He and Jim Currie double crew the Hell's Half
 Acre freight.”

“How feels Ben Evans down there now?” “Oh,
 Ben keeps standing in,

Old Beelzebub was captured by his good old
 social grin.”

“Jack, how does Eddie Cronin fare?” “Alas!
 I hate to say,

Gene Potter chain-gangs with him there, and has
 his own sweet way;

Poor' Eddie fires for Eugene now, and growls
about the coal,
And Gene runs with the lever down, to roast poor
Eddie's soul."

"Does J. H. Maxwell ever rise to stifle the
chair?"

"No, nary time, his tongue is still; he must keep
quiet there,

Jack Horner, Gillet, and himself are mute as
parlor mice,

The only sound escapes them now is when they
call for ice."

"How fares it with Ben Pickern, say?" "Oh,
Ben is all O. K.

His job is just to brain the scabs who try to
sneak away."

"Say, Jack, how is Jim Tobin?" "Well! he
drives his coach and six,

It is the grandest equipage beyond the River
Styx."

"Is Eli Vail amongst the spooks that hourly weep
and wail?"

"Yes, Eli has a cushioned pew inside the chancel
rail."

"George Stitcher surely you have met?" "'Cee
Whittaker' is there,

And doesn't need an overcoat, so sultry is the
air."

"How fares Jim Daley 'mongst the gang?" "He
 doesn't fare at all,
He's inside watchman on a gate right under
 Montreal;
Jim Edwards and Tom Clarke snoop round to
 try and sneak away;
Jack says they make him such a time that very
 hell's to pay."
"Ike Scofield must be somewhere there?" "Yes,
 Ike he runs express;
His passengers are faithless wives, in sorrow and
 distress."
"Jim Jacobs have you ever met down in that
 sultry clime?"
"No; Jim is deeper down than I, and has an
 awful time.

He must have been a tough old nut and full of
 impish vim,
Because it takes two stalwart lads to rake the
 fires for Jim."
"Are any Rocky Mountain boys located down
 there, Jack?"
"Tom Moseley and P. J. McGill boss gangs re-
 pairing track,
Mike Ryan runs the hot-air pump, Herm Wills
 I've hourly seen,
Cy Warman sings, as laureate, sweet songs in
 Fiddler's Green."

"Has J. D. Riester got there, Jack?" "Yes,
Riester just came down;
Joe Jeffries and he declare they'll carminize the
town."

"John Scully, a Chicago boy, no doubt, you've
often met?"

"No; John's debarred, he can't get in, he doesn't
freely sweat."

"John Sanborn, chief of Ninety-six, I hear, is
doing time?

Please give me a few pointers, till I roast him in
my rhyme!"

"Don't do it, for, poor soul! the heat is more
than he can bear;

He kicks just like an army mule at everything
down there."

"Ed Taylor, is he gathered in? We haven't
met for years.

If I should hear he suffers much I'd shed a lake
of tears."

"For mercy's sake don't mention Ed—what noise
is that I hear?"

"Why, Jack, old friend, it sounds just like Tom
Reilley's chanticleer!"

"Good night! I'm off! I'll come again to finish
out my chat,

I'll tell you more of down below and what your
chums are at."

JACK'S GHOST AGAIN.

"Why Jack, old friend, you here again? Sit down and with me stay;

You're welcome as the birds that come to sing for us this May."

"Oh, yes, I'm here. My life was tough before I came up last,

But now, I'm crushed by countless ills more poignant than the past;

There isn't one I squealed about but vengeance is his cry,

And swears he'll grill my very heart for being such a spy.

I never dreamt you'd print their names for other chaps to read,

I told you all in confidence, and thought you would it heed;

They're like a lot of roaring bulls, and when yourself they catch

Look out for vengeance, for they swear a deadly plot they hatch

To crucify you for the rhymes you strung in fiendish glee.

Oh, Shandy, sure as here we sit, you'll suffer yet like me."

"Don't worry, Jack, poor jovial soul! It's time enough to cry

When I am hit, besides, old friend, the gang I do defy;

They've often on me got the laugh, and never
 stopped to think
The time would come for me to paste them back
 with printer's ink.
Now, here's a very good cigar, just take a social
 whiff,
And for an hour or two forget that you're a
 strolling stiff.
We'll chat and smoke, and crack a joke about our
 former pards,
Those sanctimonious chaps who've gone to get
 their just rewards."
"Here's at you! Get your pencil out, I'll tell you
 all I know.
I served as walking delegate amongst them down
 below;
There isn't in the whole domain an inch escaped
 my sight;
This smoke feels good, and I'm in trim to chat
 awhile to-night."
" 'Tis well! Sweet Kitty and the kids enjoy a
 calm repose,
But if they'll wake, I fear they'll smell the brim-
 stone on your clothes.
We'll take a chance, most married men do more
 or less of that.
Now, Jack, I'll name the lads I want, you tell
 me what they're at:
Is Tom McKenna happy there, New Brunswick's
 joyful son?"

"Indeed he is, where'er he goes he stirs up lots
of fun.

Bill Bastin, Tom and Jim O'Neill have charge of
all supplies,

They give the stokers lots of coal, dude clerks
to paralyze."

"I hope when down again you'll go Jim Brown
and Jack you'll find,

And tender them my kind regards, this mission
bear in mind."

"Indeed, I shall. I know them well. They're
cherubs near the throne.

Jim ranks as past Grand Chief, and bears that
title all alone."

"Does Eddie Miller frizz his hair the same as by-
gone days?"

"No! Ed don't need a curling tongs his frizzled
bangs to raise,

The heat is fierce enough for that. Old bachelors
like 'Slim'

Are barberized by hack saws there to regulation
trim."

"Pete Kilduff was a saint on earth, Jack, tell me,
how is Pete?"

"Poor fellow! miserable enough, he can't endure
much heat,

He roasted you in Pittsburg once, but pity him, I
pray,

And send him down a chunk of ice his mad
thirst to allay."

"Bill Hayes, of Minneapolis, was broad gauged
with us here,
And in our grand old Brotherhood he didn't
have a peer.
Say, is my much esteemed old friend enjoying
peaceful rest?"
"You bet he is! He reigns as king of Sheol's
whole northwest."
"Where's Sandy Rusk, the foxy rogue, so full
of impish tricks?"
"He's captain of a leaky scow, and cruises on the
Styx;
He ferries train dispatchers o'er that bed of
liquid flame,
And drops one over now and then who bore an
evil name."
"Does Johnny Fisk smile gracious yet, the same
as days gone by?"
"Yes, John has got the same old glance stuck
in his weather eye;
He sentinels the lower tier, where long gone
tyrants dwell,
And keeps a steadfast gaze upon poor F. B.
Gowan's cell."
"Is Jim McDonough at his ease in happiness
supreme?"
"Indeed he is, and never lacks a boiler full of
steam;
He sends you up his kind regards, and says he
loves you still."

"Lord bless him, Jack, take down from me the
same with right good will;

And tell him that his cotton bale I had to quickly
knife,

A few short months ago to save our much-loved
baby's life.

Bill Tompson, of injector fame, pray tell me
where is he?"

"Oh, don't you worry, Bill is there, a cell or two
from me;

He counts his beads, and sings his hymns, a fur-
lough to obtain,

But Bill will have a tough old time before they
loose his chain."

"I miss a brisk Elmira chap from scenes of
former times,

Who'd sing 'come all ye' song all night, and
spout my pointless rhymes,

Poor Frank McKeon is whom I mean, a very
good gossoon."

"That chap has heavy bracelets on, and sighs to
see the moon;

Long epochs must elapse before life's ills he does
atone,

Jim Lonergan may count his beads but can't pray
out McKeon."

"Gene Potter wrote me to inquire how Billy
Foran feels?

If Evans, chief of Sixty-one, goes regular to
meals?

And if Jack Sheridan is still the same old jovial soul
He was the night in Montreal, he told such stories droll?"
"They're there! I'll tell them all how kind was Potter to inquire,
He'd like to see them roasted, but they're close enough to fire."
Is Dickenson, a New York boy, located in that place?"
"I saw him just before I left, with salt tears on his face;
He tried to get a brief lay off, but quickly was denied;
He's kept in close confinement since the very night he died."
"How is it with those chaps who climb promotion's ladder's rounds,
And leave us when we help them up, the dirty thankless hounds?"
"They're scoffed and spat at, kicked and spurned where'er they chance to steal,
With 'ingrate' stamped on back and breast, their presence to reveal."
"John Burns I've missed a year or two, I hope he's doing well?"
"He runs a sort of pick-up train where some ex-preachers dwell.
Chicago visitors, like John, with windy western ways,

Are sprinkled oft with kerosene to keep them in
a blaze."

"I wonder if old Johnny Kells, a sterling friend
of mine,

Is running pay car thereabouts on any Hades
line?"

"He's station clerk in Fidler's Green, and checks
all comers through,

Consigned to Satan's lowest pit, that call there
from the Q."

"Now, Jack, speak low, with bated breath, and
take your solemn oath

This question I am going to ask, with feelings
very loath,

You'll never tell a single soul I ever asked it,
Swear!

'Tis well! Now tell me, dear old ghost, is J. B.
Maxwell there?"

"Hush! Shandy, listen to me now. I'll give
you what I know—"

Just then the cocks in clarion tones began to
loudly crow,

Gray streaks of light far in the East proclaimed
the coming dawn,

And from my sight, with head-long dive, Jack
Regan's ghost was gone.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"Oh, Jack! I thought the prayers I said above
your lonely mound,
Since last you took your flight from here, would
keep you sleeping sound.
You must have been a tough old nut. You stroll
where churchyards yawn,
And terrify your friends on earth from midnight
till the dawn.
Now, tell me, what can bring you here, when all
around is gloom,
Except the blaze your presence sends about my
lonely room?
Some heinous sin, some weighty crime you must
have unconfess'd,
Because unlike the sinless dead, in peace you
cannot rest."

"Perhaps you're right, perhaps you're wrong.
I'm not at all at ease,
That's why I make these midnight trips, to woo
the wintry breeze.
I love a snow path, when the drifts are towering
o'er the stack,
Yet sometimes feel I'm better off than slaves on
railway track;
I simply suffer with the heat, while they must
stand the cold,
And all the other nameless ills their half-clad
frames can hold.

Tonight I've made a special trip, commissioned
to inquire
If you've reformed blaspheming ways, to miss
eternal fire?
The rumor came by many down; they positively
swore,
That from your chums, alive and dead, you've
sneaked forevermore;
If so, it is a sudden change, and countless shades
in chains
Will gnash their teeth to think you'll miss their
never-ending pains."

"Yes, Jack, an automatic brake now sets upon
my tongue—
The straight air one too often failed to check me
when 'twas sprung.
I find when things are working wrong 'tis just
as well to pray,
Soft words can lubricate my throat and drive
all ills away;
Besides, I'll stand a better chance when Gabriel's
trump shall blow,
Than you and all your pals who take a cooling
bath in snow."

"Well, boy, I don't know but you're right. Had
I made such a vow
Long, long ago, I wouldn't think a linen duster
now

Too heavy for an overcoat, while zero pelts a
breeze
So icy cold an Arctic bear, of robust life, would
freeze.
How very seldom does a chap reflect on coming
death,
When on some God-forsaken mile he pops off
fiery breath,
At dirty coal, at leaky flues, at boxes blazing red,
At all the nameless things we find to fire the
coolest head,
To boil the life-blood in our hearts and turn our
hair to gray—
It's only some white-livered saint at things like
these can pray."

"Dear Jack, you're wrong, I know a score of
double-breasted boys,
Who after many sinful years now taste celestial
joys;
They're running yet, and every one manipulates
a train
As good as those of brimstone breath, besides
can stand the strain.
'Tis best to be a model man that blustering ways
can stop,
That scattered wild oats long ago, and harvested
the crop;
Why can't I be as good as those that from rough
ways came o'er,
And get a berth when done with life on Jordan's
happy shore?

"Because such fellows as you tell go regular
to church,
While you would need a Texan bull to haul you
through the porch;
Each one can pray as fluent now as in the days
of yore;
Without a stammer in his voice incessantly he
swore;
While you—oh, hang it, Shandy, come away
from piercing cold
And join the lads you loved in life, those heroes
stout and bold;
Who didn't care a brown bawbee if life should
last or not;
When running pelters on the rails, with bearings
blazing hot,
With thumping boxes, guides and pins, enough
to kill a mule,
Upon some old distracted mill, the firebox only
cool;
That's why we can endure the heat in regions
where I stroll;
Besides, you'll never hear complaints about poor
grades of coal.
Our fuel is the very best that ever made a blaze,
We never need to slash the fire a head of steam
to raise.
Say, may I tell the gang, you're still a brother
tried and true,
And when old Death your gizzard cuts they all
may look for you?"

"Away, you peace-disturbing wretch Don't
tamper with my vows.
Forevermore your hateful shape must not pollute
my house.
The stumbling blocks beneath my feet may hurt
my tender toes,
But on I'll bravely tramp the road, to seek in
death repose.
What's time but just a second's space, though
life lasts eighty years,
And from the cradle to the grave may be a road
of tears,
Yet, at its close, an endless rest is waiting for
the just,
Whose ransomed souls on angel wings soar up-
ward from the dust.
Away! and tell your sinful pards that navigate
the Styx,
I've turned my back on old resorts and all out-
landish tricks.
Just take a header and be gone. The roosters
soon will crow,
You'll never see my humble phiz among the
spooks below."

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

I threw myself upon the bed in rather sorry
plight,
For dreamless sleep and needed rest, at twelve
o'clock last night;
But scarcely had my eyelids closed till wheels
began to roll
With fearful speed within my skull, that har-
rowed up my soul.
I heard a knock, I said: "Come in," I thought
'twas at the door,
And soon a spook 'longside my bed monopolized
the floor;
I almost screamed; "Shut up," it cried, "if not,
your heart I'll roast,
You know me well, we once were chums, I'm
Johnny Regan's ghost.

"Oh, holy mother of Moses! Jack, say! are you
in *there* yet?"
"You brainless fool! why need you ask? Just
note the way I sweat.
While zero blizzards swept the sky, you see I
can't keep cool,
No one would ask that question but a lunatic or a
fool.
Of course, I'm there, and on the whole, I think
I'm better off
Than you poor railroad niggers here, that freeze
and starve and cough;

I wouldn't swap my job tonight with any toiling
slave,
We've better times way down in—well, at my
side of the grave.

I'll light my old dudheen until I have a social
whiff,
And then I'll chat a while with you, just like a
strolling stiff,
Ah, there it goes! 'tis steaming free, not like
gigantic hogs
That make the lives of engineers far worse than
friendless dogs.
There was a time—before I died—when chaps
could take some rest,
The cabs were built with seats for two, where
both could talk and jest,
And everything we needed then was furnished
to us here,
Those were the days we all felt proud to be an
engineer.

The other night we caught a spook we fished
for quite a spell,
You know his name, 'tis Jim Malone," "Say,
Jack, is he in h—?"
"Indeed he is, and Paddy Doyle is also gathered
in."
"Alas! alas! my heart will break, I thought they
ne'er did sin,

They looked as meek as parson's clerks, and
seemed to always pray;

I often said they'd get a pew in realms of end-
less day."

"They're praying yet asthore, machree, but bless
your honest soul,

'Tis for the Lord to let them out, or furnish
poorer coal."

When in this room some years ago you know I
told you then,

That down beneath us was chock full of pious
railway men."

"I thought a man attending church, the moment
he would die

He'd soar above the ills of earth, to mansions o'er
the sky."

"You were mistaken in your thought, and when
you join our squad,

You'll meet some sanctimonious plums you fancy
now with God."

"Say, Jack, is such my final doom? Old friend,
reply sincere."

"If 'tis, you'll still be better off a thousand times
than here.

If now you had to seek a job, you first must sign
your name

Upon a blank, and state precise from whence
your granny came;

If outside wedlock you were born, or if you have
a wife,
If so, how many kids you've got to hustle for in
life;
If you are sound in wind and limb, with pulses
beating high,
And if you ever have been known to wink the
other eye—
Oh, say! I'd rather rake the fire in Frank B.
Gowanville,
Than back up here come look for work again to
run a mill.

How have you been since last I called?" "I found
it pretty tough.
I often had to hustle round to try and keep my
luff,
'Twas nip and tuck a thousand times to find some
bread to carve,
I'm yet alive and kicking, but I'll steal before I'll
starve.
And now, old friend, I'd like to hear from all the
lads below."
Just then a rooster flapped his wings, and gave a
lusty crow,
Jack took a header through the floor, and from
my sight was gone,
As purple streaks across the sky proclaimed the
coming dawn.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

Hark ! the music of the morning,
From the silvery throats of bells,
Is melodious and entrancing,
And delightedly it tells
That a young New Year has risen
From his Orient couch of light,
To dispel the gloomy shadows
On the dismal brow of Night.
In the chariot of the morning
He is sweeping o'er the earth ;
And our hearts, in exultation,
Are most thankful for his birth ;
For we hope his reign shall teach us
That our stormy days are o'er,
And a kind, fraternal feeling
Shall prevail for evermore.

'Tis a loved and honored custom,
Which can move our lips sincere,
As we interchange the greetings
Of the happy, young New Year !
When the smiles of joy are beaming,
And a love light in the eyes ;
When no clouds bedim the splendor
Of our dear, domestic skies ;
When fraternal hands are clasping,
With a pressure firm as steel,
And ejaculations pious
Are sent heavenward for our weal—

These are Christianizing customs,
Filling human hearts with love,
And reminders of the glory
Of our Father's home above!

May the bonds of true affection
All our future lives entwine;
May hosannahs rise melodious,
To salute dear Eighty-nine;
May Te Deums full of gladness
Up from every bosom ring,
And may Hope convey' the tidings
That he'll prove a welcome king.
That his reign shall be a grand one;
That the toilers of the earth
Shall have cause to bless the moment
When time ushered in his birth.
Friends, accept the heart-felt greetings
Which I tender you sincere,
With my true and earnest wishes
For a happy, happy year.

"GOD GUIDE US."

This life a toilsome railroad is,
The track bestrewed with trouble,
Enough to cloud a smiling phiz,
With hills to daily double,
And oftentimes we're short of sand
When such sad ills betide us;
'Tis then we must disheartened stand,
And humbly say: "God guide us."

Oh, Christianizing words! how oft
In mental meditation
Our inward feelings sent aloft
That trite ejaculation.
The wisest of us all must feel,
When vicious men deride us,
At times we need a mute appeal
For God in heaven to guide us.

When slander flings its keenest dart,
Impelled by hate and malice,
To pierce our unsuspecting heart,
And overflow our chalice
With venom'd gall; then while we drink,
Without a friend beside us,
To anguished depths we quickly sink,
And pray for God to guide us.

We may have strength and robust health,
And also be contented;
Our coffers may o'erflow with wealth,
(Although my own are stinted);
Our friends may be a merry train,
And never know to chide us,
But, even so, each pious brain
Should hourly say, "God guide us."

God guide us in our daily walks,
And guide us in our labors.
Oh, may He soothe our railing talks;
And make us love our neighbors.
At morning, noon, and night we need
From evil ways to hide us,
Then, with our hearts from passion freed,
Devoutly say: "God guide us."

God guide our much-loved Brotherhood
Through ways of commendation,
An make it scatter broadcast good,
Devoid of tribulation;
Oh, guide all kindred orders safe
By rocks that would divide us;
And when we leave this vale of grief,
May He to glory guide us.

MOONSHINE.

Oh! give me the life of a dreamer,
To dream 'neath the shade of the trees,
Where I'll list to the birds and their singing,
And can drowse in the hum of the bees;
Without ever a thought of the future,
Or this work-a-day world full of care,
Just to fill out a dreamer's existence,
In the balm of the exquisite air.

Oh! give me the life of a dreamer,
Far away from the bustle and hum
Of the ne'er ending fight for a living,
Until all our heart-beats are dumb,
On the green, grassy slopes of the uplands,
'Neath the shade of the wide-spreading trees,
Where the wild flowers scatter their fragrance,
When touched by the wandering breeze.

'Neath the blue of the skies are the mountains,
The rivers, the valleys, the plains,
The groves full of song birds, the fountains,
The grottoes and hawthorn lanes.
God builded the country, His wisdom
Inspires us and speaks to our hearts;
Man's hand-work is seen in the city,
'Mid the barter and rush of the marts.

When we wish to get nearer the angels,
And we sigh for a haven of rest,
We instinctively long for the verdure
Which blooms on some daisy-crowned crest;
Where our brains and our bodies when weary
May drowse on the gem-spangled sod,
Far away from life's battles so dreary,
At ease in the temple of God.

Oh! I long for the life of a dreamer,
To weave my brain fancies in glee,
Where the clover tops sway in the zephyrs,
O'er-laden with sweets for the bee;
Without any care for the morrow,
Like birds the green branches among,
Ne'er thinking a moment of sorrow.
Or the sad *misereres* unsung.

"DREAMY EYES."

What pleasure has this world for me
In all its verdure drest,
When pangs of bitter agony
Are surging through my breast,
Until my heart is choked with grief,
Because all joy has fled?
Tears will not flow to bring relief,
For "Dreamy Eyes" is dead.

Some birds upon the verdant lawn,
Which used to hop and play,
And sing their songs from early dawn,
Until the close of day,
Have feathers flushed and mutely rest,
A wing conceals each head,
While others languish in the nest,
Since "Dreamy Eyes" is dead.

The crimson lips are now no more,
Where nectared joys did bloom;
They'll never thrill like days of yore,
They molder in the tomb;
The pearly teeth, the golden hair,
Which crowned her regal head,
The same sad desolation share,
For "Dreamy Eyes" is dead.

Oh Death, thou grim destroyer, say
Why must the fairest fall
Beneath thy cruel, ruthless sway,
When sad hearts wait thy call?
Thou wilt not list to those whose feet
Are through misfortune led,
Who wish with resignation sweet
To have thee strike them dead.

It is the most divinely fair
Thy vengeance seems to prize,
Rich jewels in earth's garden rare,
Just like dear "Dreamy Eyes."

I've known her ere her life's young spring
Put on the buds of May,
And saw fresh graces round her spring
To crown her every day.

Alas! alas! I can but write
This song essayed in gloom,
And broken-voiced its words to-night
I chant above her tomb;
Its agonizing numbers sweep
My heart in plaintive knell,
But will not rouse her silent sleep
Dear "Dreamy Eyes," farewell.

ON TO RICHMOND.

Come, Brothers, from trans-Rocky lands
Where billows roll o'er leagues of sands
And come from ice-bound shores away,
Which mark the coast of Hudson's Bay;
From frozen regions of the North;
Let men of mettle all come forth;
From Nova Scotia come along
And swell the legislative throng
That marches on to Richmond.

From ocean o'er to ocean, send
Your representatives, to blend
Their voices in a grand hurrah
With those enacting every law

That is to guide our Brotherhood
Along the future, for our good,
To hold our friends with grasps of steel,
And be conducive to our weal.

In dear, historic Richmond.

Come up from Montezuma's Halls,
Respond to our fraternal calls;
Let every tawny lad come forth
To meet his Brothers from the North,
And bring along the Southern girls,
Until we view the priceless pearls
Of tropic growth, of which we read,
And note if handsome looks exceed
Our Northern dames, at Richmond.

McClellan, in the days gone by,
With hostile guns did vainly try
To capture "Richmond on the James."
But we'll invent some other games
To take it, and we'll get there, too,
As sure as I converse with you.
Guns full of love we'll load and fire
Until we gain our heart's desire,
And enter into Richmond.

Virginia's consecrated ground
Has many a noble hero's mound;
Brave men who died in freedom's cause,
And won for her the world's applause.

Adown the tide of ages, fame
Shall cluster 'round her honored name;
The "Mother of Presidents" is she,
And when we tread her soil we'll be
Surprised with sights at Richmond.

Get out the old-time fife and drum,
And make them musically hum,
Until the very air vibrates
With marching clans from out the States;
And bring your Sunday girl along,
With wives and aunts to swell the throng.
The Southern people all are kind,
And many noble souls we'll find
When we arrive at Richmond.

OUR BABY.

He's brighter than the morning skies,
Kissed by the sun's first beaming,
Ablaze in all their glorious dyes,
Across the blue vault streaming;
He's fairer than the unsunned snow,
And sweet as blooming clover,
Where bees in quest of honey go,
The little dear heart rover.

He's newly come from babyland,
With many infant graces;
With dimpled cheek, with chubby hand,
And sweetest of all faces.

His eyes now mirror forth his soul,
Where filial love reposes,
His nectared lips, supremely droll
Outrival crumpled roses !

There's not a phase of human love,
Or speech-defying rapture,
But what our little cooing dove
Can by his antics capture ;
He is a royal little lord,
And rules our whole dominions,
Since here he came to be adored
Upon his angel pinions.

Oh ! pure and holy human love,
Maternal and paternal,
Fit type of Him who rules above
And blooms in hearts supernal ;
All bosoms feel its thrills the same,
And glow in adoration,
Which helps to feed affection's flame,
In every rank and station.

Still may its tide keep bounding on
And never cease its flowing,
To greet each little darling one,
That charms us with its crowing.
For when in single file they come,
We ne'er count time nor trouble,
But, Lord, they paralyze us dumb
When they salute us double.

OLD LETTERS.

Ah! there you are in your musty dress
 Of tear-stains, crease and rime,
Conveying me joy and sore distress,
 And marks of the teeth of time.
What's this? A letter from Susie Brown!
 The date? Oh! none shall know,
For Susan caused me many a frown
 In the halcyon long ago.

Now here is one that's yellow with rage,
 And breathing of friendship dear,
On every line of the ample page
 I've kept for many a year;
The writer's dead, but he still lives on
 In my heart, and will for aye,
Till its beatings cease, till its mission's done,
 And is laid in the voiceless clay.

This one I now peruse, O Lord!
 How time can change our ways!
Its few brief words had pleasure stored,
 Which trilled in those distant days.
It reads: "Tomorrow take number three
 As engineer, and be sure
You'll give a daily report to me."
 No more of the furnace door!

I was happy then, for I gained the side
For which I so long had toiled;
My pulses thumped with a nameless pride
When the main rods first I oiled!
The Prince of Wales was not half so grand
As I was when I took the seat,
And dropped a spit on my throttle hand,
To go out with the local freight!

This here is a musty, scented note,
With faded myrtle leaf,
Which lifted my heart into my throat
When reading the lines so brief.
It ends with "Jennie." Where has she gone?
She's wed, and has children nine!
Thank heaven she did my company shun,
For I'd hate to call them mine.

When a fellow toils for his daily bread,
On a "hog" on a railway track,
Some devilish thoughts cruise round his head,
And stitches twist his back;
He doesn't want six or a dozen brats,
Or a too prolific wife,
To scamper round like a brood of cats,
And shorten his dreary life.

This one is headed "Darling" here,
And it bears a recent date;
Condemn it, it caused me many a tear,
And nearly sealed my fate—

Oh! go to the flames till the smoke-wreaths rise
Up into the evening air!
Cremation's best to prevent surprise
At the contents strewn in there.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Let gladsome notes, from countless throats,
In hearty praise arise,
Until our words, like songs of birds,
Resound 'neath wintry skies;
For Christmas comes, and rolling drums
Will beat with festive cheer,
Across the wold, despite the cold,
To welcome Christmas here.

Let sighs of pain for once be vain
To keep our lives in woe;
We'll stamp them down and on them frown,
While 'mid the genial glow
Of yule logs bright and pure delight
Of sundered friends so long,
We meet once more, like days of yore,
To sing the festive song.

Oh, happy time of which I rhyme!
Oh, youth, with all its joys!
Our sterner days can ne'er efface
When we were girls and boys;

When not a care we had to share
With ghoulish, ghostly smarts,
But all was bliss, and mother's kiss
Like nectar filled our hearts!

Forget the tears brought on by years
When fighting on life's road,
And let us sing, each one a king,
Who never felt the goad
Of hardships keen, so often seen
When struggling for our bread;
Today feel bright, for soon the night
Will come, when we are dead.

If silvery hair now straggles where
Redundant locks once curled,
And crow-feet deep with constant leap
Against our brows are hurled,
No matter, sing! till Care takes wing,
Don't nurse disturbing sighs
Each anguished tear will surely sere
The brightest pair of eyes.

Our children's laugh if we'd but quaff,
Once more 'twould make us glow,
And soon we'd feel their romping weal,
Like days of long ago.
When we, too, played and merry made,
Chock full of childish glee,
In happy homes, 'neath humble domes,
Around the Christmas tree.

Who knows how soon the boastful boon
 Of health and life may cease,
And o'er our bones be sculptured stones
 Which tell we sleep in peace?
No ray of light dispels the night
 Which hangs above the dead;
So, reader dear, seek pleasure here,
 If you've a level head.

Come! stockings fill with generous will
 And make the season gay;
Give gifts and toys to girls and boys
 On glorious Christmas Day!
In after years, perchance 'mid tears,
 Their hearts will feel the glow
Of former times, like him who rhymes,
 And thinks of long ago.

LIFE'S TRIALS.

'Tis hard to live a life of toil,
 Every day;
To wade along knee-deep in moil,
 Every day;
Without a hope to cheer us on,
From rising till the setting sun,
Until life's weary race is run,
 Some sure day.

'Tis hard to suffer nameless ills,
 Every day;
To roast with fevers, shake with chills,
 Every day.

'Tis burdensome upon the breast,
To sigh and moan for needed rest,
And have corroding care a guest,
 Every day.

Philosophers their creed may preach,
 Every day,
To keep content within our reach,
 Every day;
But human ills are hard to bear,
When joy is ousted by despair,
Caused by our mortal wear and tear,
 Every day.

We're told there's peace beyond the tomb,
 When we die;
That evermore in bliss we'll bloom,
 When we die;
But such to gain through life we must
Besmear our bodies in the dust,
And never waver in our trust,
 Ere we die.

I'd like to get a slice of life,
 Now and then,
To feel its sunshine, miss its strife,
 Now and then;

I'd take it with a welcome grace,
Instead of in the future place,
Where we are told our sorrows cease,
 In glory then.

We'll have to take the sour and sweet,
 As they come ;
Our fate for good or ill we'll meet,
 Let it come ;
We cannot dodge what is decreed,
Though hardships make our bodies bleed,
Nor bottle sunshine in our greed ;
 Fate must come.

May Heaven grant contentment sweet
 To us all ;
May sorrow flee on footsteps fleet
 From us all ;
May hope's illuminating ray
Shed light upon us every day,
Instead of black despair, I pray.
 That is all.

THE CLIME WE LIVE IN.

Believe me, if all those huge snow-drifts shall
last

Till the sun bursts the tree buds in May,
I'll a corpse be, as sure as the winter goes past,
About four feet or more 'neath the clay;
For I feel that a tussle with "beautiful snow,"
When it tarries the whole season out,
Is enough to invite me to bundle and go,
Where the ghosts in their shrouds gad about.

Yet, it is not the snow-drifts so much I despise,
As the caller who thumps at the door
Many hours ere the sun begins rubbing his eyes,
On the couch of his slumber secure.

Oh! the devil-toned tongue of the wretch is
enough
To drive reason away from my brain;
As he says the cold night is so fearfully rough
That a wheel will not turn 'neath a train.

What a happiness glows in a poor fellow's breast
As he jumps out from under the clothes!
Fondly wishing his spouse left behind peaceful
rest,
With the bangs pointing down to her nose.
How he longs to get back to her arms in the bed,
To assist her to sleep till the day;
But with eyelids as light as a piece of sheet lead,
Off to snow baths he must go away.

TO THE COLONEL, DENVER, COL.

Dear Colonel, my civilian life
Can't soldier salutation make,
I don't know how; but feelings rife
Of friendship call to have you shake;
Come, grasp my own extended fist,
We'll fondly wag until each wrist
Grows weary from excessive glee,
Between your honest self and me.
That's good! We'll now enjoy a chat,
Don't think I'm "talking through my hat,"
I mean just every word I say,
So, kindly listen to me, pray.
You're now in clover to your nose,
And far away from former foes,
That you have met in many a gale
Upon the weary, wintry rail!
But memory is vivid still;
You don't forget each cursed mill
You stood upon in bygone days,
And made your breath like sulphur blaze
With hearty litanies of prayer,
When hope was conquered by despair.
And you have been in snow-drifts high!
Have seen "old hogs" lie down and die!
Have patted them, like other men,
To make the brutes get up again!
Have felt of hunger's gnawing sting,
When Zero reigned, a cruel king!

Have stood and felt his body blows,
With icicles upon your nose;
Until the tears, like bullets hard,
Ran down your cheeks, my worthy pard!
And now, you're in a sunny clime,
Besides can write melodious rhyme—
Oh! hang all ceremony, come,
Through etiquette's strict usage break,
Until we have a good yum-yum,
And still another hearty shake!

Why, bless your dear old soul, I've felt
The breeze rush in through every pore
Of all the millions in my pelt,
Till in my bosom's innmost core
It ruled the roost, in fury free,
And held a carnival of glee!
It bit me with its devil's tooth,
And made me gray, though yet in youth.
I've often, Colonel, had to paste
A piece of bell-cord round my waist,
As tightly as two lads could draw,
To soothe the cravings of my maw,
For crust or cracker, soup or grub,
Ah, yes, or swill from pest-house tub!
I think at times I'd masticate
My revered granny's wrinkled pate;
But snow-balls were the only diet
To keep my craving vitals quiet.

I never ran on Alpine heights,
But in full cuts spent many nights
Without a smoke, without a chew,
Or soothing thing but snow to view.
Before injectors came in vogue,
I prayed in an Italian brogue,
To all the saints around the throne
To intercede for me alone
With Providence, my breath to stop,
Or give me rest from jacking up,
And melting snow, and pumping, too,
Some leaky, wheezy ballahoo!
I'm at it yet. We have it here
About three months in every year.
There's not a chap upon this earth,
Thaws out from sorrow into mirth
As quick as I, when sunbeams whack
Me squarely on my aching back.
Oh! don't I love to see the grass
Begin to grow as on I pass!
I love to note the bursting buds
Expand to leaves in clumps of woods,
And when the birds from sunny climes
Get here, I sparkle into rhymes;
But, Colonel, bless your dear old heart,
 My joy is brief, each mile I make
Reminds me of life's darker part,
 Where hardships made my eyeballs ache.

I'm thankful, Colonel, dearly so,
Your invite all my favor wins;
And, ere I die, I'll westward go
When penance has atoned for sins;
I'll visit that "Italian clime,"
Where you so musically rhyme—
It must have changed since I was there
Four years ago, when in despair
Back to these eastern skies I scud
From snow and sleet and Denver mud—
I'd like to meet once more the boys
With whom I've tasted thrilling joys;
And ask forgiveness for the roast
I gave them in "Jack Regan's Ghost."
Good luck attend you, robust health,
Domestic peace, and lots of wealth;
Three meals a day, with knife and fork,
A napkin, spoons, and rest from work,
To slowly masticate each meal,
Until, like days of youth, you'll feel
The stream of life with glowing fun
Through heart and brain and body run.
Good luck attend you, Colonel, dear,
And may you always run a train
In Colorado's atmosphere,
And never see a "hog" again.

THE MOTOR MAN.

I would like to sing in a pleasing strain,
Yet, I fear I'll end in a sad refrain,
For the subtle forces of nature now
Are employing many a thoughtful brow,
In the field of progress, day and night,
To gather them in and hold them tight,
Till steam shall yield to the lightning plan,
And the engineer to the motor man.

Let the skeptics scoff on every hand,
Let them doubt when they cannot understand ;
But the mighty forces of steam must yield
To a mightier force, now scarce concealed
From the public view, but the gauzy veil
May be soon pulled off, and upon the rail
There will come a change in time's briefest span,
When we all must bow to the motor man.

When Galileo preached his creed,
But few of his listeners did him heed ;
When Watts saw the lift of the kettle's lid,
He knew underneath there were forces hid ;
When Fulton first launched his tiny boat,
Who'd dream of the palaces now afloat ?
And when Morse his wires o'er the house-tops
ran,
Who'd think of the coming motor man ?

Alas, alas! for the engineers;
How their bones will bleach in a few more years
In the boneyards over the country wide,
Where we'll all be thrown, bereft of pride.
We may then sit down, and our cuds can chew,
Telling stories of days when we filled the view
Of the public eye, when we led the van,
Ere we heard a word of the motor man.

What a mass of song in my simple way
I have chorused up for many a day!
How I tickled the ribs of the engineers!
And won pleasing smiles from their comely
dears,
As I sang the joys of our railway life,
And I pictured pains of our daily strife,
As we forward marched in the labor van,
But I cannot sing for the motor man.

I am now too old to begin anew,
I shall end my days with the engine's crew;
For the dynamos and the Leyden jars
I no more could catch than the distant stars.
In the cabs we reigned with a swing supreme
In the glorious days of the age of steam;
We must march in a ghostly caravan
When we're crowded out by the motor man.

A TIMELY WARNING.

I wish when my head would the pillow once
gain
For a few hours of much needed sleep,
That my mind would be blank, and unconscious
my brain,
Till again on the floor I would leap;
T'other night as I dozed came a spook to my bed
With a satisfied look on his puss;
And he hammered this sermon right into my
head,
Making naught of an eloquent fuss:

"Arrah, Shandy, avick! at a wonderful pace
Down the highway of life you are bent,
And I think ere you get to the end of your race
It is time you'd begin to repent;
You have joked at St. Peter and scoffed at the
truths
That an orthodox Bible contains,
Just to gratify fools and some ignorant youths,
Who are full of more blather than brains.

"You may think it all right to have plenty of fun,
When you're healthy and full of conceit,
But, avick! when you stand out in front of
death's gun,
To be knocked off the soles of your feet,

Mighty quick you will start up a pitiful tune
For a little while longer to stay,
Till you square up accounts with your conscience,
 aroon,
Ere your body's tossed into the clay.

"You will find it no joke when old Nick's at your
 side
Calmly 'waiting the final decree
Of the Judge who'll condemn you in pain to
 reside,
Where you've scoffed at with skeptical glee;
It is better ere death to recant all the guff
 You have fired at hereafter for years,
Or you know in your heart that your doom will
 be tough,
For the Lord hates a heretic's tears.

"You are posted too well on what's right and
 what's wrong
To be classed 'mongst the black sheep on earth,
And besides, you should cease in your balderdash
 song
 To be mixing things sacred with mirth.
Get you down on your knees every morning and
 night
 And ask God to forgive you; if not,
You will be a most sad and deplorable sight,
 Dragged away to a region that's hot.

SHANDY MAGUIRE'S POEMS

"When your noble old mother a long time ago
Taught your young feet the way they should
tread,
She felt proud of her son, that you very well
know,
For she thought in her footsteps you'd tread;
But you covered your tracks till she went to the
sky,
Where her pure spirit lives evermore;
Thank your stars that she guards with an angelic
eye
All your wayward excursions, asthore.

"You have many good chums in the clime where
I live,
Who would like you'd be one of our crowd.
We're a favorite set. We all got a reprieve
From the Lord ere the clay soiled a shroud;
He remembered the heart-broken days when we
tried
To make time with old plugs on the trains
Sick and well, rain and shine, till the moment we
died
Overworked in necessity's chains.

"Here the caller approaches to rouse you once
more
For another tough day. I must go.
Now remember the things which I told you,
asthore,

When you're dragging your legs through the snow.

Go to church every Sunday and fervently pray
For God's blessings to rest on your head,
You require them, good-bye." The spook vanished away

As I jumped in a sweat from the bed.

IN THE CHAIN GANG.

Have you ever heard tell, gentle reader, of men
Who have just as much freedom as sheep in a pen

On our railroads today, scattered over the land;
Who must hold themselves bound by the slightest command?

They must sleep by direction of some petty boss,
Must be beaming with smiles, mustn't ever look cross,

When they're called must be ready, regardless of pains,

If you haven't, then list, till I sing of the "chains."

On our trunk lines a system of slavery rules,
Where God's creatures are handled like horses and mules;

They are called, when they're wanted, regardless of rest,

Not a thought of revolt must be found in a breast
When an engine comes in pulling double her
load,

In the charge of some crew nearly dead from the
road,

Up another must step, although stagnant their
brains,

For no mercy is shown to the men in the
“chains.”

Black and greasy from duty they crawl in dis-
tress,

Without heart to respond to the welcome caress
Which their wives and their children in sympathy
give;

All the strength they can boast is they're back
and still live.

Then a wash and a meal and crawl into bed,
Where excessive fatigue, like a mountain of lead,
Keeps them long without sleep, until nature at
length

Kindly closes their eyes to recover their strength.

Up and off when the call boy comes running
once more,

With his devilish thump to a poor fellow's door;

Up and off, with a bucket of grub just as full
Of dyspepsia as ever distorted a scull;

Up and off: seldom knowing the place he must
go,

Or how long he'll be stalled with his train in the
snow.

But who cares for the men in the "chain gang"
a straw?

They are slaves and beyond the protection of law.

I have known many fellows from beds to arise,
With fatigue in a circle surrounding their eyes,
Drag their legs to the yard to be ready to run
On a pile of old scrap that a sane man would
shun;

And more cars in the winter piled on by some cur
Of a yardmaster, too, than with "slacks" it could
stir;

But what cared he how long in the snowdrifts
they'd stay?

He was lord, and the "chain gang" his words
must obey.

May the curse of confusion light down on the
man,

From whose brain emanated the barbarous plan
Of first in and first out, on strange engines each
trip,

Just as odd to the crew as the ropes of a ship;
If the prayers of his victims bear down on his
soul,

And he dead, he'll not suffer for plenty of coal.
A good Christian from birth till the present I've
been,

And may God hear their prayers and my fervent
amen.

EXPERIENCE WITH A WHEEL.

The other day when leaves were sere and
autumn skies looked cold,
I took a notion that I'd be adventuresome and
bold ;
My doctor made me quit my pipe, and flesh I
gained a deal,
To work it off my friends advised I'd learn to
ride a wheel ;
I into training went ; O Lord ! my first fall laid
me out ;
And every heartless fellow 'round sent up a
lusty shout,
Two hundred pounds of flesh came off and blood
and bone and skin
Gave every indication that I'd soon be nice and
thin.

My trainers sponged me down a bit and got me
on my feet,
And said I'd be a rider soon that very few could
beat ;
I hoisted all their taffy in and looked ahead with
glee,
To think of how my chums would feel all
jealous like of me.
Once more I in the saddle sat, a trainer on each
side,
I made a mighty vow I'd die or else the bike I'd
ride ;

Down hill they sent me with a push, I tried to
keep the road,
Alas! it was the same old tune, the bike soon
spilled its load.

I rested on my elbow while I rubbed my bleeding
ear;

Helene Ramsay on her wheel shot by me with a
sneer,

She was an old time flame of mine. We never
hitched at all.

It gave the spiteful thing delight to see me get
the fall.

I summoned my remaining strength, got sponged,
and tried again,

My trousers in the gearing caught, it wouldn't
stand the strain,

I flopped just like a ton of lead, a sharp stone
'neath my back,

The bike all smashed in smithereens, and scat-
tered round the track.

I always felt a little pride that common sense I
had,

Not much at best, but just enough to guard me
from a fad;

When did it leave me? Does the brain enjoy
perennial youth,

To lead the stiffening body into capers most
uncouth?

I felt I yet was in my teens, an active boy once more,
And didn't heed the flight of time since happy days of yore;
My mouth chock full of mud and dust and trickling streams of blood
Gave certain proof my tide of life was surely past its flood.

About the house on crutches for a season I must creep,
But I wouldn't mind the bruises could I only get some sleep;
I no sooner touch the pillow and oblivion on me steals
Than my head becomes a race-course full of forty million wheels.
And I fancy that I'm riding and I'm tumbling on the stones,
And the flesh in five pound nuggets disappears from off my bones,
But a crop of blooming old fools can be gathered every day.
And their foolishness increases with their physical decay.

These lines I'm scrawling in the bed. God knows I tell no lie,
I'm bandaged up from head to foot 'neath Kitty's watchful eye;
I'm bruised and broken, stiff and sore, but flesh I freely lost,
About a pound on every stone I left each time I tossed,

I guess I'll "hit the pipe" once more, cigar or
strong cheroot,
And make them send their incense up in vol-
umes from my snoot;
They never caused me pain or ache or made me
lose a meal.
They're better far to thaw one's flesh than any
blasted wheel.

MOTHER.

The dearest sound was ever sung,
Or uttered by a human tongue;
That ever tremored through the heart,
Or stirred it in each vital part,
Is this dear name which heads my song.
And brings the yearning thoughts along
From out the tomb of buried time,
Again to briefly live in rhyme;
This name that sounds the deepest deep,
Where filial affection sleeps,

Beloved above all other.

More melody a thousand fold
Is in its sound than ever rolled
From organs in cathedrals vast
In present time or in the past;
No other tone can dim the eyes,
Or call up melancholy sighs,

Like the dear name of "mother."

To all who're going down life's hill,
What plaintive thoughts our bosoms fill!

We think of when in early youth
She'd all our fears and ailments soothe,
And in our joy she'd at our side
Expand with more than mortal pride ;
The retrospect can conjure tears,
Regardless of our scores of years ;
In fact, the older that we grow,
The more our hearts are filled with woe,
Such grief we need not smother.

It tells of happy days of yore,
When life had naught but joy in store,
When not a cloud bedimmed the skies
We looked at through our youthful eyes
'Longside a dear old mother.

Oh, here upon the verdant sod,
From nature up to nature's God
I send a wish, "that all may yet
The rugged road of life forget,
That Heaven, with all its nameless joys,
May be a place where girls and boys
Can sport like in life's early spring,
Can romp about, can laugh and sing ;
And that we all may mingle there,
Bereft of every throb of care,
Without a pang to bother,
Our live long sport in realms of bliss,
Beyond the grave, away from this,
Where feuds and factions cannot be,
But where for all eternity
We'll live again with mother."

WHO'LL SING THE SONG OF LABOR?

Who'll sing the song of labor,
Who'll raise the grand refrain,
 Our Marseillaise,
 This side the seas,
For men of brawn and brain?

Who'll strike the anthem glorious,
To sing of coming days,
 When all for one
 Shall aim the gun,
And at oppression blaze?

The poet to essay it
Must know what 'tis to feel
 His stomach gnaw,
 'Gainst nature's law,
When craving for a meal.

Have scars of countless battles
With shovel, pick and hoe;
 From ceaseless strife,
 To nurture life,
Amid surrounding woe.

Who'll sing the song of union,
With not a doubtful note,
 To make men stand
 In solid band,
With justice in each throat?

Then raise the hymn of glory
From mountain tops to sea,
That reason reigns,
And slavish chains
Are dropped from men who're free?

Some poet soon shall sing it,
The signs are in the air,
That reason's sway
Shall win the day,
'Gainst hunger and despair.

AN INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE TO ANGUS SINCLAIR, EDITOR RAILWAY AND LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING.

My dear Sinclair, I hear you are riding a bike,
And can pedal along at a pretty good motion;
Never caring how crooked or hilly's the pike,
If as smooth as a pond or as rough as the ocean.

Neighbors say you enthuse like a kid of eighteen,
When you're out for a spin and go recklessly coasting,
As each evening in Orange you're gloriously seen,
With a chip on your shoulder and head full of boasting.

My old friend, like yourself, I am touched with conceit,

And astride of my wheel am considered a hummer;

I am limber in knee-joints, in ankles and feet,
As some chaps here discovered quite freely
this summer.

Over hills I have climbed, and down valleys I've spun,

And on levels I skimmed, taking headers quite often,

When remounted again, I'd just laugh at the fun,
Though my pals feared such falls would but end in my coffin.

Now, my ancient old sport, we're about of an age,

But in weight I'm much more than a two hundred pounder,

You don't carry such avoirdupois, I'll engage,
Though at banquets and such you're a regular rounder;

Yet I'll waive all objections and give you a shake,
For a spin of ten miles on your own native heather;

Will you race me, acushla! remember, no fake,
Will you come to the scratch till we start off together?

It is many a day since a Scotchman I killed;
You are pretty tough nuts when you enter a battle.
I can warrant you, though, that you'll not feel much chilled
While you're running with me, you'll be kept on your mettle;
I will give you my dust, and I'll give you my oath,
That before you're a mile from the place where we started,
Both your gills will be pale, but your tongue will be loath
To admit you'll be beaten, played-out and down-hearted.

I'll let Hill be the umpire, what more can you ask?
Everything I'll concede, yet you'll ne'er be the winner,
I don't think for an instant 'tis much of a task
To defeat you, e'en though I am but an engineer.
For the honor and glory of Ireland I'll race,
And no breechesless Highlander can whip a Paddy;
I would die ere I'd let her endure such disgrace,
I await your acceptance, my bonnie Scotch laddie.

OLD PIPE, FAREWELL.

'Tis now "the witching hour of night,"
When roaming spooks poor fellows fright;
While here I sit and toss with pain,
With bloodshot eyes and scorching brain;
Because my skillful doctor said:
Another smoke and I'd be dead.
That means my pipe forevermore
My life to save I must give o'er.

The clergy, with an unctuous zeal,
Claim hidden things they can reveal;
They tell us all our worldly ills
Are bitter ante-mortem pills,
To purge our souls from earthly dross,
And nail our bodies to the cross,
So we eternally can shine
On angel wings, in light divine.

There is no joy so dear to me
As my old pipe exhausting free;
My doctor says its frequent use
Exposees nerves to much abuse;
My pastor says such pains were sent
To make me of my sins repent;
Alas, I'm forced to bear the yoke,
But there's no heaven without a smoke.

Through many long eventful years
It crowned my hopes and calmed my fears;
I loved amid its wreaths to doze,
And have them circle round my nose;
I gloried in the rings I tossed
Up skyward like a clean exhaust;
'Twas nectar, tonic, luscious, fine,
The taste of that old pipe of mine!

My teeth concealed inside each jaw
Are sound as dentist ever saw,
I never felt them ache until
I tried my appetite to kill
For smoking; now, oh, holy Jove!
Each one petitions you above,
With might and main for just a whiff,
Or I'll be soon a silent stiff.

I once supposed all earthly bliss
Lay in a fair one's humid kiss,
I know I hankered, craved and prayed
For one of many a witching maid;
But I have changed. I'd much prefer
To being woman's worshipper,
A fifteen minutes' date by far
With my old pipe or strong cigar.

But, hear me, boys, I'll victor be
Above my pipe, you all will see;
Tobacco cannot knock me out,
Although it wrestles me about.

The struggle's tough, it may be long,
But, thank the Lord, my will is strong.
Old pipe, adieu, forevermore—
I've often said the same before.

A CYCLE SONG.

When fields will be blooming with new crops of
clover,
When birds will be singing uproariously sweet,
When winter, with all of its ills, will be over,
Together once more at the tryst, boys, we'll
meet;
Our mettlesome horses we'll have them all ready
To give us a thirty mile spin at the least.
We'll mount them delighted and pedal them
steady
Through off-country sights that are really a
feast.

Oh, happy should be every athletic fellow,
Who loves the grand sweep of a landscape all
green,
When the sky spreads "mare's tails," and looks
gloriously mellow,
The atmosphere perfumed, his bosom serene.
Then off at a clip that will prove gratifying,
Some jovial companions all trailing behind;
It makes one imagine o'er earth's ills he's flying
With care kicked to death in some byway
behind.

These snowdrifts around us we'll cease to remember,

Our hearts shall exult in the glories of song,
As out in "God's country," from May till December,

On wheels highly geared, we'll go pedaling along!

We know what it is to enjoy rapid motion,
While speeding the railways with muscles of steel,

But lads, the good God of our earnest devotion
Is off o'er the country astride of a wheel.

Now, here's to the days when the birds shall be mating:

When trees shall be vocal with carols of love,
When pulses of health in our breasts shall be beating.

And hearts full of thanks for our Maker above.
When off to the North will be gone the cold weather,

And sunshine will burgeon the buds as we run.
On a thirty mile spin, all old cronies together,
Every one a good fellow, who worships the fun.

THE SWELL HEADS.

How prosperity bears like an avalanche down
On the heads of some chaps whom we know!
Who were good fellows all, when the skies used
to frown
And their hearts were acquainted with woe:
When they ran tough old mills, doing all in their
power
To successfully handle the trains,
Till promotion arrived, at an ill-fated hour,
To reward them and muddle their brains.

On the ladder's first round they grew giddy, and
then
Began nagging their pals without cause,
Piling straw after straw upon backs of good men,
As they fished for official applause.
Thinking they were the hubs of the universe,
Lord!
Half their thoughts would take prophets to tell,
For they fancied their brains with ability stored,
Never thinking their heads used to swell.

The old hats which they wore in the cabs grew
too small
To encircle their foreheads about,
Never more did they smile, were not social at all,
It was always continual pout;

With the grimdest disdain, with sublimest contempt

We were looked upon morning and night,
There was nothing we did was from blunder
exempt,

Not a move did we make that was right.

We had one glorious leader of whom we were proud

For long years, somewhat over a score;
In our Brotherhood ranks we hurrahed for him loud,

And his methods we all did adore;
But promotion at last found him out, and, by gosh!

He is now raising sulphurous— Well,
Once he tasted command, like a midsummer squash,

His old head did abnormally swell.

But it is not the rule for all heads to expand

With the first step they take up the hill,
Many fine fellows yet keep the grasp in their hand

Which they had when they ran an old mill;
They're as expert as those in the companies' cause

Who at good men uproariously yell,
Just to win from superiors fulsome applause,
Who all know that their pudding-heads swell.

To my heart, my old hat! Though you're battered and bruised,
Like my grandmother's wig in a gale,
None can truthfully say that I ever enthused,
Till to circle my temples you'd fail.
There's a medium course for all fellows to steer,
Who in peace and contentment could dwell,
If they wouldn't so often skate off on their ear,
And allow their thick noodles to swell.

A NORTHLAND STRAIN.

'Tis hardly yet the time to sing
About the dawn of glorious spring.
Here as I sit I hear the breeze
Resounding through the leafless trees,
And, save the sparrows, not a bird
In song or note or call is heard,
And, gentle reader—that sounds nice—
The outdoor water yet is ice.

To-night the skies are overcast
With clouds as if the cold would last,
The anthracite sends forth a glow,
Which bids defiance to the snow;
I toast my shins in slipperted ease,
And try my dear old girl to please,
For when this rhyme's complete I'll glide
Beneath the sheets close to her side.

This world would be a dreary place
If woman wasn't here to grace
The poor man's home, and cook his hash,
Repair his clothes and spend his cash,
Preach sermons if he's out at night,
Kick up a shindy, have a fight,
Most anything at all she'll choose,
Her saintly partner to abuse.

I truly swear, I'd rather hear
A minnie ball scoot by my ear,
Than my beloved darling tell
My virtues in a talking spell;
I get so weary that my nose
I kind of hide beneath the clothes,
There to remain till dawn of day,
And let the charmer talk away.

Oh, why did Adam ever fall
To plunge in misery us all?
'Twere better have a growl with Eve,
And let her scold, shed tears and grieve;
The snap he had he never saw,
She couldn't bundle home to ma
Whenever worsted in a snarl,
Like many a high-strung modern girl.

He ate the apple when she bade,
And ladies, I am much afraid
More Adams than the first would do
The very same if asked by you.

You have a most bewitching style,
You'll try a tear and then a smile,
A honeyed tongue or scolding tone,
You'd melt a fellow made of stone.

I cleared my voice and meant to sing
A prelude to the opening Spring;
But see to where my mind has gone,
It dallies round creation's dawn,
Where woman first her wiles began
To throw around poor simple man,
Yet, at her bidding every elf
Would eat an apple—or herself.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Old Time in his chariot is speeding
His winged coursers over the sky,
Our birth year away is receding,
We're nearing the place where we'll lie,
And it may be to-day or to-morrow—
Ah! well, I was never a seer—
There is no use to conjure up sorrow,
When frolic and mirth should be here.
A Christmas to all of you merry,
May tables be burdened with cheer,
And Fortune be kind to you very,
And send you a Happy New Year.

Give thanks to the Master for letting
Us witness a century's dawn;
His gifts we're too fond of forgetting,
From mind in an instant they're gone.
Come, old men and young men, together,
Let's send up our thanks to His Throne,
Then after, with hearts light as feather,
I'll say, boys, with never a groan:
"A Christmas right merry attend you
I pray from my bosom sincere,
May health and contentment befriend you,
And all have a Happy New Year."

Just think of the poor devils ailing,
Who have not a mouthful of bread,
Through night-time and day-time their wailing
Could almost be heard by the dead;
While we, God be praised, are not starving,
We've all got provisions to eat,
And those who are skillful at carving,
Can slice off some choice, gamy meat.
Then wash it right down with a liquor
That Bacchus himself might revere,
That would thaw out the heart of a vicar,
When toasting "A Happy New Year."

Come, toss up the kids to the ceiling,
Let's romp with them all mid their toys,
Let laughter to roof-trees go pealing,
Enhancing their juvenile joys;

Here, Charley and Ruth, get your forces
Together in mimic array,
Put spurs to your mettlesome horses,
I'll join in your races to-day.
We'll run out the old year forever,
And, darlings, the century too.
The New Year, oh, may he prove clever
To all of God's offspring like you.

One hundred years hence! Holy Father!
What foolishness enters my head,
To think where we'll be, I'd much rather
Say "dear gramachree" to the bed.
The roosters will soon be in chorus,
Saluting the dawn near at hand,
Let's all greet the season before us
Fraternally over the land:
Come pour out "good health" in your
glasses,
From Arthur right down to me here,
Now shout, all ye lads and ye lasses:
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

WINSOME CHARLEY.

God's blessings on our little king,
Who eighteen moons has flourished;
Who makes our humble homestead ring
With antics dearly cherished.

A chanticleer in human guise,
He hails the morning early;
All sleep deserts the household eyes,
When up springs winsome Charley.

The bursting buds of childhood now
Are every moment blowing,
He drives Care's wrinkles off my brow,
When listening to his crowing.

His chubby hands he clasps in glee
When in I come, to greet me;
All heart-corroding broodings flee
As with a kiss he'll meet me.

The sweetness of his nectared lips
I quaff, till with the feeling
Of perfect joy, my finger tips
Ooze bliss as 'round I'm reeling.

When climbing grades of cruel care,
And stalled on hills of trouble,
His presence hovers everywhere,
Assisting me to double.

Let those who never quaffed the bliss
Of childhood's flowing measures
Discredit such a song as this
About our household treasures.

I'd take my little king and beg
The world to raise him over,
Though mounted on a wooden leg,
And fancy life in clover.

NOVEMBER.

The leaves have almost left the trees,
The edge of frost is in the breeze;
The fields of erstwhile emerald green
Just now a dirty brown are seen;
The birds in numbers wheel and rise;
To poise their wings for Southern skies,
There to remain until the Spring
Shall woo them back to mate and sing.

The caller's footsteps soon shall come
At mid of night to strike us dumb,
When with his fluent tongue he'll say:
"Get out the plow without delay."
Our weary wives, the darlings then,
Will growl for wedding railway men,
Because our hash they'll have to stow,
Ere back to bed again they go.

In moralizing mood we'll view
The dear old girls their duty do;
And wonder how they've changed since when
We guzzled moonshine in the glen,

And thought them saints, the charming dears,
Who set their caps for engineers.
A mighty change, there is no doubt,
They fill our pails and fire us out.

This is the month foul discontent
My good resolves can circumvent ;
Some days appear like summer still,
While others all our bones can chill.
I dearly wish with birds to go
To sunny lands, from frost and snow ;
But empty pockets make me frown,
Like chaps who spy their crown-sheets down.

Contentment and the boon of health
I crave it, Lord, instead of wealth ;
Then let the icy blizzards blow,
And cuts be full of driven snow ;
And darlings growl, and callers scream,
And engines "die" for want of steam,
I'll not repine or lot bewail,
But do my best to clear the rail.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Sing hilli ho! bring out the drums
And make them roll; for Christmas comes
On every shore, in every clime,
Glad people hail the Christmas time.
The rich and poor, the old and young,
The blithe and sad in every tongue,
All feel their pulses quicker play
To welcome glorious Christmas Day.

Advancing years and whitening hair
The joys of Christmas always share
With little tots of infancy,
Who hail the morning with their glee.
The old again renew their youth,
And many ills they really soothe
In happy childhood's careless play
About the house on Christmas Day.

The grandsire and the grand dame greet
The children, who on nimble feet
Come running with their dolls and drums,
To share their joys when Christmas comes.
The parents' hearts are filled with bliss,
And lips are pressed by many a kiss,
By romping girls and boys, who cheer
Because the Christmas time is here.

Look back, poor weary, laden hearts!
To days before the stinging smarts
Of cruel care your bosoms bled,
When from your Christmas morning bed,
On youthful feet you upward sprung
When eyes and head and limbs were young;
Look back, with fancy flowing free,
Your childhood's happy days to see.

There's music in the morning air
When mimic drums and trumpets blare;
Intoxicating draughts of bliss
We quaff when we our darlings kiss!
No nectar of ambrosial brew
Was ever found our hearts to woo
Like happy children 'mid their toys
Relating Christmas morning's joys!

Sing hilli ho! my two-year-old,
That doesn't fear the wintry cold;
That greets the morning with a crow,
In big-eyed wonder at the snow.
While life is in its dawning spring,
Enjoy your pranks, my little king,
I'll fancy while we romp and play,
I'm young, like you, this Christmas Day.

DREAMING ON A SIDING.

'Twas a beautiful night, and the "glorious orb'd moon"

Was afloat o'er the tree tops, chock full to the muzzle,

And as calm as one only can find it in June,

When the atmosphere perfumed in lungfuls
you Guzzle;

I was switched on a siding, and lay down to rest;

Ere a minute I into deep slumber went falling,

I supposed I was Pluto's right-bower and guest,

And I heard him my name like loud thunderbolts calling.

"Here, your majesty! Yes, I am coming. What now?"

"Put the blower on heavy and clean out the fire."

"Why, the temperature's hot, you yourself must allow,

Or the gauge is a double-faced damnable liar!

I will do as you say, but the heat is intense;

My caloric protector is getting unrusty,

When I fire with benzine, 'tis a flimsy defense,

Against flame that would make Arctic oceans grow dusty.

"Well, your majesty knows I will roast them, as sure

As there's hair on a dog, or they're stretched in that kettle;

For on earth they were dirty galoots to the poor,
And your gentle rebuke puts me now on my
mettle.

In this place there are mighty hot corners about,
'Though Bob Ingersoll says we are fools to
believe it;

Ricks and Taft must for epochs count beads to
get out,

But, my liege, while we reign the rank scoundrels
can't leave it.

"Up above things are mixed. 'Tis the dollars
that talk,

If you're poor there is no use for justice de-
bating,

For the rich ones have tools all good efforts to
balk,

Like the two sweet gazelles in that pot I'm
cremating.

On the Ann Arbor road how they bloomed in
their day,

With the Ashleys and scabs they were high
cockalorumns;

But I kind of suspect they will now get their pay,
Liquid sweetness of flame they must drink in
full jorums.

"Should the benzine give out we have mountains
of coal,

And the sulphur I hear in this place is quite
handy.

We're immortals you say? Then while ages
shall roll,
As a fireman in chief you will find I'm a dandy.
I'll be faithful to duty. I'll never forget
How they shattered our hopes when things
looked in our favor;
So I tell you, my liege, there's a hell of a sweat
Now in store in return for their legal palaver.

"Here's a peep hole. Look in! See how nicely
they bake!
They're too green yet to burn, but they brown
like a berry;
See old Ricks how he crisps! To the roast he
don't take,
And see Taft looks the same as a ripe crimson
cherry;
In a thousand years hence—" With a spring I
'arose
Like a shot from a gun, my poor heart with
grief teeming,
For a wasp ran its fangs through the top of my
nose,
And destroyed all the solace I found in my
dreaming.

YOUTHFUL FAITH.

When I was but a babbling boy,
A doting mother's pride and joy,
She taught me on my knees to pray,
At opening and at close of day;
She said that nothing would be given
Unless petitioned for to Heaven,
And that I ne'er should leave unsaid—
“Give us this day our daily bread.”

If bread would come I thought that I
As well might ask for cake and pie;
I fancied that God wouldn't care
A fig about the bill of fare;
That one was just as cheap as t'other,
Although 'twas playing tricks on mother
Who told me as I'd rise from bed
To ask the Lord for daily bread.

I ceased to pray for pie and cake;
I thought such things God didn't bake;
And that was just the reason why
They weren't sent me from the sky;
My faith was strong; my mother's word
To doubt would have been most absurd.
Again I followed as she led,
And always got my daily bread.

We really had enough to eat
Of all the condiments with meat;
And that to have it every day
I never should forget to pray;
The years sped onward, so did I;
I never failed to ask the sky,
Just in the manner mother said—
“Give us this day our daily bread.”

At length I went from mother's side
Right out upon life's stormy tide,
And found a woeful change indeed;
From simple faith and childish creed.
I found that, whether right or wrong,
The victory was with the strong;
And many trusting bosoms bled
In ceaseless fight for daily bread.

But yet, that good old simple prayer
Buoys up a man against despair.
If far from trusting youth he's trod,
It keeps him still in touch with God;
It tells him of a mother's love
Who may have passed to joys above,
Out through the portals of the dead,
Who made him pray for daily bread.

FROM THE DEPTHS IN WHICH I SUFFER.

Most merciful Lord, I implore you
To ease me from terrible pain,
And the rest of my life I'll adore you
While reason presides in my brain ;
Oh, I can't endure illness that scorches
My body with hot tertian breath ;
As if imps were around me with torches
And roasting me slowly to death.

I'm so hot, oh, I fear I am burning
In flues, and in firebox, and all ;
And I know in my cot will be mourning
The moment my crown sheet shall fall.
If you'll pull the fierce fires of my fever,
And let me cool down by degrees,
My old darling, who fears I must leave her,
Will join in my thanks on her knees.

I have jollied with death, Holy Father,
And dreamt of the region below ;
Where the inmates would very much rather
Be given their sentence in snow ;
If I did, I had health and was merry,
And didn't much care what I said ;
But, dear Lord, steer me clear of the ferry
That floats o'er the Styx when I'm dead.

Here comes Kill Quick again for the money
He'll charge just to glance in my eyes;
But for suffering, I'd really feel funny,
To see him observe me so wise!
For my pulse and my tongue he'll examine,
And never a word will he speak;
He's been stuffing me full of such gammon
Just three times a day for a week.

Now, dear Lord, hear my humble petition,
Restore me to duty once more;
And I'll fire out my hateful physician
The next time he enters my door.
I am poisoned by nauseous effusions
He measures me out on a spoon;
Knock to smash all his senseless delusions,
And give back my health to me soon.

Think of ail the bright eyes will be weeping
When off the last gasp of my breath
Through my lips will be furiously leaping
And leaving me silent in death!
There's a long time to lie 'neath the grasses;
And for twenty years more at the best,
Let me stay with the lads and the lassies,
Ere you take my poor soul to its rest.

HIS CREED.

Your pardon, sir, my humble voice
I am constrained to raise:
"That man lived as he did from choice,
He doesn't need your praise.
His obsequies you celebrate,
His living kin to please;
But don't say words of love or hate
Proportioned to your fees.
He's past that great tribunal where
A mortal could not hear
The judgment of his Maker there.
Don't slander o'er his bier.
'Tis true, he wasn't tied to creed,
His whole belief was broad,
'Twas traced in many a noble deed,
And never built on fraud.
He didn't roll his eyes aloft,
Nor pray in church aloud,
Nor chorus hymns in accents soft
Amongst a singing crowd;
We know he didn't rent a pew,
Nor teach a class of boys,
How holy men on earth should do
To taste of heaven's joys;
In fact, he wasn't orthodox,
But, heaven be his bed,
His doors contained no bolts or locks
When people needed bread.
No sanctimonious sneak he was
To lead the choir in song;

He never violated laws,
Nor countenanced a wrong.
The poor and needy loved him well,
And many an eye was wet,
And many a breast with grief did swell,
When he paid nature's debt.

"He didn't trumpet loud his acts
In paragraphs of type,
Nor deal the hungry pious tracts,
To soothe each gnawing gripe,
But, on the contrary, he'd give
His largess here and there
To help unfortunates to live,
Instead of giving prayer.
In nature's temple oft he stood
Upon the verdant sod,
And preached a human brotherhood,
And told us of a God.
Away above the azure dome
He looked at o'er his head,
Who'd welcome us poor toilers home
The moment we were dead.

"Such was his creed and here above
My silent comrade's bier,
I pay this tribute of my love,
'Mid many a falling tear.
I of our Father humbly pray,
When earthly sight is dim,
To let me after judgment stay
Eternally with him."

A JUNE MORNING.

How beautiful looks the green of the grass,
And bright is the sheen of the fountains,
The foliage bends to salute as we pass,
And away loom the emerald mountains;
Old Nature is out in her fairest array,
No pen can describe her adorning,
She's lavish in gems which she strews by the way
To observers at five in the morning.

The birds are about with their ravishing notes,
The bees are a-wing in the bowers,
The perfume is dense as around us it floats
From the many-hued heads of the flowers;
Not a cloud to disfigure the blue of the sky,
Or of changeable air to give warning,
E'en the sun looks aslant with a rollicking eye,
As he rises ere five in the morning.

What a beautiful sight for mankind to behold,
How our hearts should be lifted to heaven,
When such wonderful views are around us un-
rolled
Which the Master to bless us has given!
Nature's God is supreme, and in June at his best,
In His temple should be no suborning,
But *Te Deums* should fill to the fullest each
breast,
Looking 'round us at five in the morning.

When the sleep is completely knocked out of
one's head,

From strides which he makes to his duty,
He can get nearer God than when lying in bed,

For his heart is aglow with the beauty
Of river and mountain, of valley and hill,

Where Nature holds art up to scorning ;
At that fountain we all can indulge to our fill,
Out in God's house at five in the morning.

JOHN BURNS, ENGLISH LABOR LEADER.

I dearly love your native land,

I also love your name ;

The first has hills and valleys grand,

The last is known to fame ;

And for the sake of both I'd like

To sing a song of praise,

But, John, I fear a snag you'll strike,

Ere I conclude these lays.

We felt we had an honored guest,

When first you reached our shores ;

And from our East to distant West

You found our open doors.

But soon your tongue began to wag

A plagued sight too loud,

Chock-full of trans-Atlantic brag,

Among each Yankee crowd.

“Our institutions didn’t please,”
“Our land is full of ills,”
“Our cities teeming with disease
That lowly manhood kills.”
You said, and also added, John,
“Our labor leaders failed
To lead their skilled battalions on
To strengthen those assailed.”

Admitted, all. The truth you told
In language sharp and pat,
But, John, you really shouldn’t scold,
Or blather through your hat;
We’ve natives here of every land,
In labor’s ranks today,
And each one loudly does demand
To have his own sweet way.

We’ve English, Irish, French, and Dutch,
Italians, Portuguese,
We’ve Huns and Russians, Turks and such,
Brought here on every breeze;
We’ve Yankees, Scotch, Canucks, and Poles,
Chinese, and Negroes black,
Their leaders’ bodies and their souls
To keep upon the rack.

Each one has notions of his own
Of how and when to fight,
And no one but the Lord alone
Could all the mass unite.

Two peoples, John, or three at most,
Are all you ever led,
Remember that when next you boast
About your level head.

ON THE BACK-TRACK.

T'other day to the back-track I went for a stroll,
Where the cripples are stretched in a row,
And my feelings I soon found I couldn't control,
They went back to a long time ago;
I recalled the bright day when my pulses were
young,
And all Nature looked lovely to me;
When I tossed the black ash amid frolic and song
As I gazed upon old Number Three.

There she lay many years in the sun and the sleet,
Full of rust and a wreck on the track;
And I thought of the time when she looked so
complete,
From the rails to the rim of her stack;
When her sand-box and domes and her bands
were as bright
As my muscle could make them, alas!
'Tis no wonder a moisture obstructed my sight,
Tho' I never took kindly to brass.

She would make as much noise as a mogul today
 Taking three or four cars up a hill,
And she chewed up the blocks in a gluttonous
 way,
Well I think of her appetite still;
It was muscle and youth against iron and steam,
 And while making our trips I am sure
I was victor, but had little leisure to dream,
 Tossing nail-rod right in through the door.

How I'd jump on the seat when a station I'd near
 So spectators would think me a king,
Who had nothing to do; and how slyly I'd peer
 Through the crowd as the bell I would ring,
Till a pair of bright eyes would be centered on
 mine,
Then my songs would resound full of glee!
Oh, I cared not a straw for the length of the
 line.
If the charmer but smiled upon me.

What a change on the rail since that long ago
 time!
And, alas! what a change in myself!
Like old Three, and as sure as I tell it in rhyme,
 In a few years at best, on the shelf
I'll be laid up to rust, with my usefulness gone,
 'Tis a fate that is waiting us all.
Let us hope, when our labor of life is all done,
 We'll be ready to move at the call.

TO THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION OF
ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN, GREAT
BRITAIN.

Dear Brothers away o'er the ocean,
Here's at you with hearty good will ;
We greet you with earnest devotion
Today from the end of my quill.
By right of our dire occupation,
And way that we toil for our bread,
A kinship we claim 'twixt each nation,
Regardless of flags overhead.

You, too, like ourselves, had your crosses
To carry each hour on the track ;
You're scourged by unsatisfied bosses,
Who doubled the load on each back,
You've won great redress through your order :
We're with you in heart and in soul
Today o'er this hemisphere's border,
. From tropic lands up to the pole.

In days of old times, disunited,
We gulped down big bumpers of woe,
But since we in union are plighted,
Like youthful game roosters we crow !
The lords of the rail, we uncrowned them ;
No longer they kick us with glee ;
Our Brotherhoods carefully bound them,
And now they're as meek as can be.

Oir President also respects us,
Our leaders he'd lately to dine,
And had them explain our prospectus,
Before him this side of the brine;
A few years ago would he do it?
"I guess not, says Con," not at all,
Put that in your mouth, boys, and chew it.
Now wide go the doors when we call.

For justice we're shoulder to shoulder,
And mind you, dear lads, when we're right,
A friend we've in every beholder
The moment we enter a fight;
Old tyrants, who used to distress us,
Like Saul, in their hearts had a change,
But now the dear fellows caress us,
And treat us most civilly strange.

Although you're yon side of old ocean,
We hail you as Brothers e'en there,
And pledge you our earnest devotion,
And ask that the same we may share.
You'll find, boys, the hands we extend you
Shall never feel flabby to wag,
And may be they'll close to defend you,
If danger e'er threatens your flag.

A QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Last night, as I sat in the gloaming,
 'Long side of a charming young girl,
Who kept me from carelessly roaming,
 Indeed I was proud as an earl;
I gazed on the beauty beside me,
 I toyed with her long golden hair,
She frowned not, nor yet did she chide me,
 As close—very close—we sat there.

"Oh, angel," I whispered, "sweet maiden!
 Oh, Peri from Paradise, say!
Art thou with God's gift sent me laden,
 To soothe and console me today?
I feel I'm supremest of mortals,
 A-swoon with humanity's bliss;
Proud day that I entered life's portals
 To revel in pleasure like this!

"Thy eyes take me back to life's morning,
 When hope in my breast was aglow,
These curls here, thy shoulders adorning,
 Remind me of dear long ago!
Thy features, thy grace, and thy stature
 Are all like a dream of the past;
They tell me an idolized creature
 In mold such as thine had been cast."

She smiled, and a mouthful of pearls
Through crimson-clad lips met my gaze,
No wonder such beautiful girls
Can keep a man's heart in a blaze!
Up close in my arms there I caught her,
She rested her cheek against mine,
With never a doubt then I thought her
Immortal, of lineage divine!

"Now kiss me. That's sweet! Now another,
A dozen, a score all in one!
They're nectared, Great Glory! I'll smother!
What! all such sweet kisses are gone?
Oh, saint! Can I bribe thee to squander
One more of ambrosia sublime?"
'Iss gandpa," she cooed, growing fonder,
"If first oo'l please gimme a dime."

A WINTRY NIGHT'S DREAM.

With weary limbs and aching head,
Last night I sought my welcome bed
To get some hours of sleep;
And scarcely was I 'neath the clothes,
When music issued from my nose,
In slumber loud and deep.

Fond visions floated o'er my brain,
Dispelling every earthly pain
I ever felt or knew;

I thought I was in verdant groves,
Surrounded by angelic loves
Who waltzed before my view.

Enchanting nymphs in loveliness,
On every hand, in gala dress,
Surprised my wondering gaze.
The atmosphere incensed my lungs,
And melody from silvery tongues
My senses did amaze.

A maid, majestic as a fawn,
Came tripping o'er the flowery lawn
Until she reached my side.
With languid glances there she stood,
A perfect type of womanhood,
In all her beauty's pride.

With honeyed tongue and heaving breast,
Melodiously she thus addressed
These few brief words to me:
"You're welcome, stranger, to our dell;
Whence came you? By what magic spell
A mortal here I see?"

She paused, alas! and so did I,
For how to make her some reply,
But vainly I essayed.
Until she pressed her lips to mine
And thrilled me like rich nectared wine,
I then addressed this maid:

"Indeed, my love, I hardly know,
It is a place where frost and snow,
 And sleet and pelting rain
Have often drove me nearly mad,
With many another hearty lad,
 On both ends of a train.

"And how I gained this glorious clime
Where everything appears sublime,
 I really do not know ;
It must be heaven. Your luscious kiss
Convinces me such perfect bliss
 Was never known below.

"I've heard my good old pastor say,
On many a long gone Sabbath day,
 With tear drops in his eye,
That if I didn't mend my tricks,
Old Charon, in the river Styx,
 Would souse me when I'd die.

"He often told me to repent
And keep the fast the whole of Lent,
 I didn't heed him much.
Now here in realms of pure delight
I'm safe at last, my angel bright,
 And free from Satan's clutch.

"I've strolled beneath a full orbed moon
Full many a night in balmy June,
With many a melting maid;
But never have I felt before
Such rapture in my bosom's core
As in this leafy glade.

"Your crimson lips that I have pressed
Are just the kind to be caressed,
They're humid, ripe and sweet.
Here let me stay till Gabriel's horn
Proclaims the resurrection morn,
In rapture at your feet.

"Your slave I'll be. We'll seal the bond
Of serfdom in affection fond,
And lingering embrace.
Ecstatic feelings fill my breast
Because I am your honored guest
In this delightful place."

I stretched my arms in supreme bliss,
To clasp her for another kiss,
And heard a piercing scream;
It seems my elbow, in the eye,
Punched Kitty, who began to cry,
And roused me from my dream.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

'Twas a glorious sight to witness all the stalwart
sons of toil
Keeping step to martial music, and unstained by
labor's moil,
Side by side, in big battalions, heads erect, a
mighty throng,
Pledged to plead or fight for justice, and redress
each grievous wrong.
There enfranchised, limbs all chainless, in a great
fraternal crowd,
Marched our city's brawn and sinew, while each
heart was pulsing proud;
Proud to know that day was dawning for the
masses o'er the earth,
And our townsmen, always loyal, marched to
celebrate its birth.

Out of workshops, from the forges, and from
every mart of trade,
Came the crowds, our friends and neighbors, in
their richest garbs arrayed;
Some were gray-beards, all were stalwarts, there
were smooth-faced lads as well,
We saluted as they passed up with a great frater-
nal yell!
Every throat was full of cheering when we saw
that grand array,
Keeping step with step—God bless them—o'er
our streets on Labor Day.

And we thrilled enthusiastic, and we sent our
shouts on high,
As we saw that greatest gathering ever 'neath
Oswego's sky.

Oh, my boys, past times remember, when the dol-
lars marked the days,
When expostulation failed us such starvation
pay to raise,
We were helpless, disunited, while our man-
hood's strength we gave,
Weary from long hours of labor, not a hope,
save for the grave;
On the Sabbath, men would tell us how God
loved the starving poor,
And choice bills of fare would greet us, once St.
Peter oped his door,
That while rich men ne'er could face him, we'd
be sure of harps and wings,
And through never-ending ages could wear
crowns like earthly kings.

Education made us doubtful of sky-pilot pulpit-
eers,
And their pleasing joys post mortem, which they
fed us on for years,
As substantial as wind pudding to our craving
breasts they were,
We just longed for food more solid than moon-
made celestial air.

Then we reasoned all together, we debated much
at length,
And resolved to be united, and for justice wield
our strength;
Many sighs to smiles were altered, grief we
changed to spells of mirth,
And we've pie and cake and beefsteak very often
now on earth.

Well, I know what toil is, Brothers, take the
hand this pencil guides,
It was calloused oft and blistered, caused by
working double tides;
I'm no stranger to the workshops, nor the mer-
cantile marine,
Nor the railroads, nor the forges, where the men
of brawn are seen,
And I crave a moment's patience, while I say a
word or two,
Couched in garb of sincere friendship, in your
glorious prime, to you.
While you pulse with strength gigantic, and no
mortal foe you fear,
Bear with patience what I'm saying, for I love
the cause most dear.

"Give and take," be that your motto, let no dema-
gogues be found,
Those pernicious agitators that are spread the
country 'round,

Who enthrone themselves our leaders, walking
delegates, and those,
Who with fluent tongues keep blating 'mongst
employers, making foes,
Sort them out, you do not need them while
you've reason on her throne,
Or they'll give you trouble plenty that will surely
make you groan;
Thirty years' experience teaches in the ranks
where I have stood
That such mouth-almighty workers are the bane
of brotherhood."

But away with every phantom that around me
seems to rise,
And all hail ye sons of labor, whom we've wit-
nessed with our eyes;
How the brazen trumpets sounded thrilling notes
of martial glee!
And the measured tread denoted men determined
to be free!
Not a thing to mar the pleasure of the day we
dearly love!
E'en the sun sent down his greeting from his dis-
tant heights above,
And from hearts of exultation, as we saw the
grand display,
Poured sincere congratulations for Oswego's
Labor Day.

CELESTIAL ASPIRATIONS.

There's a feeling more than mortal
Deep in every bosom lying
That beyond the *misereres*
Chanted o'er us at the tomb
There's a life in lands supernal,
Where no more we'll hear of dying,
Far beyond all human ailing,
Where celestial pleasures bloom.

We can reach those glorious regions
Of post-mortem expectations,
If we tread the road courageous
From young manhood to the grave;
If we nobly fight life's battle,
In despite of all vexations,
When imbued with perseverance,
And the courage of the brave.

Out and off beyond the borders
Of all human creeds there's glory
For the man who loves his brother,
And will take him by the hand;
He need never fear and tremble
When he hears *memento mori*,
For he'll stroll in leafy arches
Of the glorious Promised Land.

Who could walk in nature's temple
And deny a great Creator
On a balmy summer evening
Under skies of middle June?
And the star-bespangled heavens
Would enrapture a spectator,
And he'd glow with adoration
In the fullness of the moon!

There's a creed that's universal
Recognizing men as brothers
Till life's pilgrimage is over,
And we're laid beneath the sod;
It would fain unite fraternal
All the followers of others,
Till one common rule should guide us
To the fatherhood of God.

With a fervent Christian feeling
That we all may see the splendor
Of Omnipotence eternal
We should ever humbly pray,
Unconfined by creeds or churches,
Where in concert we can render
Songs of ceaseless adoration
Through the realms of endless day.

THE ISLE OF DREAMS.

I know a ship, as fine a craft
As ever was modeled fore and aft,
Aloft, alow, in every part
She captivates a sailor's heart;
Diurnal trips she makes to sea
Before stiff breezes blowing free;
Bright moonlight on the water gleams
To light her to the Isle of Dreams.

No sooner is the gang plank in
Than working ship it does begin,
To masthead high goes every sail,
To drive her on before the gale;
Then gear is coiled and decks are cleared,
And by the stars the course is steered,
To where unending pleasure teems,
Upon the Isle of Pleasant Dreams.

You're certain to fling off the years
Accumulated through your tears;
Once more at girl or boyhood's noon
You'll hear the birds of glorious tune;
The crowfeet and the turkey-tracks
The wrinkled brows, the aching backs,
And brawny hands, with calloused seams,
All shun the Isle of Pleasant Dreams.

The violin, with music sweet,
Puts motion in rheumatic feet;
The thrilling clasp of "all hands round,"
Is circled there on magic ground.
Bewitching girls you'll find in sooth,
Their bosoms are the homes of truth,
Through faithful hearts their lifeblood teens,
Met only on that Isle of Dreams.

"Land ho!" Dear Lord in Heaven above,
That sounds the slogan-blast of love!
Because it tells of purest joy
Awaiting every girl and boy,
When once we touch the sacred soil,
Unknown to plowshare or to moil,
Where meadows and translucent streams
Adorn the Isle of Pleasant Dreams.

Come join us all, ye weary men,
Poor victims of "what might have been,"
Toss overside the rascal, Care,
And breathe the rich ambrosial air;
Come join our sets of dancers gay,
Until the dawn of coming day,
Where Pleasure musically screams
A welcome to that Isle of Dreams.

THE ENGINEMAN'S FAREWELL.

[He can put an air to it himself to suit his feelings toward the Pooling Plan.]

Ah! fare you well! my girl, you've got to leave me,

We've been some time together, and we've had our joys and woes,

At last has come the parting, and sadly does it grieve me,

The nearer is the moment more intense my anguish grows.

Ah! fare you well! companionship is over,

Now you with other fellows will go running far away,

There's pain beyond expression in the bosom of your lover,

As he gathers up his trinkets and takes leave of you today.

Ah! fare you well! There's bitter grief before us,

I'll have to take a stranger that I nothing know about;

Never, nevermore will be heard the song and chorus,

That we two joined in together, and melodiously did shout!

You will also take to fretting, you'll be filled with desolation,

When a fellow unacquainted runs you roughly on the track;

He will make you drop down weary, far away
from any station,
Without either fog or flame-sparks rolling
outward from the stack.

Ah! fare you well! No more I'll whistle gaily,
To tell my other girl I am coming back to
town,
How she'd read the variations I'd keep tooting
to her daily!
She'd acknowledge them with hand-waves all
my happiness to crown!
She would toss you smiles and kisses once her
brilliant eyes would sight you
Gliding in a graceful manner like a princess
o'er the rail.
And it seemed such recognition would encourage
and delight you,
For you tossed the miles with pleasure as you
sped by hill and dale.

Ah! fare you well! New times are now upon us,
Your cleanliness will vanish and your joints
will rattle loose,
We'll be only tramps hereafter, and all decent
folk will shun us,
For our masters they are running old-time
methods to the deuce.

Oh! it used to be "my engine" in the days now
gone forever,
You were sweetheart, wife and mother and you
kept my heart aglow,
But seducers have divorced us, and all sentiment
did sever,
Now we're parted, love, we're parted, and my
breast is filled with woe.

THE TOILER'S ORISON.

Dear Lord, in Thy mercy protect us,
And save us from danger and dread,
Do not out of Heaven reject us,
When judging us after we're dead.
We've suffered from heartaches and crosses
Full many long toil-burdened years,
Our gains they were small, but our losses
From stones would extract briny tears.

Thou knowest our hearts! They have often
Been smashed into small smithereens,
And daily we've wished in our coffin
To stretch since we stepped from our teens.
There isn't much joy here in living,
For hourly 'tis "root hog or die,"
Perhaps 'tis Thy wisdom is giving
Us penance e'er called to the sky.

Most clergymen preach that fierce fires
Are belching to sizzle our souls,
And scorch out our sinful desires
With mountains of anthracite coals,
Because we have not grown bald-headed
In churches, where dampness prevails,
'Tis little they know how we're wedded
To Hell, we who toil on the rails.

While they act as if they'd be given
Through passes, the moment of death,
In vestibuled sleepers to Heaven,
When once they're deprived of their breath ;
But Lord ! we implore, don't forget us
Who furnish the pew rent when called ;
A box car will do if Thou'l let us
Pile in, to be Heavenward hauled.

We've faith in Thy goodness, Thou'l never
Deny us Thy features to see,
Or fire us to Limbo forever,
For not hourly nagging at Thee.
Thou Great Architect of creation !
Poor toilers Thy mercy Thou'l show,
Who've faithfully filled every station
In sunshine and mountains of snow.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

I often wonder where we'll be
One hundred years from now;
Or if we shall have eyes to see
One hundred years from now.
These questions fill my doubting mind,
Till reason is completely blind,
To know just where ourselves we'll find
One hundred years from now.

Perhaps we'll not feel half so blue
One hundred years from now,
As those who sit and pine and stew,
One hundred years from now;
Who scourge themselves with hourly groans,
Who make the air resound with moans,
For God to save their sinful bones,
One hundred years from now.

'We slaves on railway track may know
One hundred years from now,
We can't have keener pangs of woe
One hundred years from now.
If there's a place beyond the tomb,
Without one ray to lift the gloom,
E'en there the change will make us bloom
One hundred years from now.

My darling girl says, I'll be lost
One hundred years from now
And stand in need of Greenland's frost
One hundred years from now.

My pastor, too—God bless his soul—
Says I shall not require much coal,
Though perched upon the Arctic pole,
One hundred years from now.

Dear ladies, all your witching charms
One hundred years from now,
Won't count for much in manly arms
One hundred years from now,
When flesh and blood shall melt away
In unappreciative clay;
You'll sigh for joys you have today
One hundred years from now.

I fear some chaps will sigh for snow
One hundred years from now,
And wish for icy blasts to blow
One hundred years from now;
If Scriptures tell one-half the tale
'Twill take a mighty furious gale
To cool some play boys of the rail
One hundred years from now.

Perhaps beneath a full orbed moon
One hundred years from now,
We'll float in air like balmy June
One hundred years from now,

And sport 'mid friends we've parted here
With many a bitter, heartfelt tear
To see their life's light disappear,
 One hundred years from now.

Ah, well, the mystic veil keeps hid
 One hundred years from now,
As also does the casket's lid
 One hundred years from now;
In God's great wisdom we'll abide,
'Twill float us over Jordan's tide,
To bloom on His celestial side
 One hundred years from now.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

When first I went to throwing blocks, 'twas in
 "the good old days;"
And, oh, dear Lord, the furnace door did often
 me amaze!
It was so small, and down so low, one inch above
 the deck,
It made my hands a mass of sores, and made of
 me a wreck.
I'd pile them up, the sawed ends out, then swing
 the door with speed,
And everyone would bear the trace of how my
 hands would bleed;

The slivers like a hedgehog's back my tender
fingers tore,
When first I went to throwing blocks, along in
sixty-four.

My limbs were kinked from stooping down, my
knees were swelled with pain,
My back was stiff enough to break, so fearful
was the strain;
Blood-blisters grew so thick upon my knuckles,
fingers, thumbs,
They looked just like a pudding stuffed with ripe
and juicy plums!
Court plaster by the yard I bought and kept it in
the cab,
Cut up in strips to paste upon each freshly bleed-
ing scab;
Tobacco juice and sturdy quids were also plas-
tered o'er
The gaping gashes which were made with blocks
in sixty-four.

Right soon I learned to know the grades we had
upon the line;
Black ash and hemlock, birch and spruce, wet
cedar, elm and pine,
Had not the substance to endure the nozzle's
ceaseless call;
'Twas "deck and throw and deck and throw,"
they always seemed to bawl!

Until my eyes I'd open wide, and straighten up
my back
To see if every block I'd throw was fleeing from
the stack!
But nothing, save a cloud of sparks, departing
in a roar,
Could I behold in those old days of long gone
sixty-four.

But then I was a fireman bold, besides both blithe
and young,
An awkward lad, and didn't care just how the
door I swung,
As long as I could send them home, right up
against the flues,
To satisfy his royal nibs that on the seat would
snooze,
The lever in the corner down between his lazy
legs,
Without a thought of how I stood upon my pain-
ful pegs,
When every bark the engine made seemed
screaming "give me more,"
Until I'd hint to hook her up, in eighteen sixty-
four.

How gleefully I'd jump upon the seat with smil-
ing face,
When to a station we would come, a well known
form to trace!

And if the charmer I'd espy among the staring crowd,
Oh, gracious! how my heart would jump, and then I'd feel so proud.
In measured tones to strike the bell I'd pause it in the yoke,
Until the tongue, at every toll, a mystic language spoke,
Unknown to all but just ourselves, that one I did adore,
Who bled my heart just like my hands in June, of sixty-four.

Then when our daily trips were made and in the roundhouse stowed,
I suffered more a hundred fold than out upon the road!
The acid scorched my very brain, and often made me dumb,
Until I thought old Beelzebub had me in kingdom come.
The way 'twould run through every gash, when polishing the brass!
'Twould bite just like a devil's tooth the lacerated mass
Of scabs, that spoke with gaping lips, till blood from every pore
Ran down upon each spot I'd rub, in eighteen sixty-four.

Oh, yes, "those were the good old days," I've
heard old fogies say;
The devil a much they ever toiled in my labor-
ious way,
For if they did they'd surely have another tale to
tell;
They'd shun such reminiscent talk the same as
shunning hell!
Give me the slash-bar, hook and scoop, likewise
a tank of coal.
Besides, the beautiful black crooks which on our
railways roll
They're good enough to sing about. I'll never
once deplore
The brassy brutes, which ruled the roost, in
eighteen sixty-four.

DYSPEPTIC DELUSIONS.

When heavy beads of weary toil
Made heart and brain and body boil,
I jumped beneath the clothes,
And in a jiff I fell asleep;
Soon heavy breathing loud and deep
Was belching from my nose.

I didn't pound the pillow quite
A minute, till on wings of light
My body flew on high;

It left this world of cruel care,
And darted upward through the air,
 To realms beyond the sky.

The transformation was complete
When in my dream through heaven's gate
 St. Peter let me in.
He took my hand with friendly glee,
As if my phiz he loved to see,
 Bereft of care and sin.

The splendor which I saw was fine,
Beyond the power of pen of mine
 Remotely to portray!
My eyes and mouth were opened wide,
To see such sights on every side
 In lands of endless day!

“The Lord be praised, but this is joy!”
“You bet your life, my bully boy,”
 St. Peter kindly said,
“You’ll never have to hustle here,
As fireman or as engineer
 To get a crust of bread.”

“You quit the pipe sometime ago,
Or fragrance I would have you blow
 From out of this cheroot.”
“I did, your Saintship, I regret,
But dearly love the perfume yet,
 When floating round my snoot.

"For years the quack who made me quit
Has kept me on a brimstone spit,
With watery teeth the while."
"A vast amount of cruel pain,
That cuts the body and the brain,
An old pipe can beguile."

"You're right, your Saintship, right you are,
Just hand me out a good cigar,
And here we'll smoke and chat :
Ah, this is grand ! at last I'm blest,
It is a superfine Key West,
I'll take my oath on that!"

"Hush ! never use a swear word here,
Because a realm of truth sincere,
With never a doubt is this ;
Snug Harbor you have found at last,
To compensate you for the past,
In everlasting bliss !

"That weary world you left below
Is rightly named 'a vale of woe,'
A place profuse in tears ;
My gates I'll always open wide,
To let unfortunates inside
Who say they're engineers.

"A yokel following a plow
Has little wrinkles on his brow
At threescore years and ten;
He eats his hash with knife and fork,
And isn't killed with ceaseless work,
Like you poor enginem'en."

"God bless your Saintship for your words,
They're sweeter than the songs of birds,
Saluting flowery Junes;
I'll send the information back,
To cheer the gizzards on the track
Of languorous gossoons."

"I always keep my weather eye
Directed every ill to spy
Of you and all your kind;
And when the soul of one takes flight
To hardship it may bid good-night,
'Twill leave all care behind.

"Your firemen sometimes suffer most,
But all the rest must take a roast
In Purgatory sure,
Some penitential prayers to chin,
Before I'll ever let them in
To realms of bliss secure.

"The office gents, with glossy cuffs,
And brilliant studs, and shirts with ruffs,
And frills about their heads,

May bet their patent leather boots,
They'll snooze with pretty tough galoots
At death in curious beds."

"By all the heathen gods, but that's
The way to treat the upstart brats,
The know-all's of the rail!
With exultation I'll explode,
Unless I can my joy unload,
You upright judge, all hail!"

A hearty dig beneath the ear,
Made all my dreaming disappear,
And knocked me in a heap,
As Kitty said: "I want to rest;
In bed or out, you're but a pest,
Quit talking in your sleep."

A SKATING EPISODE.

'Tother night I went for pleasure where the
merry skaters glide,
Where the ice was smooth and glary, and the
river good and wide,
On the margin, with some other ancient fellows
I looked on,
At the graceful evolutions of the skaters every
one:

Up before me stepped a maiden—not an old one
—twenty-five,
And I tell you all her pulses with health's vigor
were alive;
She saluted me familiar, throwing open friend-
ship's gates,
And in language most bewitching asking if I'd
strap her skates.

Down upon my knees, regardless of rheumatics,
I essayed
With more swiftness than I ever flopped upon
them when I prayed;
She wore number threes; her insteps would a
sculptor's heart entice,
If he strapped her skates, as I did, as I knelt
upon the ice.
Oft my fingers I pretended were so cold I could-
n't feel,
For the toe I fastened loosely and too tight I had
the heel;
But at last the job was ended, and she gazed
down most serene
At her kneeling slave, and thanked him with the
bearing of a queen.

In a moment more she glided from my side,
amid the throng,
And I hankered, oh, so fondly!—at her side to
go along;

I could shake the kinks of winter from my joints
with perfect ease,
If my charmer had but asked me, as I knelt upon
my knees.
"Lead us not into temptation," many a pious
chap will prate,
Till, like me, he is requested to strap on a lady's
skate,
He'll obey, if he is human, such a witching girl
as mine,
And the fellow who'd refuse her is a mud man
or divine.

IN MEMORIAM PATRICK DUFFEY.

Ring the solemn bells in their saddest tone,
Let them swing in a dirge of woe,
They will speak of the hearts that sigh and moan,
Where the tender passions flow;
And, oh, God! the grief that is in the breasts
Of all those who knew him here,
Like a pall 'twould cover the place he rests,
Our heroic engineer!

In young manhood's days, in life's early bloom
He responded to duty's call;
And he bravely met the dismal doom
Which may be the lot of all;

He was speeding onward to save a town,
When his engine left the track,
But his post he manned as she tumbled down,
Though in life he ne'er came back.

He was dearly loved, we who knew him best
Feel grief's keenest pangs today,
And in spirit go to his place of rest
For a little while to pray.
For we know beneath that poor Duffey lies,
Like our other heroes brave,
Till the angel's trump shall bid all arise,
Who repose in a martyr's grave.

When the roll is called for the noble dead
To appear in the great review,
Oh, I know my friend will be near the head,
As he well deserved it, too.
Not a selfish thought in his bosom lived,
And a manly heart had he,
That is why we all are so sadly grieved,
And this tribute's paid by me.

When an engineer dashes into death
With a consciousness of fate,
And to duty true till his latest breath,
Oh, he ranks amongst the great!
And the trumpet-blasts of undying fame
Shall resound to the listening skies,
Adding laurel wreaths to entwine his name,
When a man like Pat Duffey dies.

With reverent tread I approach the sod,
As I bring this wreath of rhyme;
And I pray and hope that his soul's with God,
In celestial joy sublime!
He was good and true, was a faithful friend,
And a skillful engineer,
And because he was, this sad song I send
As my gift to his hallowed bier.

WHEN EARTH'S FINAL MARCH IS OVER.

When earth's final march is over and our souls
are poising wings
For their flight beyond the planets out in
space,
Let us hope we'll get a welcome from the su-
preme King of Kings,
When we reach the glorious radiance of his
face.
With reliance on his mercy, when our latest
breath we give
To the elements above us ere we die,
We can feel that in his presence we again can
bloom and live,
'Mongst emancipated spirits up on high.

If in life we've struggled daily 'mid the snows
and suns of time
For a miserable pittance, we can feel

That our sins are only venial, that our hearts are
free from crime,

And the wounds of countless battles He will
heal;

No more anguish for the weary, no more bitter
tears to shed

When the order comes from earth to go away;
No more need to plunge and jostle for the need-
ful crust of bread,

When our eyes behold the dawn of endless
day.

Oh, the thrilling joys of meeting with the loved
ones gone before,

Whom we parted with in sorrow and in gloom,
When we fold our wings delighted up on God's
eternal shore

Far away beyond the terrors of the tomb!

Age will leave aside his wrinkles, and through
endless life we'll all

Glorify the Great Creator on his throne;
Who from heart-corroding anguish did our
weary spirits call

To that life where care and sorrow are un-
known.

CINCINNATI.

When a fellow's heart is bubbling up with
thoughts he'd fain express,
And he lacks the words to clothe them, he must
suffer in distress;
I've a stomach full at present of unspoken words
of thanks,
For as hearty a reception as e'er given from your
ranks
To a man, howe'er exalted in the nation he might
be,
On the night you flung applauses full of thunder
tones at me;
But, alas! the task is hopeless, for I didn't go to
school
When I had a chance to study, so I must remain
a fool.

Well, I've been to Cincinnati, where the stalwart
legions met,
Full of vim enthusiastic, for I feel their presence
yet,
And I'll note the friendly glances flashing from
a thousand eyes,
Till this soul of mine immortal takes its flight to
yonder skies;
And I'll feel the hearty pressure of the hands of
countless throngs,
Which kept shaking mine so furious to reward
my homely songs;

Yet, 'mid all such scenes of pleasure, I had pangs
of yearning gloom,
When I thought of one friend absent, my old
charmer, Mrs. Bloom.

Many anxious tongues kept wagging with per-
sistency to know
Why she failed to be amongst us where good
fellowship did flow;
For the thought seemed universal that where
Shandy was around,
In the midst of royal pleasures at his side she
should be found.
Ah! too well I knew the reason, but I kept it in
my breast,
Never squealing on the false one whom I longed
for from the west;
Never breathing of the mitten, which was flung
with venomed ire,
By the mocking-bird of Oakland, who had
thrilled me with her lyre.

Times like this of which I'm singing in fond
memory's halls we keep,
Till life's voyage shall be over, till we take our
final sleep.
They are green spots in the desert of the path we
daily tread,
Struggling graveward in our anguish to obtain a
crust of bread;

Shining landmarks on life's journey, where love's
offerings are strewn,
To make beautiful the passage, sweet as flowery
meads in June.
Let us hope that many others are awaiting those
who met
In that hall at Cincinnati, whom I never will
forget.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

She first must catch him in the ties
 Of love's delightful bondage,
Then on him she must keep sharp eyes
 While he is in his fondage.
He mustn't feel one moment dull,
 When yoked in marriage traces,
Or soon against his dear he'll pull,
 And scorn her fond embraces.

If he should frown—remember this—
 She must steal up beside him,
And on his mouth plant many a kiss;
 'Tis better than to chide him.
Right soon she'll see a silvery smile
 Float o'er his handsome features,
Because he'll think her free from guile,
 And fairest of all creatures.

'Tis not while in the honeymoon
A bride should look for danger,
For then he is a harmless loon,
And to deceit a stranger.
But when about three months have fled
In Hymen's perfumed clover,
He on soft nonsense must be fed
Or he will prove a rover.

Observe him when night's glorious queen
Is down on China shining;
If he should sneak out late, unseen,
He's for another pining;
She never need one step advance
To ascertain his scheming;
He'll tell it by his nervous glance—
Abstracted like and dreaming.

But if domestic traits he loves,
And isn't given to roaming,
He and his wife, like mating doves,
Will nestle in the gloaming.
Until about a year rolls by
On rosy wings delightful,
Then danger lurks in baby's cry,
If it is sour and spiteful.

A howling chorus made of squalls
Don't make a husband gracious,
When all night long come ceaseless bawls
From little imps pugnacious;

Most men against such sounds will kick ;
We all hate babies' snarling,
And feel like rubbing with a brick
Each little pug-nosed darling.

Unless he is a patient man,
And full of human nature,
Created on a saintly plan,
Broad gauged in mind and stature,
He'll kick just like an army mule,
Or red-nosed bloat in rabies,
If she should prove a brainless fool
And plague him with cross babies.

A cunning wife can win reward
Through lifetime and hereafter,
If she will always greet her lord
With peals of silvery laughter
When he comes rolling home in glee,
All human ailments scorning,
And singing most uproariously,
“We'll not go home till morning.”

The little chores about the house,
Too numerous to mention,
Should hourly from a faithful spouse
Have personal attention.
So that her lord can sit at ease,
When he comes in from labor,
Or straggle round where'er he'll please,
To gossip with a neighbor.

She mustn't mind the hairs that cling
Upon his coat tail grinning,
Or at him fly on vengeful wing,
Or think that he's been sinning.
'Twill only make bad matters worse
To rail in jealous fury;
It ends too often in divorce
Before a judge and jury.

I here could sit till morning gray
O'er eastern hills comes breaking,
And still till night succeeds the day,
Such wise suggestions making;
On how a husband should be held
And worked for all that's in him,
By her who other maids excelled
When playing cards to win him.

But if she'll exercise the skill
Of courtship's days to catch him,
She'll mould him to her own sweet will
Until it's hard to match him
For tenderness through married life,
And loveliness unbounded.
Indeed, she'll be a happy wife,
With all delights surrounded.

TO EUGENE V. DEBS.

An old admirer of your art,
In finding words to touch the heart,
 Now takes a willing pen
To write some honest lines to you,
A man amongst the very few
 Of really brilliant men.

/

I've read your words for many years,
Evoking smiles, perchance some tears,
 As each way I'd be swayed;
A wizard's wand would powerless be
To move my sympathies as free
 As what your pen portrayed.

Sometimes in burning eloquence
You lacerated vain pretense
 In haughty, purse-proud men;
You taught your readers self-respect,
And how to hold their heads erect,
 With fluent, running pen.

There's not a passion man can feel
But which you skillfully reveal
 On editorial page;
Your genius strips pretensions bare,
Till all can read the motives there
 In which some men engage.

Premises and conclusions grand,
Are treated with a master's hand,
And grouped in language strong ;
Your reader's task is simplified,
There's nothing doubtful or implied
When pointing out a wrong.

I hope you'll wield for years your pen,
Defending all those stalwart men,
Who toil in sultry cabs,
Against a multitude of foes,
Continue to deal out your blows,
And don't forget the scabs.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

When my ship comes home o'er the creamy seas,
With her bending spars to the spanking breeze,
With her snowy sails swelling out on high,
Sweeping proudly 'neath an azure sky ;
Oh ! I'll sing a song of delightful sound,
For my heart with joy shall gladly bound,
When I see her glide o'er the ocean's foam,
With her cargo rich coming safely home.

She's a noble ship, with as brave a crew
As e'er sailed out o'er the waters blue.
She was built for speed, and was launched 'mid
hopes
That have clustered 'round her sails and ropes ;

And she outward went when the breeze was fair,
And the balmy spring-time filled the air;
When life's morning sun of the long gone by
Sent its slanting rays from a cloudless sky.

Many years have fled since she sailed away ;
Many pulsing hearts have been turned to clay ;
Many limbs grew faint on the toilsome road
That crowds in search of wealth have strode.
Many smiling Junes, when the skies were bland,
Have been here and gone since she left the land.
But she's yet afloat with her timbers sound,
And I'll soon hurrah for the homeward bound.

When the queen of night leads her starry
throng
Through the evening gates of the skies along ;
When the nightingale fills the drowsy air
With her plaintive notes floating everywhere ;
When the Orient glows, with a luster bright,
From the silvery lamps on the brow of night,
I then to dreamy headlands roam,
Watching the sea till my ship comes home.

“A sail, a sail!” I have oftentimes heard,
And my patient heart with the cry was stirr’d,
But my eyes grew faint as I scanned in vain
For my tardy bark coming o’er the main.

I have watched big fleets, with their yards all square,
Sailing into port full of treasures rare:
But I ne'er set eyes on this ship of mine
Since I sent her off o'er the foamy brine.

I wonder where she has staid so long?
Are her anchors down near the shores of song?
Has her crew been snared by Circe's smiles?
Or her course been shaped for enchanted isles?
Has the lightning joined with the hurricane
To engulf my bark in the trackless main?
Oh! I can't believe but she's yet afloat,
For the Hopeful Heart is a royal boat.

She shall yet sail in full of every charm
That her decks can hold to the foreyard arm.
Tho' she left the land in my early teens,
She is yet afloat, one of ocean's queens;
And she homeward glides o'er the moonlit seas,
As her proud sails thrill with the trembling
breeze,
With a cargo rare, full of richer gems
Than have flashed from queenly diadems.

THE NEW YEAR.

God's blessings on the young New Year
Now reigning on his throne of state.
Oh, may he prove more friendly here
Than eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.
The bells, in sounds almost divine,
Salute dear eighteen eighty-nine.
He's welcome, and we hope his reign
Shall be a grand one, free from pain.
May strife and discord sink from sight
To regions of eternal night.
May health and happiness prevail
'Mongst every man who runs the rail;
And may 'longside the track be strewn
With choicest flowers blown in June,
Until the perfumed atmosphere
In incense circles round our noses,
On every day throughout the year,
A perfect paradise of roses.

Old eighty-eight, the hoary thief!
When first he crept across Time's portals,
Soon changed our smiles, and plunged in grief
The hearts of many toiling mortals.
Courageously we stood our ground,
And very soon our foemen found
That engineers, and firemen, too,
Were not at all a craven crew,
But men who could their rights maintain,
Endowed with courage, brawn and brain.

Ah! well, let others sighing sing,
My muse is out on joyous wing.
The jade is tipsy, bless her soul!
She's had her share of happy cheer;
She's ordered on another bowl,
To toast you all "a glad New Year!"

Clasp hands around the festive board!
And dash the frowns from every brow!
On New Year's day we can afford
Convivial greetings, while we vow
To keep our flag of Union high,
Amid the splendors of the sky,
And toast our friends--the true and good—
Who recognize our Brotherhood.
Once more fill up! (In Adam's brew
From crystal springs I'll join with you.)
Here's may a reign of love prevail
Amongst all orders of the rail!
And may the wheels of commerce roll
With good, remunerative toll;
And may the dividends increase,
And may the land be blest with peace;
May readers of the *Magazine*,
Glide down the stream of time serene,
And may the girls catch handsome boys,
To bless them with connubial joys.
Oh! may the Lord hear all the prayers
We toast with water as with wine,
And may the best of all past years
Be eighteen hundred and eighty-nine.

AN ENGINEER'S PRAYER.

Oh Lord! from out an anguished heart,
That often felt the cruel smart
 Of passion's pulseful poundings,
I cry for light upon the way,
To guide my footsteps night and day
 Through bigotry's surroundings.

I doubt, I'm blind, I cannot see
The road which leads direct to Thee,
 So many men survey it.
O'er theologic hills some go,
While others curve round vales of woe,
 And all in tears portray it.

A narrow gauge by all account
From earth connects Salvation's Mount,
 With train dispatchers many:
No one has got the right of way,
Though each dispatcher he will say
 His route is best of any.

The creeds conflict on how to run,
But each insists that we must shun
 Instructions of the other,
Or we will lose our time-card rights,
Be thrown in flame, where flesh ignites
 In fire no force can smother.

Now, Lord, thou great Creator! hear
My doubting heart, that pleads sincere
 For reason's light to guide me;

Why can't I as a "wild cat" move
Upon a road that ends above,
 No matter who'll deride me?

If flues of passion ofttimes leak,
And love's injectors badly break,
 Until life's crown-sheet's started,
'Tis Thou with all Thy mercies bright,
Canst make the fire-box quickly tight,
 And close up seams departed.

'Tis well for those whose valves are square,
And kept in line by constant prayer,
 With trust in Revelations;
But doubting Thomases require
Faith's hourly slash-bar in the fire,
 And white lights at all stations.

I'll flag around the curves of sin,
I'll try the best I can to win
 Thy glorious approbation;
But thou must give me needed aid
To climb life's long, laborious grade,
 And guide me to salvation.

And when in heaven's roundhouse stored
To always sing thy praises, Lord,
 In everlasting glory,
I'll feel that "wild cats" can succeed
To reach Thy throne outside each creed
 Built on *Memento Mori.*

REMINISCENCES OF OLD TIMES.

The other day in rich apparel,
There passed me by an old-time girl ;
A stunner of my early days,
Who kept my heart in steady blaze,
Because the sweet one looked a queen,
Of Juno shape, and just nineteen ;
While now—oh, Time, you rascal—she
Has changed most pitiful to see.

She never cast a glance to know
How fared myself since long ago ;
Her nose was pointed to the sky
The instant she went marching by.
She has her coach, her servants, too,
And mansion grand as one could view ;
Yet, with them all, I've heard she said
She ne'er was happy since she wed.

She married rich, while I was poor,
And thought her happiness secure.
Her husband was just twice as old
As she was ; purse-proud, sour and cold.
She wed him for his money bags,
And jilted me in homespun rags ;
I really think she made a miss,
And lost a lot of married bliss.

Of course, the dresses on her back
Don't finish, style, or fashion lack.
Her jewels flash on hands and ears—
Her eyes must also full of tears

Each night she drops her haughty head
Upon her pillow in her bed,
To see her husband on it, too,
In flannel night-cap, there to view.

Oh! Jennie, ere you left your teens,
You looked like one of nature's queens;
And I was proud to be your beau,
In those dear days of long ago.
How fare we now, my haughty dame,
My old, deceitful, fickle flame?
I think you made a great mistake
Because myself you did not take.

You wouldn't have a coach, my girl,
You wouldn't glide in fashion's whirl,
No lackeys at your beck would run,
But, Jennie, you'd have lots of fun.
Whene'er I'd see your features sad,
I'd kiss you till I'd make you glad—
My lips, you've often said, you know,
Were very sweet in long ago.

Adieu! perhaps I'll ne'er again
Salute you with my tongue or pen;
Unless your husband he should croak,
And my old girl throw off life's yoke.
If such a chance should come about,
And you are rich beyond a doubt,
I'll take an old man's leaving then,
But otherwise I wouldn't, Jen.

FANCIES.

When a dreamer sits down for a while in a chair,
To indulge in wild fancies, commune with the air,
And create out of nothing a readable tale,
For enjoyment of others, he's likely to fail.
Many times have I sat, like tonight, in the gloom,
With an army of specters about in the room;
Every one ridiculing my efforts to train
Into shape the grotesque of my wearisome brain.

They keep dancing away in satanical ire,
And they flit in and out through the smouldering
fire;
They remind me so oft of my much needed bed,
Where a visionless sleep would assist my tired
head,
Till the caller comes round in the gloom of the
dawn,
Ere the rays of the sun sweep the dew from the
lawn,
That I think I'll retire till I hear his rich brogue
Captivating my ear with his blarney, the rogue!

Oh! of all the inventions the railroads have found
To enslave a poor devil; his feelings to wound,
There are none that I know of can pierce through
the heart
Like the voice of the caller when time to depart.

You perhaps may be sleeping 'longside of a bride,
Or perhaps in a coach in your dreams you may
ride,
Or be counting your wealth, which you've only
in sleep,
When the imp comes around, and from bed you
must creep.

If your curses come homeward to roost, as folks
say,

What a pot-pie we'd have every hour in the day!
It would take a whole county fenced in to contain
All the robust young chicks that flew out of my
brain,

Ere the orient sent through the darkness one ray
To denote the advance of the monarch of day,
As the devil-tuned tongue of the caller I'd hear
Pounding merciless words on my stupefied ear.

It is hard from the clasp of your wife to arise,
And embrace her good-bye, with the sleep in
your eyes,

Then to see her roll over and cover her nose,
With her curls arranged for a lengthy repose.
As you start to take charge of some scrap-heap
or go

To report for the plow in a blizzard of snow.
Well, such thoughts are enough to put fancies to
flight,

And my love from the bedroom is calling—Good-
Night!

DYSPEPSIA'S DOINGS.

Oh, I dreamt to the regions celestial I went
 On the wings of a saint, t'other night,
And a jolly old time with companions I spent
 Until called to get up at daylight.
I was welcomed with hearty effusions of joy
 By the lads whom I fancied in woe;
Everyone shook my hand and said: "Shandy, old
 boy,
We supposed you'd be sent down below."

When I looked at the fellows in clover, chin deep,
 And I thought what they were upon earth,
Then I laughed till I thought I'd be strangled in
 sleep,
 So supreme was my bosom with mirth;
For a lot of the toughest old growlers they were
 That have ever pulled throttle-bars out;
And to even suggest I'd be doomed to despair
 While themselves could in joy roam about.

There were kickers amongst them far worse than
 old bears
 That had gone many months without food!
And I marveled to think they were let climb the
 stairs
 Where the godly can only intrude!
Not a soul of them ever knew what was content
 Or a peaceable hour on the rail;
I supposed when they died they were instantly sent
 To the place where hot sand blasts prevail.

I sat down for a chat, and I tell you my heart
Beat a rattling tattoo in my breast,
For I thought from such bliss I would never de-
part,
And at last I was certain of rest.
Far away from the turmoil and torture of life,
And the battle unceasing for bread,
Without ever a hope in the wearisome strife,
From my birth until knocked over dead.

"Pass your pipe along, Jack, or a fragrant cigar,
Thank the Lord we are happy at last!
Far away from the place where an engine or car
We can never observe rolling past.
Will you kindly inform me how you got in
By his saintship who sits at yon gate,
Who's observing us now with a friendly old grin
And his ear cocked to hear how we prate?"

"What a question you ask! any fool might reply
That it wasn't by drinking champagne,
But by running old 'hogs' till they'd stretch out
and die,
Right in front of a hard-pulling train!
Have you ever been there? then you know that I
tell
But a portion of truth when I say,
There's not on this side of the grave such a hell
As an engineer's life every day.

"Now, relight your cigar, here together we'll
chat
And I'll joyfully tell you a tale,
Of what all our foemen in Hades are at,
Who were tyrants in life on the rail,
While we here are as happy as fathers of twins;
When they're teething and howling galore—"
At this moment I found I was yet in my sins,
By the pounding I heard at my door.

MEMORY'S MUSINGS.

Worthy friend, come sit beside me,
Till we two converse together—
(Though, alas! 'twill be in fancy),
In this solemn twilight hour.
May our hearts both float in rapture,
Just as buoyant as the feather
That is wafted by the fragrance
Of a maiden's sunlit bower.

We will sing of life delighted
That so oft to me thou'st painted,
In the dreamy days so happy,
In the days of long ago!
When I thought thee more than mortal,
Ere our trusting hearts were tainted
By the shadows sent from cloud-land,
That presaged a coming woe.

Happy days! and happy dreaming!
Visions clust'ring round hope's mountain,
Gladsome moments, multiplying
 Into hours of joy sublime;
Quaffing deeply golden sunlight
At life's overflowing fountain
Never pausing in our rapture
 To denote the flight of time!

If a single thought of parting
Would pass silently before us,
It would make us cling the fonder
 In the bonds of friendship dear;
And thy voice, attuned to gladness,
Could woo mine in joyous chorus,
Far beyond all plaintive musings
 Or a thought of mortal fear!

How thy heart would bear mine onward
If it ever paused or faltered!
How thy hopeful words would thrill me
 Like the trumpet blast of fame!
Till I felt once more courageous,
Till my bosom's doubts were altered,
And my lips were lisping praises
 To entwine around thy name!

I had strength to fight each battle
When, dear friend, thou wert beside me,
For I knew thou would'st sustain me
 If misfortune strewed the way;

But alas! grim Fate was carving,
And in scorn he did deride me,
As I railed 'gainst separation
 And to have thee with me stay.

When the sad farewell was spoken,
As I clasped thy hand at parting,
There were silent sighs unnumbered
 Surging sadly in my breast;
And I saw thee unavailing
Try to check the tear-drops starting,
That upon thy drooping lashes
 For an instant seemed to rest.

In a moment there were castles,
Which were built in sunlit bowers,
Downward falling, tumbling round me
 On the instant thou wert gone;
Though I try to re-erect them,
Toiling in the ruins hours,
Fate keeps laughing at my efforts,
 Although hope allures me on.

We are many leagues divided,
Both are drifting to the star-land;
Far beyond our comprehension,
 O'er the azure skies above;
Where thou'l surely be rewarded
With a never fading garland,
To be worn through life eternal,
 In the realms of endless love.

And the brightest 'mid the many
In the treasured stores of Zion,
Is the very one the angels
 Have selected for thy brow !
Thou hast won it by life's labor,
Holy Writ thou may'st rely on,
For it tells us how the Master
 Will the pure of heart endow.

DECEMBER.

December rolls around again with more than
 mortal speed,
'Tis with us now, and many hearts in cruel an-
 guish bleed ;
The chill of desolation sweeps across the sky of
 life,
And each succeeding day we feel less mettle for
 the strife ;
In early youth and manhood's prime we chased
 the gleesome hours,
Fresh pleasures sang a roundelay amid the
 bloom of flowers ;
But now, just like the closing year, the cold of
 coming doom
Proclaims the end will soon point out the weary
 toiler's tomb.

How many mounds have risen o'er the level of
the plain
Since last we had December here, its snows, its
sleet and rain!
How many hearts have ceased to beat, that
throbbed with joyous hope
One year ago, but now are still beneath some
grassy slope!
A single year! one little space of ever-fleeting
time!
And yet how fruitful of decay—just like my
simple rhyme—
The yesterdays are now no more, tomorrow—
well who cares?
We all must die and make a trip right up the
golden stairs.

I've known full many a choice gossoon, with
glorious gifts of gab,
Who taught me in the days gone by to sing while
in the cab;
They took this life just as it came, and didn't
care a pin
How things were working on the rail, they'd
meet them with a grin;
They always had a pleasant laugh, though load-
ed down with cars;
They'd sit and smoke and watch the sparks
coquetting with the stars!

They always got there just the same as fellows
who would sweat,
Until they'd melt their lives away, and pay old
Nature's debt.

Don't make a widow of your wife, for if she's
only fair,
Her tears she'll not permit them long to soil the
weeds she'll wear.
She's up to all the witcheries an artful lady
knows
To catch another victim, and to make the chap
propose;
Then while you slowly moulder six feet beneath
the clay,
Herself and your successor chase the gleesome
hours away.
Perhaps the big insurance, too, that some kind
fellows leave,
May help to keep the darling safe from having
cause to grieve.

But now, old fading year, farewell! you're draw-
ing near your end;
I cannot say you were my foe, nor yet my faith-
ful friend;
I had my pleasures and my pains—the former
were but few—
I do not feel I owe a debt of much account to
you.
I'm not accused of killing time too long upon my
knees,

December is too cold to pray, there's penance in
the breeze,
But now I fervently beseech the God of truth
and love
To give us all, at close of life, immortal joys
above.

DELUSIVE DREAMING.

'Tother night, as I lay cuddled up in a heap,
In what I would call "a remarkable sleep,"
On account of a dream, 'twas a nice one, you
bet,—
Now please pardon the slang—I remember it yet,
I was happy, ah, yes, as a widow, whose love
Left a pile of insurance to comfort the dove,
When he'd see her no more, 'cause he went to
the blest
By the way of the boneyard, where surely he'll
rest.

In my slumber I thought I was only a boy,
On the threshold of manhood, my heart full of
joy,
With a stride just as swift as a greyhound, my
breast
A most beautiful castle, content for my guest.
I had plenty of wealth, I was full of conceit,
And as handsome a chap as a maiden could meet.
And what more could I ask? If you know,
kindly tell.
'Tis no wonder my head did enormously swell.

'Twould be noon every day ere from bed I'd arise,

Take a yawn, then a bath, to wash sleep from my eyes;

When my breakfast was over I'd light a cheroot,
Take a look in the glass, and exclaim, "What a beaut!"

I was really in love with myself, you can see,
And in heaven's dear name, say, why shouldn't I be?

Young and wealthy, good-looking and single, and these

Are enough to put any young chap at his ease.

I was courted by man-hunting maidens in scores,
But the cold stare I gave them, I felt they were bores.

How their mothers and fathers besieged me in state!

I was fished for, but never once nibbled the bait.
Oh, I felt that this life was a voyage o'er seas
That were wooed every hour by a spice-laden breeze,

And their shores richly terraced with fruitage and flowers,

Glades, uplands, bright meadows and evergreen bowers.

In the dance I was graceful. One night, at a ball,
I espied a fair creature that "grew" at the wall,
We were soon introduced. When her eyes looked
in mine,

Holy Jove, how I thrilled! Oh, I thought her
divine,

A dear Hebe in stature, a blonde! just eighteen!
Of my castle I swore I would crown her the
queen;

Soon we waltzed into friendship, and then into
love,

And, oh joy! how I worship'd that dear little
dove.

O'er a specious veranda, with roses abloom,
We two sauntered, I eager to find out my doom,
My tied tongue wouldn't aid me, I had it that
bad,

I could weep in my yearning, I really was mad;
But at last, by an effort, my tongue it broke loose,
And I pitched all my bashfulness then to the
deuce,

So I gathered the dear one in close to my breast,
As my love, pure and holy, I freely confessed.

When I ceased, with a look that sank into my
heart,

She replied: "Yes, I love you. We never shall
part.

You're my prince and my king, and my virginal charms

I bestow on you freely, they're now in your arms."

I impulsively pressed her in closer—oh, woe!

It was then I discovered my cake was but dough,
For my legal old heart-ache she loudly did scream,

"Don't be squeezing my life out." That ended my dream.

THE ISLE OF CONTENT.

Send the ensign aloft, from the main let it fly,
Get on board, my companions. The blue of the sky

Is a sign of fair weather. Now, off for a trip.
Every man I invited to come on my ship
May relax all his muscles, and bask in the light
Of enjoyment that beams for us day time and night.

The harbor has faded, on pleasure we're bent,
To that haven of kickers, the Isle of Content.

See that fellow right there with the big brawny back,

He's been tramping the ties all his life on the track;

Note that chap with the wrinkles all over his head,

They are caused by his fight for his morsel of bread;

There's another close by him, now three-score
and ten,
All his life he has toiled, he's a king among
men;
Though their features are scarred and their
hopes may be rent,
Yet they nightly embark for the Isle of Content.

Here are others, sad-eyed, a miserable lot,
And they don't care a cuss whether school keeps
or not;
For they argue that life is no more than a curse,
And no matter what change comes, they can't be
much worse.

They were buffeted long on the rocks of despair,
But their wails went unheard into fathomless air,
They are happy at last, though they haven't a
cent,
For they're working their way to the Isle of
Content.

Here's a yowler, who always had slathers of gab,
Who would never let sunshine get into the cab,
Nothing happened to suit him, all things were at
fault,

Till a lesson in silence one day he was taught,
He was told that the road could be run without
help

From a mean, incorrigible, fault-finding whelp;
Then he just took a tumble, and growling he pent
In his breast and set sail for the Isle of Content.

We must fancy the weather is always like June,
And be off to the skies from each pessimist loon,
Shaking earth from our feet and its routine of
 woes,

Its innumerable cares and its cobra-like foes,
Getting up in the azure of health-giving air,
Far away from the throbs of a racking despair,
Which is found not in keeping a pentitent Lent,
But in laughing away on the Isle of Content.

A NIGHT WITH A CRONY.

T'other night, as I stretched on the bed,
 I fell into a sort of a doze;
I had pains from the top of my head
 To the nails of my big, swollen toes.
In that feverish, comfortless sleep,
 Soon a ghost on my vision did gleam,
And it knocked me right into a heap—
 I suppose it was only a dream.

With a look full of sympathy, soon
 It came close to the place where I lay.
“Arrah, Shandy, how are you, aroon?
 Don’t you sleep all your senses away.”
“I am weary,” I snappishly said,
 “And I don’t care a blasted baubee
If this moment I slept with the dead,
 So you needn’t come bothering me.”

"My old friend, you are right, for I hear
That you life is so damnably tough;
In your eye is a permanent tear,
Like as if you were pelted with snuff.
But, my boy, you'll be with us right soon."
"Will you kindly explain where you dwell?"
"Arrah, what's in a name, pray, aroon?
Sure, the preachers on earth call it Hell."

"Holy Moses! God save me!" I cried,
And I gave a most heartrending scream;
"Will you tell me, dear Ghost, when I died?
Sure, I thought it was all but a dream."
"What's the matter, you cowardly spalpeen?
Do I look as if suffering with pain?
You need not fear to burn; you're too green,
Or along with us here you'd remain.

"You are suffering more hell every day
For the mouthful of grub which you get,
That you'll find when you're laid in the clay,
After paying old nature's last debt.
Have you got what you really could call
Seven hours in the long twenty-four
Right down on a mattress to fall,
To indulge in an undisturbed snore?

"Do you get any pay but your hash,
And the frolic you hold with the kids?
Are you coffers so loaded with cash,
That you cannot sit down on the lids?

Every move which you make you need sand,
From the way you go slipping along,
Note that calloused lump there on your hand,
Indicating your life is all wrong.

"Every Sunday you're promised a roast,
If your life is not spent on your knees,
That your body will color like toast,
Where the heat is a million degrees.
And you believe them, you credulous loon,
When they tell of the bottomless pit,
Why, we're happy as songbirds in June,
We who went to our graves full of grit.

"Here's a bit of good honest advice,
Ere the roosters uproariously crow ;
When you bid farewell to the ice,
Summer suns, drenching rains, sleet and
snow,
Close your eyes full of hope and prepare
For a jolly old time with your chums,
In that place where they tell you the air
Will make dead men's teeth fall from their
gums."

Murphy's rooster just then gave a scream,
And the ghost gave a jump from my sight,
And abruptly I ended my dream,
Ere the sun sent a streak of daylight.
Out I rolled, like a log, from the bed,
With more aches than I ever can tell,
And I wished like in dreams I was dead,
To escape such a physical hell.

A PATRIARCHAL CHANT.

Let the sad bells toll
For a parting soul,
That has gone to eternal rest,
Over Jordan's shore,
With its troubles o'er,
To recline amid the blest;
For his dying claim
Had a smack of fame,
Ere he stretched on his lifeless bier,
Saying: "I'm the man
The first engine ran,
I'm the oldest engineer!"

Well, I guess it's so,
For I others know
Who have made the self-same boast,
Never had a wreck—
They are yet on deck—
Nor a crown-sheet did they roast;
Never hit a cat—
Now, get on to that—
Nor had known a thought of fear,
Thus each one declares,
Full of royal airs,
"I'm the oldest engineer."

They are scattered round,
And in places found,
Where the stalwarts congregate ;
A loquacious crowd,
Everyone quite proud
When his story he'll relate ;
He will tell of ways
Of his early days,
When the Stourbridge Lion ran,
And the engineer
Was a precious dear,
He was such a skillful man.

Let me die at eve
Where no eye will grieve
O'er my lifeless lump of clay,
Put me down to sleep
'Neath the grasses deep,
For an endless spell to stay ;
And whatever's said,
When at last I'm dead,
Never sue for a listener's tear,
With that chestnut stale,
Of the modern rail :
"He's the oldest engineer."

A SONG OF AULD LANG SYNE.

After many long years, Kate, this meeting
Is welcome. We'll talk of the past,
How the numerous seasons sped fleeting
Since you and I rhapsodized last!
I worshipped you then as a goddess,
Created for man to adore,
I thrilled at the shape of your bodice,
And loved from my heart's inmost core.

My head was a builder of castles—
The kind we inhabit in Spain—
I peopled them all full of vassals,
To march in your ladyship's train;
I basked in the pleasures of hoping,
And futureward traveled serene,
My days and my nights full of moping,
And dreaming you'd reign as my queen.

My tongue, that's supposed to run freely,
Was often unable to wag;
I stalled on the upgrades and really
I puffed like a winded old nag;
I'd silently gaze on your features,
And think, were you human at all,
I fancied you one of those creatures,
The first to reach earth since the fall.

Ah, many long years have passed over
Since those happy days which I sing,
When honey we sipped from life's clover,
In bright balmy days of its spring!

We parted, and somehow or other
I can't tell how came it, can you?
Right soon you were caught by another,
And queen of my boyhood, me too.

You've proved a good wife, but oh, gracious!
How changed is your bodice to-day!
Besides, you're not quite so vivacious
As when we gulled moonshine away;
The turkey-tracks scoring your forehead
Tell sadly and silently time
Is full of indifference horrid,
Now speeding you off from your prime.

I too, amid sunshine and showers,
Have pulled a strong oar on life's seas,
Where oft it required all my powers
To row 'gainst the force of the breeze.
I've run after rainbows to gather
The big crocks of gold at their base,
But always dark skies and foul weather
Obscured where they were in the haze.

Old Sweetheart, we've one consolation
To cheer us when prone to despair,
'Tis this: "During life at our station
We always stood faithfully there;"
You proved a true wife and good mother
Through all the long years since you wed,
While I, Kate—well somehow or other
The baker I paid for his bread.

RETRIBUTION.

When a paper last May struck my wondering eyes,

I was knocked out completely, transfix'd with surprise,

For I witnessed an item which drove me as high
As a sky-rocket scoots on the Fourth of July.

“Mr. Manager Stone,” I perused, “had resigned,”

Boys, I shed bitter tears till my optics were blind;

And I said a few prayers for the peaceful repose

Of his soul, with the brine dropping down from my nose.

With a doleful Ochone!

From a heart full of grief,

Boys, I prayed for poor Stone,

Like the penitent thief,

When the spread-eagle rogue was impaled on the cross,

And I feel you'll all chorus “Amen” for our loss.

Poor ex-Manager Stone! it is painful to think,
Of the cups full of gall enginemens had to drink
But a few years ago, when your head was so hot,
That your good common sense for the time was forgot.

How you ached for a fight! And you said with some cash,

Our old organizations to atoms you'd smash,
Did you do it, avick? Faith! I think you did well,
And you wore a high hat for a brief little spell,
But, acushla, machree!
Poor ex-Manager Stone!
And betwixt you and me,
It cost many a groan,
And about seven millions of dollars or more
Ere the C. B. & Q. flopped us down on the floor.

Devil a prophet God ever gave to the Maguires,
They are good honest boys, and not one of them
liars,
But myself blossomed into a sort of a seer,
That could pour simple truths in a rattlehead's
ear;
Sure, I told you the time you were fighting so
brave,
That yourself and Paul Morton right into one
grave,
Would be thrown without mercy when dividends
ceased
And the tolls of the Q. by your actions decreased.
Where is Morton today?
Faith, his swell-head has shrunk,
He has shriveled away
To his hide like a skunk.
And yourself, my poor fellow, must now at some
phone
Keep your ears for hellos; poor ex-Manager
Stone!

Are the Brotherhoods killed which you swore to
destroy?

See our organs and count the new lodges, old
boy,

They appear to have grown as if magic pre-
vailed—

And the faster they grow when hardest as-
sailed—

And they prove that, instead of old women, they
had

A big army of fighters, ferociously mad
To have at you, avick! till they conquered or
died,

Till at last, sir, they made you the honors divide.

They are blooming delightful,

While Paul and yourself,

Who were foolishly spiteful,

Are stowed on the shelf;

Tossed to rot in the boneyard, bereft and alone,
Without friends to salute you, ex-Manager
Stone!

I am sorry—God pardon my soul for the lie—

When I finish this stanza I'll dolefully cry.

Ananias von Morton, the blatherskite fool,

Is to blame for your downfall, he made you his
tool;

He concocted the scheme, and you followed your
nose,

Till we flattened it out like a pancake with blows.

So you now go to manage a telephone wire,
Just because you were led by that infamous liar.

Now I'll bid you farewell,
Full of language sincere,
Mid hellos you must dwell,
With a phone at your ear,
While the Brotherhoods live and are flourishing,
 too,
In defiance of Morton, of Perkins and you.

TO J. J. HANNAHAN.

Dear John, I'll your confessor be,
And at my penitential knee
 I'll catalogue your crimes ;
'Twill be a lengthy list, I know,
But minor ones o'erboard I'll throw,
 In mercy to my rhymes.

I notice in the *Magazine*,
At various places, you are seen,
 All o'er this country grand,
You're here, you're there, you're everywhere,
And living on the best of fare
 That's furnished in the land.

Beware of gluttony, my boy,
It will your health and life destroy,
 And is a deadly sin.
You'll have to fast and hourly pray,
To gain the straight and narrow way
 Where converts enter in.

The seven deadly sins are rife
With snares to kill eternal life,
 And send you o'er the Styx ;
Be careful, boy, its tide is hot,
'Twill blisters raise on every spot,
 For all your festive tricks.

Obey the ten commandments, John.
They're faithful friends to lean upon
 In death's dark, dismal hour ;
No matter how the scoffers sneer,
Obey them, and they'll shove you clear
 Of Satan's dreaded power.

I know you are a social lad,
Magnetic, and you're far from bad,
 But in temptation's way.
Some good advice you'll hourly need,
Which here I give, so John take heed
 Of every word I say.

Remember that you mustn't cry:
"Forgive my sins, oh Lord on high,"
 And play good devil too;
You must be truly penitent,
To gain forgiveness, earthward sent,
 For sinners such as you.

In olden times repented rogues
For penance had to fill the brogues
 Upon their feet with peas,
Then walk around a church or two—
I'll not be so severe on you,
 I'll spare both feet and knees.

“Now, “*Thiggen Thu*,” as Frenchmen say,
Avoid temptation, watch and pray,
 Until life's trip is o'er;
For penance let your oily tongue
Be still when ladies fair among,
 Be good, and sin no more.

“LET US WELCOME OUR COMPANY HOME.”

Let us welcome our warriors home,
They are coming all crowned from the fray,
Like a thoroughbred flecked with the foam
 Which he blows from his nostrils away.
To a quickstep how gaily they tread,
As it rolls from a soul-stirring drum!
Oh! they conquered slaves struggling for bread—
 Let us welcome our warriors home.

For the very brief space of a week
The undaunted lads went to the wars,
To protect every ulcerous freak,
 That was coupling and switching the cars;

They're returning all laureled and crowned,
Like the conquering heroes of old;
And the streets with their praises resound,
Half their valor can never be told.

Pray, what right has a toiler to strike,
Or suppose he's created a man?
He's presumptuous to think of the like,
Let him carry his chains while he can;
For if ever he tries to escape
From the shackles in which he is bound,
We can riddle his carcass with grape,
From the guns of our heroes around.

With the Pinkerton thugs and the guards,
And the treasure which lies in the vaults,
All the strikers are sure of rewards,
In the shape of ferocious assaults.
And the law and the question of right
For the moment are equally lost;
They are crushed by the moloch of might,
Stalking onward regardless of cost!

To "our citizen soldiers" my song
Is inscribed with a poisonous will;
They're the boys who marched gaily along,
The "disorderly rabble" to kill;
Never pausing a stride to reflect
On the wrongs that poor devils may feel,
Who for once in their lives stood erect,
Asking justice and getting the steel.

I remember a few years ago
When the "higos" were ordered to march,
To encounter a resolute foe,
All their limbs were deficient of starch;
They slunk off to the land of the queen
From a terror of Southern braves,
But their courage ferocious is seen
When they level their muskets at slaves.

THE MOVING ARMIES.

We are coming in our thousands from the mountains towering high,
Where the eagle eyes of manhood see the glories of the sky:
We are coming from the valleys, where the rivers roll along,
Breast to breast, in solid phalanx, to increase the mighty throng;
From the cities come great armies of the brawny sons of toil,
Men whose brows are scarred and furrowed from a life of steady moil;
We are coming slow but steady, to life's hopeful Runnymede,
Where the masses from their thralldom shall by Master minds be freed.

From the mines ascend the miners to inhale the purer air,
Which the God of nature sends us, each insisting on his share ;
From the workshops came the millions with a mighty rush and roar,
From the farms and from the rivers, from the seas and every shore,
Come the men of brain and sinew who discern the coming dawn,
Which presages golden sunlight on our resurrection morn,
When, enfranchised from the bondage which we've borne for countless years,
We shall stand in garb of manhood, scorning supplicating tears.

We have stood for many ages all the slings of cruel fate,
We have cringed with abject features to the worldly rich and great ;
We have bent in meek submission till our backs received the load,
And have stood it uncomplaining, as we ever graveward strode.
We've been crushed and cruelly trampled underneath the feet of those
Who denied alleviation for our never ceasing woes ;

We have been but beasts of burden, held in bondage by our fears,
Crawling on in cowardly terror mid Gethsemanes
of tears.

Now, by heaven! a light is breaking on the minds
of toiling men,
And emancipation's aided by the gloom-dispelling
pen.
This electric age is teaching men to think upon
their wrongs,
Their great armies are in motion, marching on in
mighty throngs.
From the highways, from the byways, forth they
march in solid tread,
In battalions and divisions, with their leaders
at their head,
To demand the Rights of Labor, and declare
their newborn creed,
And insist that from their bondage men must
evermore be freed.

All ye croakers, and ye doubters, let your ears
but touch the ground,
And you'll hear their foot-beats moving, for they
make the earth resound,
In communion, in one union, every man his
brother's peer,
And before you realize it that grand army will
be here!

Here to sing their glad Te Deums, for the victory is sure,
Here to sing the exaltation of the long-enduring poor;
Here to have a resurrection from the thraldom of the slave,
And secure the manumission which most surely waits the brave.

**TO LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN JAMES G.
BLAINE, JR.**

Dear Jim, while you are in the cab,
And socially than me no better,
I'll just fire off some surplus blab,
And write to you a rhyming letter.
I'll not say one offensive word,
My gallant lad, if I but know it,
Although expressions most absurd
Sometimes escape an humble poet.

You're certainly endowed with pluck;
Your father's son need never labor;
You could your lifetime run amuck
Hobnobbing with each wealthy neighbor;
But Jim, there's more in having grit
To face the fight where steel rails rattle;
Than all your life at ease to sit
And driving others onto battle.

Down at Bar Harbor every day
Your honored sire must snuff salt breezes.
His health is failing, papers say—
They notice every time he sneezes—
Perhaps his appetite is poor,
But Jim, avick! the devil a danger
But that your own, you may be sure,
Will let you masticate a Granger!

A can of blackstrap 'neath your nose
Is called a first-class appetizer;
The coal dust on your face and clothes
Your lady love it may surprise her;
But Jim, she'll love you just the same
If you are dusky as Othello;
Because you nobly play life's game
Like any honest manly fellow.

A fireman's lot is pretty tough;
The acid, rottenstone and polish,
Besides all other blasted stuff,
Some future day you must abolish;
You'll learn the furnace door requires
Sufficient work for what they pay you;
Poor coal, and cleaning dirty fires
Upon the road's enough to flay you.

Your spinal bone will sorely ache
Before you do the slash bar master!
But never a vacation take,
Slap on the pain a strengthening plaster.

Just learn the knack to twirl the scoop—
 'Tis in your wrist the secret's hidden—
Below your hip joints never stoop;
 And know that wasting coal's forbidden.

Hang on until the snowdrifts high;
 Are all around your engine growing,
When hell's hurrah shrieks through the sky,
 For days and nights of constant snowing,
'Tis then you'll learn our lot is hard;
 We never snooze on crumpled roses;
And many times our sole reward
 Is frozen fingers, ears and noses.

Some day you'll be a president
 Of some trunk line, in some big city;
And, when the boys on justice bent,
 Shall interview you in committee,
You'll understand each word they'll say
 When they are all their wrongs revealing;
And from the knowledge gained today,
 You'll listen with a kindred feeling.

Henceforth I'll watch your bright career
 Through all its rapid, upward stages,
As fireman, Jim, and engineer,
 Two places you must toil for wages.
And when you leave us, don't forget
 How much poor enginemen must worry;
Our lives are rounds of constant fret,
 Eked out in an eternal hurry.

AN HOUR WITH A SPOOK.

Arrah, boys, t'other night, in my dreaming,
I lay cuddled up in a heap,
And fancies profusely came teeming,
Annoying me oft in my sleep.
At last, I was hustled with fury,
To regions of sinners below,
Without either judge or a jury
Decreeing 'twas there I should go.

The screaming I heard was most fearful,
It dazed every lobe in my brain;
My eyes were o'erflowingly tearful;
Around seemed a limitless plain,
'Twas clouded with smoke and dank gases,
And kiln-dried old wretches I saw,
Whose friends in the flesh offer masses
To God to mix mercy with law.

All nations, all creeds, and all sexes
Had sent representatives there;
Death slit every one's solar plexus,
And tumbled all down to despair.
Convenient, I noticed one fellow,
The cut of whose jib I once knew,
Now dried up like parchment, a yellow
And sooty old sulphurous hue.

He Sunday schools taught, and he told us
We railroaders all, when we'd die,
Would find that Old Nick had enrolled us
In regions remote from the sky.

He played a slick game while it lasted,
The sisters he had on his side,
And church flags were draped and half-masted,
Lamenting the chap when he died.

I marveled much there to behold him,
And pitiful gave him my hand ;
I hated to heartlessly scold him,
He had all the grief he could stand.
I told him I thought him in glory,
Away from such terrible strife ;
He preached so on *memento mori*,
And leading a good Christian life.

"Alas!" said the spook, "all my preaching
Was but from the tongue in my head,
And millions above shall be bleaching,
Like me, when they find they are dead.
The garb of the clergy too often
Conceals blooming rascals on earth ;
When down goes the lid of each coffin,
They'll curse their ill moments of birth."

"God help us," I then replied, gravely ;
"I fear all my pals up above, . . .
Who're fighting life's battles so bravely,
But not with a good Christian love,
Are doomed for these regions infernal
The moment their gizzards are cut."
"Not so," said the spook, "but eternal,
In heavenly homes they'll be put.

'A man with one wife, and who struggles
To keep her, as well as the kids,
He needn't fear post-mortem juggles
When down o'er his eyes go the lids.
You railroaders, all—God in heaven!—
You've nothing but hell every day;
No rest in the flesh are you given,
Besides, a poor beggarly pay.

"The chains of a mortal oppression
Are now bending downward your backs;
Commit but the slightest transgression,
And under your feet go the jacks.
No matter how long and how faithful
You serve all the various roads,
You're treated like hirelings, most hateful,
And scourged by their martinets' goads.

"I know I'm in hell, but I'd rather
Be here than be running a 'mill'
On a railroad above. Holy Father!
In time it would Lucifer kill.
Take back there this great consolation,
That each time an engineer dies,
His soul gains the terminal station,
Where green lights are hung in the skies."

I made a big jump, full of feeling,
To hear the good news for us all,
When down like a dog I came reeling,
Most stunned by the force of the fall.

Kate screamed: "Get a priest—he is dying."
 "Don't mind him, old Sweetness," said I;
"I thought I had wings, and was flying
 Away to my pals in the sky."

THE SYMPTOMS OF GRIP.

O Lord, send a change in the weather,
 'Tis needed—be praise to Thy name—
My head tumbles 'round like a feather
 'Tis burning 'most into a flame;
My eyes are near sightless and glazy,
 I fear from their sockets they'll slip,
I see, but all objects look hazy,
 'Tis all on account of the grip.

My back is tied up with a plaster
 To keep it from breaking in halves;
My limbs share the general disaster,
 They're aching clear down to the calves;
In bed with such feelings infernal
 I toss as if scored with a whip,
While trying to write for the *Journal*,
 And breathe a few prayers for the grip.

'Tis many a year since I landed
 Before for a rest in Sick Bay;
At last I've been caught, and I'm stranded,
 With strength slowly ebbing away.

If we don't get a change in the weather,
Dear reader, I'll give you this tip:
"I'll be soon snoozing under the heather,
A victim of doctors and grip."

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

To My First Engineer.

Your sad letter's at hand. I regret from my
heart
That the mail didn't rush it in time,
Until off to the obsequies, Tom, I'd depart,
My regrets I must send you in rhyme.
A most lovable wife and a virtuous one
You are now called upon to bewail,
But I feel in my heart to salvation she's gone,
Where her coming the angels did hail.

In the days long ago, when our bosoms beat high,
Full of youth, full of vigor and hope,
You remember, dear Tom, how the seasons sped
by
As we basked upon life's sunny slope?
It was then that the lost one first pledged you
her love,
And the ring on her finger you placed;
Oh, but now she can look from the mansions
above
On a home that she never disgraced.

When I tossed in the blocks through the low
furnace door

 Of the engine you ran in those days,
How the roaring exhaust up the smoke stack
 would roar

 And how furious the nail-rod would blaze,
For you kept the reverse-lever down as you sang
 All the love-songs you had in your head,
Quite forgetful of me, till the door I would bang,
 Many times ere the charmer you wed.

You have had a fair share of this world's success,
 And your home life was happy, indeed;
You have two lovely daughters, your mansion to
 bless

 And a son to assist you in need;
These are blessings of which you may prudently
 boast,
 For a blush they ne'er brought to your face,
Oh, but, Tom, the poor kind one you worshipped
 the most,
 Will no more cheer the house with her grace.

I would like at this moment to offer advice,
 If you'll take it sincere from a friend:
"When the sun-rays of time begin melting the ice
 Of your grief and denoting its end,
Do not then dye your hair and tilt sideways your
 cap,
 And imagine you're back in your teens,
And go courting again, like a doting old chap,
 To be laughed at by Nature's fair queens.

"There's a soft spot in every old widower's head,
And he'll kick like a Kentucky mule,
If opposed by some friends, who don't want him
to wed,
When they find him a spoony old fool;
Your bright boy and your girls would spit in
your face
When the stepmother entered the door;
And the looks of content we so often could trace,
Would be never observed on it more.

"Tom, remain as you are, and be proud of your
home,
Where domestic delights lingered long;
Do not drive out your children, the world to
roam,
And become drifting waifs in its throng;
For you'll ne'er find another as pure and as good
As the one you laid under the sod,
Who so long by your side pure and faithfully
stood,
Until called by a welcoming God."

LORD PARAMOUNT—A GATE MAN.

Thou mighty prince, great potentate,
Distinguished ruler, hail!
Illustrious guardian of the gate,
And nabob of the rail!

An abject slave, of humble mien,
Now tenders praise to thee,
Thou mighty highness most serene!
That abject slave is me.

Thou Kaiser, King, Mikado, thou
Great Emperor, oh, Gosh!
A crown ne'er sat upon the brow
Of half so big a squash.
The Czar of all the Russias or
Our own dear Grover C.,
Is but a base plebeian cur
Compared, Great Shakes, with thee!

Oh, noble man, thy polished punch
Is ravenous for food,
And dearly loves a hole to crunch
In pasteboard, when imbued
With all the force thy fingers wield,
When panting for his prey,
It is a blunderbus and shield
For driving tramps away!

Thou lookest down with grim disdain
On each approaching ass,
Who tries to catch a leaving train,
And doesn't have a pass
Or ticket to salute thy sight,
As shivering he'll stand,
With feelings of dejected fright,
To give thy outstretched hand.

I've often walked with stalwart stride,
Until I'd meet thy glance,
Presuming through thy gate, swung wide,
I freely could advance ;
But palsy would my limbs possess
When once thy voice I'd hear,
And in the deepest of distress
I'd sneak back on my ear !

If superintendents had thy strut,
And managers thy way,
The railway service would be put
In better shape today ;
Thou'dst make each brazen-faced galoot,
Who toils upon the track,
Each man respectfully salute
With blue coat on his back.

Napoleon, after Austerlitz,
A pigmy seemed to thee,
Away his glory fog-ward flits
When once thy phiz I see ;
I've worshipped his heroic name,
And truly thought him great,
I now confess it to my shame.
Thou'rt greater on the gate !

Farewell, until again we meet
The same as once before ;
But, please, don't use thy royal feet
To kick me from thy door ;

Just bulge thy laundered bosom out,
And wreath thy face with scorn,
Then in disgust I'll wheel about
To think I e'er was born!

LOS ANGELES.

The time is opportune to sing,
I'd like to make the welkin ring
With high applause, with loud acclaim,
With trumpet blasts of deathless fame,
Concerning days and scenes now o'er,
Whose like we never saw before,
Where God made every sight to please
Observers in Los Angeles!

I wish I could sweet songs essay,
Of floral grandeur far away,
Where flowers carpeted the sod
O'er every place where'er we trod;
Where oranges, like molten gold,
In wonderment we did behold,
And perfume came on every breeze,
To greet us in Los Angeles.

What sights on every hand we saw!
How every heart was filled with awe,
As poppies came with soft caress
Saluting in their golden dress!
The olives, lemons, walnuts, too,
Hung down before our raptured view,
And palms, majestic in the breeze,
Were swaying in Los Angeles.

No matter where we chanced to go,
Magnificence did round us flow,
And birds all sang in chorus sweet ;
And bees culled honey at our feet,
And sunshine came like blessings down,
In genial rays, our joys to crown,
And ozone from adjacent seas,
We quaffed in dear Los Angeles.

Oh, what a clime and what a land !
The great Jehovah's partial hand
Dealt such luxuriance to the place
As never to the human race
Elsewhere was given ; every sight
Transfixed us with a new delight,
And oft we could on bended knees
Have thanked Him for Los Angeles.

Its people gave us welcome great,
And did upon our wishes wait ;
From early morn till late at eve,
We never had one hour's reprieve ;
And stars aflame from genial skies
Shone welcome on admiring eyes,
Till slumber came on beds of ease,
To soothe us in Los Angeles.

At Santa Catalina's Isle,
We did too brief a stay beguile.
Beneath the gentle waves that roll'd
We wondrous objects did behold ;

The grandest gardens man could see,
That e'er lured humming-bird or bee,
Were there, with fishes in the trees,
Convenient to Los Angeles.

If Paradise like Redlands seems,
It does surpass our fairest dreams ;
And Riverside, and "round the kite,"
Are places filled with great delight.
In fact, there's not a sight we saw
But filled our hearts with speechless awe ;
Like nectared wine, without the lees,
Were all things in Los Angeles.

When icicles hang from our ears,
When wintry gales congeal our tears,
When drifts in cuts grow smoke-stack high,
And crawling scrap-heaps droop and die,
'Tis then we'll groan in chilling pain
On engine dead or snowed-in train,
Where north winds screech our obsequies
And wish for dear Los Angeles.

A BIRTHDAY BLOW-OUT.

Over the emerald fields together,
Out in the sunshine all the day,
Tripping along through the flowery heather,
Charley and I had glorious play ;

Chasing the bees amid the clover,
Half our fun can ne'er be told,
Tossing and tumbling over and over,
Romping around with my three-year-old.

Following butterflies, gathering flowers,
Mimicking birds in their airy cries;
Quaffing life's sweets, discarding its sours,
Under the fairest of summer's skies;
Wreathing the buttercups, daisies, and grasses
Crowning eath other with green and gold;
Never could two in their joy surpass us,
All of the day he was three years old.

Back to the time of youth I floated,
Flinging a laugh in the teeth of care,
Then in a dream of fancy gloated—
Only in fancy—with Charley there!
Now I'm a grandsire! Time, you devil!
Why have you got so firm a hold?
Why do you drag me from fun and revel?
Let me remain at three years old.

Out on such thoughts! my king is springing
Up to me now with rosy face.
Many-hued birds are round him singing,
Charmed with all his childish grace.
Kiss after kiss I gave him freely,
Clasped to my breast with thrilling fold.
Nothing in life is sweeter really
Than nectared lips of a three-year-old.

Weary at last was my royal treasure,
Weary indeed from a sportive day,
Having exhausted fun's flowing measure,
Down went his head on the new-mown hay;
There he reclined till the sun was sinking,
Keeping my heart in his giant mold,
Where I affectionate draughts kept drinking,
Wishing success to my three-year-old.

THE CALLER'S WARNING.

Don't call me till nine in the morning,
If sooner, my bucko, I'm sure
I'll honestly now give you warning
You'll hear something drop at the door.
The weather has every appearance
Of taking a little repose,
The sun went to sleep in a clearance
As red as Dick Woodburn's nose!

Don't call me till nine in the morning,
Then come with a song and a dance,
And tell of the sunbeams adorning
The earth to its widest expanse.
Right after a terrific storm
We always are sure of a calm,
And a spell of fine weather so warm
It acts on our bones like a balm.

Tossing hummocks of snow when old Freezo
Is roaming at night in the cuts,
And a double-edged fifty-mile breeze, oh,
So cold 'twould drive bears to their huts,
Is enough in the gloom to remind me
Of pleasant hours under the clothes,
Where the darling old girl behind me,
Can stretch till refreshed by repose!

In this life we have gardens of roses,
Where often we cull a bouquet,
But the sweetest is when one reposes
In bed until nine every day;
Boutonnieres of a sleep tantalize me,
When gathered in somnific bowers,
The kind that with joy can surprise me
Are bouquets of sleep for ten hours!

Call here about nine in the morning,
Come gentle as widows to woo,
A change it will be from the horning
And door-thumping act which you do;
Each time you are chin-full of malice,
And act like a king on his throne,
While I'm but a dog round your palace,
Chastised for but seeking a bone.

THE UNHEARD-OF HEROES.

Give glory to the gallant lads who're fighting in
the trenches,
Or down below the water-line on board our
men-of-war,
Or gunner in the conning-tower, who never fears
nor flinches,
Where death is almost certain, 'mid the can-
non's deadly roar;
Give glory in full measures, let the nation sound
their praises;
Courageously they won them 'mid the battle's
deadly hail;
But know that there are others, hidden in life's
humble mazes,
Whom I'm proud to call companions, gallant
men who man the rail.

Give glory to the heroes, who, when drums are
loudly beating,
And trumpets playing quicksteps, charge the
enemy with cheers;
Who feel their bosoms bounding, as before them
he's retreating,
Our gallant Yankee soldiers, who are fighters
without peers!
But don't forget the toilers who are daily doing
battle
Out upon the great steel highways where duty
must prevail;

With no notes of martial music there to stimulate
their mettle,
As crushed to lifeless masses they have fallen
on the rail.

Give glory in abundance to the men with steel
advancing,
When shot and shell are screaming in a devil's
wild tattoo,
The Stars and Stripes above them, and the sun
on bayonets dancing,
While rushing on the Spaniards—their bat-
teries in view !
But don't forget the heroes who see certain death
before them,
As standing by their engines they give up their
precious lives,
Neither fife nor drum to cheer them, nor proud
banner waving o'er them,
Nor a pension to reward them, by protecting
babes and wives.

Give glory to the Deweys, Schleys, the Hobsons
and all others
Who have the dash and daring to ascend the
heights of fame;
But in the brave men's temple save some niches
for my Brothers,
Who're lion hearts in peril though unknown
each gallant name

When Gabriel blows his trumpet to awaken glorious mortals,
Whose deeds will live forever, although themselves are dead,
When "Forward, march!" is given to pass in through heaven's portals,
Engineers, 'longside their firemen, will be very near the head.

AT A MEETING POINT.

She was blowing both inside and outside each lung
With a most unmistakable sound;
Thirty-five loaded cars right behind her were strung,
Which were making her old body pound.
It was rub her and coax her, wet-nurse her and pet,
Till I ran on the siding ahead,
And when in I lay down, almost gone, you may bet,
Off I dozed and I dreamed I was dead.

Far away from the trials of life I arose
In the beautiful realms of bliss;
'Twas a clime where no icicles hung to my nose
Like the way which they hang here in this.

I passed in through a gate made of costliest gems
That before my wrapt vision did gleam,
Far more brilliant than all of earth's kings'
diadems;
Oh, the thoughts of that memorable dream!

A sweet sanctified saint, with a welcoming look,
Came to greet me with accents of joy,
My right hand into his full of kindness he took,
And he said: "You are welcome, my boy!
Bid adieu to long trains, to old engines that
scream,
Leaky flues, pints of oil and the like,
Smoky boxes, poor coal, buckled crown-sheets,
no steam,
And a life on yon damnable pike."

As he spoke I looked down and I witnessed a
sight
That was photographed into my eye,
On a siding beneath, in the cold, dismal light,
My old mill was preparing to die.
I could note by the stack that the blower was on,
The injector was psalm-singing, too,
Both the flanges were icy, the coal about gone
And the prospects decidedly blue.

"Can I stay with you always," I pleadingly said,
"You may bet your last nickel you can."
"Will your Saintship explain if I really am dead?
Am I sainted or only a man?"

"You're an angel and really deserving a crown,
I'll go fetch you one instantly, too,
Evermore you may sing, without fear of a frown,
We distinguish poor toilers like you."

Off he soared on a pair of as beautiful wings
As I ever beheld in my life!
Made of feathers and plumes and all such gor-
geous things,
Like the hat on the head of one's wife.
I expanded with joy contemplating the snap
I expected to have evermore,
For I fancied myself just as lucky a chap
As e'er Peter let pass through his door.

I exultingly capered about full of glee
While awaiting my warrior crown;
'Twas a wonderful change for a fellow like me,
Who was told at my death I'd go down.
"Oh ye joys," I exclaimed, just beginning a song,
When a voice penetrated my brain,
With a "Blank you, wake up, and go crawling
along,
Or we'll never get in with this train."

IN MEMORIAM OUR GRAND CHIEF.

Today, from our hearts full of sorrow,
We mourn for our peerless Grand Chief;
We yet cannot look to the morrow,
To soothe the keen pangs of our grief.

He suddenly passed through life's portals,
 Away to the star-land on high;
He now ranks mid glorious immortals
 On earth and above in the sky.

When all through the land flashed the tidings
 His big human heart ceased to beat,
O'er the continent's highways and sidings,
 Wherever men happened to meet,
Big tears of affection came falling,
 And grieving bent many a head,
Bowed down by a sorrow appalling,
 The moment we knew he was dead.

For thirty long years as our father,
 Our brother, our shepherd, and friend,
He taught us to reason together,
 The ills of our calling to end.
His slogan "Defense, not Defiance,"
 Won legions of friends for our cause;
Upon him they placed full reliance,
 And on our conservative laws.

He died like a babe 'mid his Brothers,
 His spirit flew gently away.
Life ended admonishing others
 To count on it but for today,
And so passed from earth our great leader,
 For whom we are deeply in grief;
He was a most eloquent pleader,
 Our honored and stainless Grand Chief.

We circled his grave, and we laid him
Forever to sleep 'neath the sod;
A tearful farewell then we bade him,
Commending his soul to his God.
And soon all was mortal lay hidden
In Nature's hospitable breast,
Which seldom, if ever, had bidden
So loved and regretted a guest.

Now, Brothers, spread over three nations,
Who hung on his words with delight,
And thrilled at the vivid creations
Of each oratorical flight,
When pleading that justice be given
To those sunk in slavery's deeps,
Let's raise up a column toward heaven,
Denoting the place where he sleeps.

'Twill tell of our Brotherhood's glory,
And victories bloodlessly won,
When pleading his honorable story,
Until his great life-work was done.
Generations of men yet unborn,
As pilgrims shall go to that shrine,
Where a radiance, bright as the morn,
Shall glow round our sleeper divine.

TO REV. FATHER BARRY, OSWEGO, N. Y.

Worthy father, my head is so frenzied tonight,
From effects of the concert we had at St.
Paul's,

That I cannot resist the temptation to write,
I respond to my muse that impatiently calls.
'Twas a treat, oh! the grandest that ever I heard;
And the hot Irish blood in my veins ran in fire
At each note of the songsters, their every word,
If for war or for love, made me mad with de-
sire.

There were times I could march like a warrior
bold,
And meet death on the field, with the foemen
in view,
As the strains in such sweet liquid harmony
rolled
O'er our heads, when we greeted "O'Donnell
Aboo."
And again, a soft cadence prevailed in my soul,
Sad and sorrowful memories, void of all joy,
As the singer, unconscious, held perfect control
Of my feelings when giving the poor "Croppy
Boy."

Sure, there isn't much music concealed in my
heels,
And my toes from rheumatics are swollen
quite big.

But oh, father, they moved at the bagpiper's
reels,

And they ached for the floor in "The Fox-
hunter's Jig."

Then when "Tatter Jack Walsh" on the chanters
he played,

Martin Hogan, who sat by my side, got insane;
Every bar on our hearts most seductively played,

And we acted like fools who were drunk with
champagne.

"O'er the Hawthorn Hedge," that enchanting
duet,

Made the basement to me a bright paradise
seem;

And, dear father, the pleasures are lingering yet
That surrounded me hearing "The Lovers'
Young Dream."

"Oh, What Would You Do Love?" sent fancies
afloat

In my head far surpassing my skill to define;
Samuel Lover ne'er dreamt, as that lyric he
wrote,

Mrs. Mullin would render immortal each line!

Don't you think, when she sang stirring "Rory
O'More"

That a fellow like me with a heart beating
human,

Wouldn't err, kicking marital vows on the floor,
For a kiss on the lips of that soul-thrilling
woman?

In the Vale of Avoca forever I'd dwell
With the charming Miss Layton, delighted,
unshrive[n],
And, dear Father, I'd scorn all your sermons on
hell,
For I'd list to her singing and think it was
Heaven.

"You're immense! Heaven bless you!" I honestly
say,
For the good you are doing right here in this
town.
All our citizens love and respect you today;
For untarnished you stand in your clerical
gown.
If my poor erring heart, full of impulses wrong,
Has been swayed from its moorage in mid age
serene,
Please forgive, and attribute my follies to song,
And my love for the land that still worships
the green.

TO WILLIAM E. LOCKWOOD.

Friend Lockwood, while the night is young,
I have a ditty yet unsung.
Just give me your attentive ear,
Until its music you will hear.
I've often scrimmaged through my head,
In search of rhymes ere going to bed,
To dress up subjects rude and rough,
Which I considered pretty tough;

But, dear old friend, just now I find
A nut to crack of hardest rind;
To frankly tell you what I think,
In language smeared with printer's ink,
About that "Quest" you harp on so,
Your everlasting hammer-blow.

I've watched the wheels revolve, and sat
With doubtful fancies 'neath my hat,
As round and round they'd spin amain
Before a swiftly moving train;
I've often thought I felt a crack
Parading up my aching back,
Around my shoulders, ribs, and sides,
On ne'er to be forgotten rides;
I'd hear a thump above the din
Of rolling wheels as on I'd spin,
And from a heart o'ercharged with woe
I'd say: "That's Lockwood's hammer-blow."

When joints were rough in early spring
I'd feel some jarring round me ring,
And when I'd have too many cars,
The thumping almost reached the stars.
A deadhead often in the cab
Would fire at me his fluent gab
About the rods and every throw
Till told of Lockwood's hammer-blow.
The engine foreman once got on,
I almost felt my job was gone.

He sat uneasy on the seat,
And seemed affected with the heat—
At least I thought so—till he said:
“Instead of snoring in the bed,
Key up your rods, your wedges set,
Or on the carpet you will sweat.”
“Why, you’re mistaken,” I replied,
“That jar you feel when opened wide
Is not from rods unkeyed, I’m sure,
Besides, the wedges are secure;
Just watch the crank on downward throw,
You’ll find it’s Lockwood’s hammer-blow.”
Old friend, I took your name in vain;
That chap he jumped the moving train,
And muttered as he struck the ground;
“How some men let their engines pound.”

To legislative halls you go
Expounding on the hammer-blow
With railway presidents you’re free
To call at will, and make them see
The strain on bridges, and on rails!
When hammered by revolving flails;
In institutes of science, too,
Tough problems they receive from you;
You’ve got a flowery gift of gab
To win the heroes of the cab—
And may you live for many years
The sterling friend of engineers—
And I shall pray that, ere you die,
You’ll look me squarely in the eye,

Conviction flowing from your lips,
Devoid of any verbal tips,
And showing me, beyond a doubt,
That you have solved the problem out,
Just where to find and how to go
To catch your famous hammer-blow.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

A Christian is taught to feel meekly and lowly
Whenever he's scourged by a backbiter's rod,
That his thoughts at such times must be pure
and be holy,
And leave his traducers to settle with God;
If it's so, then the Lord should have not made us
mortals,
With hearts full of vengeance to pay every
debt;
Very few manly fellows will pass heaven's por-
tals
Who know they are wronged, then forgive
and forget.

There are reptiles abroad with vile insinuations,
To poison the ears of our friends with their
lies,
Oh! I like for such curs to feel manly tempta-
tions,
And send my clinched fist right between their
two eyes;

It would give me more joy than to go on my knees, boys,
And offer up prayer for their comfort, you bet,
'Tisn't right, but 'twould give our hot temper more ease, boys,
Than go by the doctrine, "forgive and forget."

"Forgive and forget!" It is tough on a fellow Possessed of a temper impulsively strong, To shorten his sails of resentment, and mellow His thoughts 'gainst a viper that does him a wrong; To know that a cur can retail his foul slander Amongst your companions and feel no regret; The victim's no man, he is only a gander, Who'll meekly exclaim: "I'll forgive and forget."

"Forgive and forget." From the mold I was made in
I must have been taken before I was chilled,
And my hot disposition will last till I'm laid in
The grave with my heart-beats eternally stilled.
"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,"
Is doctrine may cause us hereafter regret;
Let white livered fellows, with breasts free of
ruth, boys,
Go canting and swaddling "forgive and forget."

TO JOHN A. HILL.

(Scotland or Elsewhere.)

EDINBURG, Scotland, Aug. 11, '92.

"Dear Old Shandy:—Standing to-day in the little museum in the base of Bobby Burns' tomb and reading, in his own handwriting, his "Kirk's Alarm," I thought of you and how you would enjoy a trip through this poet's paradise. I am living Scott and Burns as I tread the paths they trod.

"JOHN A. HILL."

That postal briefly tells the tale,
Of how you sought a favoring gale,
And sped across the sea,
To have your fling 'neath foreign skies,
And give a pitiful surprise
To poor forlorn me.

You knew I'd love to sniff the air
Of breezes blowing foul or fair
Along the creamy way,
Where salty billows tumble wild,
To greet a sympathetic child
Who here at toil must stay.

Alas! I am in grief behind,
And vainly try to feel resigned
To poverty and woe;
Oh! how I'd love to be along,
To scribble up the sights in song
Of every place we'd go!

Just think how proudly I would hail
The famous Head of old Kinsale
Then looming into view!
The glorious hills and valleys green,
And every emerald boreen,
Of nature's fairest hue!

I sported there 'mid childish joys,
Long, long before the railroad boys
Proclaimed me as their bard;
But back again I'll never get,
Unless those ocean greyhounds yet
Should recognize my card.

For my sake, Hill, with moistened eyes,
When roaming under Scottish skies,
Approach the winding Ayr,
And view those scenes where Bobby trod,
To praise a universal God
In many a wildcat prayer.

He didn't care a fig for creeds,
He scoffed at words, but honored deeds,
And sung a fearless song;
He loved his friends, he loved a glass,
He dearly loved a comely lass,
And didn't think it wrong.

He loved to tilt a rhyming lance
On every foe he saw advance
Upon the suffering poor;

He sung their woes in deathless lays,
Till vocal grew the banks and braes,
 The mountain and the moor.

For any purseproud, titled thing,
No matter i' it strode a king,
 In trappings all aglow,
He didn't care a brown baubee,
But chorused out his lyrics free,
 Denouncing tinsel'd show.

He starved in life, but, Lord be praised!
What universal plaudits raised
 The moment he was dead!
Great nobles stood above his bier,
And on it fell full many a tear,
 But Bobby's soul had fled!

Before you leave that sacred soil,
On bended knees some moments toil,
 In long-neglected prayer,
And thank the Lord that you have trod
Upon the consecrated sod
 About the river Ayr.

If you don't know how Heaven to sue,
Ask Mrs. Hill to say a few,
 And tell her they're for me;
And tell her, also, for my sake,
A trip to Ireland she must make,
 Earth's grandest sights to see.

Don't fail, avick! don't e'er come back
Until the land of Paddy Whack
Your patent leathers touch;
You'll find more wonders to the mile,
More sights your senses to beguile,
Than 'mongst the French or Dutch.

Let Sinclair run things over here,
While from Avoca to Cape Clear,
You roam on pleasure's wing;
And when I clasp your fist once more
I'll have you tell your ramblings o'er,
And of them I shall sing.

THE LAND OF NOD.

Oh, I love to dwell in the land of Nod,
Where the clover blossoms deck the sod;
Where the grasses sway in the gentle breeze;
And the songsters mate on the leafy trees;
Where the insects hum in a drowsy way
And the sparkling fountains always play;
Where the brain can roam in its fancy free—
Oh, the land of Nod is the land for me.

I'm a tourist oft in the land of Nod,
In its verdant groves I have ofttimes trod;
In its primrose lanes and its cool retreats
I delight to stro'l and enjoy their sweets;

In its mossy dells and luxuriant shades,
On its crystal streams, through its vocal glades,
I can laugh at care with its cruel sting,
And can float around on a buoyant wing.

I can smoke my pipe in the land of Nod,
Without any fear of a chastening rod;
I can couch a lance for a tilt with pride,
And can tan a jeweled upstart's hide;
I can make a dive down to sultry climes,
And can tell the sights in my jingling rhymes,
What I saw and heard in those regions deep—
Oh, the land I love is the land of sleep!

I can soar aloft beyond distant skies,
And behold the blest with my dreaming eyes;
Where the weary souls of poor enginemen
Have at last found peace in some mossy glen;
Where a snow plow, flanger or "grunting hog"
Is a thing unknown, where they have no fog;
Where a train dispatcher, with all his airs,
Gets a downward kick if he climbs the stairs.

In the land of Nod I have boundless wealth
And my limbs are spry with the spring of health,
Not a pain can mar the delights I feel
When I'm touring there, and it all seems real;
But the "caller's" thump in the morning gray
Is a doleful sound, for it drives away
Every vision fair, which my fancy cheers,
In the land of Nod, that I leave in tears.

AIR BALLOONING.

With regards to Cy Warman, Author of "Sweet Marie."

Dear Cy, I've got them bad tonight,
The gleesome imps insist I write
 A home-made stave or two,
On sundry things which fill my head,
Before I seek my welcome bed,
 Then fire the mass at you.

The various topics which *I'll* touch
Will hardly interest *you* much,
 But they will ease *my* mind;
Too well you know the homely train
Of sprightly fancies in my brain
 In doggerel mills I grind.

I'd like to soar the same as you
Above the earth, amid the blue
 Of summer's lovely skies;
But when I get on pinions bent,
To pierce the glorious firmament,
 My courage quickly dies.

I wish I had a safe balloon
To carry two up toward the moon,
 I'd have you come along;
And Cy, within our airy car,
We'd wing our way from star to star,
 And fill up space with song.

We'd soar above this sordid earth,
And evermore devote to mirth—

I'd listen while you'd sing—
Suppose I fancy we're afloat
Upon a safe, inflated boat,
And off on joyous wing?

Oh, glory! how the earth recedes,
Its hates and heartaches, strifes and greed,
Contentions, woes and spleen—
Say, Cy; we've soared aloft too quick,
We should have paused one friend to pick,
And brought along Pauline.

Ah, well! too late! Here, take a smoke,
Don't at the snide I give you joke,
It's not a fragrant brand;
If I'd the means we'd both enjoy
The choicest capaduros, boy,
From Cuba's sunny land.

Oh! isn't this most glorious fun!
We're floating high above each dun
I've hustled from behind;
My heart has bid adieu to care,
And in this pure, delightful air,
I have a happy mind.

See how the smoke we puff is tossed,
And circles like a clean exhaust,
From out an engine's stack!

Bend o'er the car, and Cy, look down
Upon the disappearing town
To which we'll ne'er go back!

Farewell, old earth, to all your ills,
Dead engines, snowdrifts, hunger, chills,
Rough joints and stringent rules;
We'll never more return, I hope,
To soil our hands with dirty dope,
Or labor there like mules.

In drudgery I've toiled for bread,
My heart at times weighed down like lead,
But had sufficient cause;
Bereft of hope, avoiding crimes,
Buoyed up again when scribbling rhymes,
Which won me faint applause.

Define me, Cy, the thing called fame,
That's hailed so often with acclaim;
We'll both agree, I think,
It doesn't recompense the toil
When sought for by the midnight oil
With weary pen and ink.

Behold that disappearing spot,
Where many years I've vainly wrought
The siren fair to woo;
To-morrow's sunshine will efface
My very name, while off through space
I'm roystering with you.

A sculptured stone is poor reward
To compensate a mouldering bard.
When maggots round him crawl,
This flight will both our bodies save,
From all the horrors of the grave,
Which terrorizes all.

Oh, hang such moralizing. We
Are out upon a boundless sea,
Ne'er sailed by man before!
Our air-balloon is swift and strong,
We'll make our hearts exult with song,
And sing for evermore.

The breeze which gently woos us now,
Dispels the wrinkles from my brow,
Cut by the lash of care,
On that forsaken spot I left,
Where night and day I groaned bereft
Of all things but despair.

Now up with speed to airy heights,
Till we behold the grandest sights
E'er seen by human eyes!
My tide of life is bounding free,
And at its flood, for soon I'll see
The glories of the skies!

Behold the brilliant lamps of night
Now beaming on our raptured sight
Adorning Luna's train!

Oh, heavenly joys! How glad I feel!
If up I'd stand I know I'd reel,
As drunk as with champaigne!

How often, Cy, in balmy June,
We've gazed in languor on yon moon,
With fair ones at our sides!
We'll soon discover if she's dead,
And if it's true what oft we've read,
That she controls the tides.

Some fellows like to have her dark,
Whene'er they're out upon a lark,
To hide suspicious ways;
But we adore her silvery beams
Reflected in the babbling streams,
Devoid of cloud or haze.

We're heading for the Milky Way,
We'll reach it ere the break of day,
If we maintain this pace!
Throw out some ballast! Let us soar
Up higher still, and evermore
We'll navigate through space!

We'll quaff the sunbright glories deep
When up the Orient he'll leap,
To run another day!
We'll visit realms to man unknown,
And fondly hope Jehovah's Throne
We'll meet with on our way!

See Venus, Cy! We'll steer for her!
You've always been a worshipper
Before her shrine below.
What! not for there? We'll then for Mars—
Here, let us light some fresh cigars,
They'll make our fancies flow.

How swift we cut the atmosphere!
Who'll dare to sing of engineer
And flying steed again?
They're crawling snails compared to us;
Oh! what an advertising fuss
Men make about a train.

That star so full of diamond light,
Now bursting on our ravished sight,
Is Saturn, I believe;
We will explore its rings to know,
If what we've studied down below
About them but deceive.

Behold the Dipper over there!
Out yonder's Cassiopeia's Chair!
Polaris here you see!
Now note the Dragon and Giraffe—
How dare you at such wonders laugh?
Or is it meant for me?

The constellations are ablaze!
And sending forth a song of praise
Ne'er heard by human ears!

What melody our hearts entrance!
It surely fills the whole expanse,
'Tis "music of the spheres."

What groveling, pigmy, crawling things
Are earth's great nabobs, princes, kings,
Compared with you and me!
Oh, how the life-blood through my veins
Is coursing in delicious strains!
Great God be thanked, we're free!

Here comes a comet, Cy, beware!
'Tis passed, but not before each hair
 Stood straight upon my head!
The valve-rope pull, old friend, I'm sick;
With Kitty and the babe, avick,
 I'll soon be in the bed.

TO HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

("The Queen of Spain has asked the Holy Father to pray for the success of the Spanish cause."—Press Dispatch.)

Don't you do it, Holy Father, do not send a single prayer
Up to God to bless the Spaniards or their worthless lives to spare.
Sure religion was unminded by the Inquisition pack,
Till they fooled with Yankee Doodle and got stretched upon their back;

Now they ask you in their terror up above to
intercede,
To protect them from destruction in this hour
of dreadful need;
Ere Her Majesty you answer, will you ask her
to explain
Why she didn't seek your counsel before blowing
up the "Maine?"

"When the devil he was ailing,"—sure you know
the adage well—
He would like to be an angel, and not paramount
in hell;
Now the Dons have got a colic, but our gallant
Yankee tars
Will adjust their indigestion with a dose of
Stripes and Stars.
And, your Holiness, just watch them hunt the
vermin to their holes—
We'll consent to let you offer up some masses
for their souls—
But a single word don't murmur to the God of
truth and right,
To enable them to meet us with a chance to win
a fight.

Think of how this glorious nation always opened
wide its doors
To receive the tortured people driven off from
foreign shores!

And, your Holiness, remember in the days of forty-eight,
How the Yanke ships were laden to the water's edge with wheat,
To relieve the starving people of poor Paddy's sainted sod,
Those whose hearts have never wavered to Your Holiness and God.
Where was Spain among the nations? Did she hungry peasants feed?
Not a mouthful, while our people never thought of clime or creed.

Now, by gosh! we will repay them just the same as sixty-one,
We will help brave Yankee Doodle to annihilate the Don.
So upon your knees assist us, for religion here is free,
Every church in peace may flourish from the mountains to the sea,
And if for no other reason than to praise Almighty God,
Either inside a cathedral, or upon the verdant sod,
You should send a kind petition up through Jordan's golden gates
To the Lord to always bless us here in these United States.

Holy Father, now remember, don't articulate a word
To the glorious God of battles to assist the Spanish sword,
For we've Dewey, and we've Sampson, yes, and gallant Fighting Bob,
Hell to fill with souls of Spaniards, we have given them the job!
And I guess the Lord will aid them, for the victims of the Maine,
Up before His great tribunal got the first word in on Spain.
'Twas a damnable explosion, but the Yankee cannon barks
Out a vengeance for our sailors in the stomachs of the sharks.

Don't you do it, Holy Father, Spain's not worth a tinker's dam,
And besides, the Lord has always made a chum of Uncle Sam.
I no disrespect am showing by addressing you this song,
I was mad to think she'd ask you to assist in doing wrong;
Think of all the starving creatures she sent Weyler here to shoot!
Did she in those days consult you? No! that treacherous galoot

Was encouraged in his slaughter, but our
Yankee ships and tars
Will above their graves in Cuba float the glorious
Stripes and Stars.

THE RETURN OF THE ROBIN.

We've pulled through another winter—'twas a
touch and go for life—
Ere we heard your welcome whistle, at the fag-
end of the strife;
But who can tell the hardships that we had to
undergo,
Since you plumed your wings and left us at the
first sign of the snow!
We can simply say we're living in a hang-on
sort of way,
With our pluck about at zero, neither fit for
work nor play,
On account of drastic weather, since the day you
sallied forth
For the sunny Southern valleys, to escape the
frozen north.

We kept at the fight courageous, though we
didn't much enthuse,
For we waged unequal battle, with old summer
ballahoos,
Pounding, leaking, blowing, dying in the cuts or
on the grades,
While the gales in vengeful fury never ceased
their fearful raids;

Shoveling drifts or picking flanges, jacking up
or thawing out,
Yanking throttle bars and levers, watching
crown-sheets full of doubt,
And for ninety days and over not a sun ray did
we spy,
While we froze and fought and hungered 'neath
a wild mid-arctic sky.

You are welcome, gladly welcome. You are
fairer far to see
Than my first love was the evening when she
cuddled up to me.
There's more music in your whistle than the
songs she sang of love,
When I fancied her an angel, sent me down from
Jove above.
There's a pleasure in your piping for the ears of
railway slaves,
Who have been from death respite, and not
now stretched in our graves.
Mate and sing, and feed and frolic till the sun
sets every day,
For we longed for your returning ever since you
went away.

A WINTRY WAIL.

Here we are, a fighting army, at the northern
hills and lakes;

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
We are chilled, benumbed and tortured with the
hunger and the shakes;

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
We are at our posts of duty, fighting bravely
night and day,

With our snow-plows and our flanges, as we try
to clear the way,

But our hearts are nothing daunted, and we're
eager for the fray.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

You assail us with your fury, and you make our
bosoms dr^{ear},

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
You attack us in the forefront, on the flanks, and
in the rear;

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
Oh! you pelt us with a vengeance from your
heartless icy throne;
And your snowflakes pound our bodies just like
missiles made of stone,

Yet, amongst the railroad army there is not a
coward drone.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

You impede the wheels of progress with your
frequent snow-blockades;

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
You exert a devil's fury when you catch us on
the grades.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
How you batter at our noses till they are an inky
hue!

And you penetrate the marrow of the dauntless
engine crew,
Till an old maid's heart would scorn man in such
a shape to view,

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

You contest the revolutions of our slowly mov-
ing wheels.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
And the tear of madness rolling, on our grimy
cheeks congeals.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
And the fire-box for a hen house isn't one degree
too hot,
Scarcely heat enough within it to scald water
in a pot.

Like the way some boarding houses make such
tea as stomachs rot!

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

We have got a brave commander, and right soon
you'll hear him sing,

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst
In the rivers, on the mountains; and he'll make
the flowers spring.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
He will send his rays to cheer us and dispel your
piercing blast,
He'll dissolve the ammunition that you freely at
us cast.

And he'll o'er you be a victor for the vengeance
of the past.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

Soon again we'll hear the warbling of the silver-
throated birds,

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
And our lips, articulating, will be musical in
words,

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst.
And the smiles of beauty beaming will salute
us as we run,
And the fields, like panoramas, will be blooming
in the sun,

And the cabs grow reminiscent as we tell about
the fun.

Hoary Winter, cruel Winter, do your worst,
do your worst.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

Gentle reader, there are moments
In a man's eventful life
When he'll calmly sit and ponder
'Twixt the future and the past;
When he'll grasp the glorious present,
With its rays of sunshine rife,
As he views some simple object
That enchains his mem'ry fast;
It will set his mind to thinking,
Just as mine is doing now,
And the blissful thoughts of pleasure
Are delightful to recall.
Retrospection, smiling sweetly,
Sits enthroned upon my brow,
As I gaze in silent rapture
At a picture on the wall.

'Tis an unattractive object,
Which you'd scarcely pause to view;
It is not in gorgeous colors,
No rich setting can you trace,
Well, in confidence I'll mention
For enlightenment of you,
That it has no lines of beauty,
To illuminate the place;
But the pictures of old masters,
Lit with glory and renown,
Couldn't give me half the pleasure,
Such sweet joy could not recall,

Tho' they bore the stamp of genius,
Through the ages looking down,
As that simple print before me,
The dear picture on the wall.

If the babbling brooks, in music,
Purling onward to the sea,
Were portrayed upon the canvas
With a master's famous skill ;
As meandering through meadows,
Stored with honey for the bee,
They were crowned with all the glory
And the genius of his will ;
If all birds of brightest plumage,
Winging 'neath the skies of June,
Should surround me with their singing,
In their richest carols all,
There would not be found such rapture
In the most melodious tune
As my fancy has to please it
With that picture on the wall.

Now, methinks I hear you asking
What such loveliness can be,
And what hidden meaning's running
In the stanzas I indite ;
But, be patient, gentle reader,
And you'll soon be wise as me,
The solution of the riddle
I will furnish you tonight ;

'Tis a little spot, no bigger
Than my darling's dimpled hand—
And I'll tell you in strict confidence
 Her hand is very small—
Now, draw nearer, every reader
 That I have throughout the land,
'Tis—I hope you'll not betray me—
 'Tis that picture on the wall!

A FRIEND OF LONG AGO.

Dear "Jack," my friend of long ago,
 So long I scarce remember,
Some twenty changeful years or so
 It must be this December.
To-night I'm living with the past,
 Ere you grow rich and haughty,
Until we cut our bonds at last,
 In language fierce and naughty.

Those by-gone times we both enjoyed.
 We built air castles daily,
When not in active work employed,
 And time slipped by us gaily;
Until the night at Farley's dance,
 When old Jack Regan's daughter
Upon your breastworks did advance,
 And soon your heart did slaughter.

She was a buxom widow, Jack,
Quite proud and full of money;
Besides, so long upon time's track,
She well could call you "sonny."
You sold your splendid manhood for
Her wrinkled phiz and riches;
And Fanny Deans you jilted her,
One of Eve's fairest witches.

I'll ne'er forget how quick you changed
When fast in Judy's traces;
To old companions soon estranged,
And old familiar places.
You quickly learned to pass us by,
Your nose at such an angle,
It always pointed to the sky,
Old cronies' nods to strangle.

The seasons rolled on rapid wings,
And turkey-tracks came dancing
On Judy's brows in bounds and springs
Adown the years advancing.
With all her wealth she couldn't stay
The hands upon time's dial;
They never yet have brooked delay
Nor listened to denial.

You're growing old, you're forty-five,
Both crimson-nosed and gouty;
Besides the haughtiest gent alive,
Rich, cross-grained, sour and pouty,

A childless man, in failing health—
 Oh, hang it, Jack, I'd rather
Be what I am than have your wealth,
 With none to call me “father.”

Your wife is sixty now, or more ;
 Her gray head on a pillow
Must cut your gizzard to the core
 Until you'd wish a willow
Was drooping years above her grave,
 But, Jack, she will outlive you ;
For money you became her slave,
 God pity and forgive you !

How happy might your lot have been
 With Fanny Deans, dear girl !
If you, like many noble men,
 Had wed for love, Jack Tyrrell !
She'd make your life as sweet as joys
 Bees sip on flowery heather ;
And, Jack, amid your girls and boys,
 You'd both grow old together.

She couldn't call you “an old fool,”
 Nor you call her “old granny ;”
The records in Tim Daley's school
 Make you one age with Fanny.
She couldn't claim you wed her for
 Her former husband's money
Like Judy does ; and Jack, begor !
 Fan's lips were sweet as honey !

In long gone days, in olden times,
When we were young and hearty,
You used to sing my jingling rhymes
At many a dance and party.
Sing these! They'll jog your mind, I'm sure,
And send it backward turning,
To days when you were blithe and poor,
And not for riches mourning.

I'd never write this tirade, Jack,
But that today you passed me,
And on me turned your haughty back,
Which very much distressed me.
I can't endure an upstart's pride,
Nor jeweled ignoramus;
Yourself and Judy, side by side,
For both of these are famous.

IN MEMORIAM A. B. YOUNGSON.

Another new grave of a brother
Just covered with emerald sod,
Within a few days of the other
Great leader, who's now with his God;
Another sad vigil of weeping
Bemoaning our heart-rending loss,
And haunting the places they're sleeping
While meekly we're bearing our cross.

Oh, Youngson, so modest and gentle,
So noble, so kind and so true
Endowed with great qualities mental,
By nature bestowed on but few;
Dear heart, fifty thousand regret you,
And moisten your grave with their tears
Faithful brothers, who'll never forget you,
But think of you fondly for years.

He rose from the ranks by his merit;
Our noble old Moses oft said:
Great friend-winning ways he'd inherit
And we'd be devotedly led;
Alas, how the Fates liave been weaving
The web of his untimely doom,
Today for his loss we're all grieving,
And wet-eyed surrounding his tomb!

For the good of our cause he kept moving,
His heart was a stranger to guile;
No friend from his side e'er went roving,
But thrilled in the light of his smile.
Magnetic in hand-grasp and greeting—
Both fervid and truthful in speech,
Alas, that his hours were so fleeting,
When leadership came within reach!

Many years have we lived without crosses,
The Lord to our Order was true,
Today, while we weep for our losses,
Let's keep His great goodness in view;

We must not despair, but courageous
The old cause must ever more on,
Our creed from hope's hill-top presages
Our mission on earth is not done.

Again let us pledge our devotion
To methods of management wise,
While filled with pathetic emotion
For those looking down from the skies ;
"Defense" yet we'll cry, not "defiance,"
Conservative methods are best,
Upon them we place full reliance,
Because they've withstood every test.

IN SUMMER TIME.

Come, Jack, get out your old dudheen,
I'll put the blower on mine,
We'll smoke and view the landscape green,
While running o'er the line.
God's smiles are brightly beaming now,
His priceless gifts are seen
In valleys fair, on mountain's brow,
The atmosphere's serene ;
So while we smoke, we'll moralize
Amid the wreaths we blow,
With heartfelt thanks, and humid eyes,
For all his gifts below.

Behold that grove with verdure drest
'Longside us in the glade,
Where happy song birds mate and nest,
Protected by its shade ;
Observe the drove of drowsy kine,
And little lambkins play—
The Lord be thanked, old pard of mine
All Nature smiles today.
No human tongue can sound the praise
Of such luxuriance given
By Him who sent us summer days
Directly down from Heaven.

Our human hearts, though often chilled
By pangs of bitter woe,
Have moments when they're grandly thrilled,
And burgeon in the glow
Of sunny skies, of landscape bright,
Of fields bedecked with flowers ;
Such scenes of ravishing delight
Can charm me, Jack, for hours.
The little birds, the humming bees,
The brooklet babbling by,
Can make me fall on bended knees
To praise Him in the sky.

What if we ached some months ago
With hunger, cold, and pain,
And bodies buried in the snow,
While digging out a train,
With icicles upon our clothes,
And little food to eat,

The crimson hue fled from our nose,
And feeling from our feet,
Such scenes as these around us, Jack,
Of meadow, lake and wood,
Dispel the suffering of the track,
When hardships chilled our blood.

There's joy upon this earth of ours
For all whose bosoms thrill
'Mid emerald fields, 'mid perfumed flowers,
By river, lake, and hill,
Intoxicating draughts of bliss
Old Nature gives to all,
In flowing bowls, at times like this,
Responsive to our call;
The poor man here may slake his thirst
As freely as a king,
Upon her bosom kindly nurst,
Lulled by the songs she'll sing.

Our trip is ended now, my boy,
Our pipes have ceased to draw;
And, Jack, we've tasted thrilling joy
Amongst the sights we saw,
Beneath the skies of deepest blue,
In God's grand temple here,
This song of praise from me and you
We've offered up sincere;
It will ascend beyond the stars,
And reach His ears divine,
As surely from this train of cars,
As from cathedral shrine.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

Another year has sped away,
And yet, thank God, we are not clay.
No churchyard ghouls purloined our bones,
Nor sculptors wrought our names on stones.
Our wives—perhaps against their will—
Instead of widows, wives are still,
And may the Lord for many a year
Ne'er let them shed a widow's tear.
Come boys, who love my pious pen,
Endorse my prayer, and say "Amen."
Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine
No longer o'er our heads shall shine :
'Tis eighteen hundred and ninety now,
Another wrinkle on the brow,
Another peg upon life's road,
By which reluctantly we've strode,
Mid sighs and groans, mid smiles and tears,
Like many long-departed years.
And thus 'twill ever be, kind friends,
Until life's weary struggle ends.
Oh ! who can tell how soon we'll sleep
Within some grave both dark and deep ?
Ah ! well, we cannot stay the years—
I'll rhyme for smiles instead of tears.

Come, Sargent, take my proffered fist,
And let me feel how you can shake,
I'd wrench yours off just at the wrist,
But for your wife and Mabel's sake.

What's this in the decanter here?

Ha! ha! 'tis full of crimson juice!
Come, fill the glass with honest cheer,

And hang the man who does refuse
To drink good health and future joy

'To those who toil within the cab,
Drink deep to every stalwart boy,

And never mind how critics blab.
Here, Debs, clasp hands, relax your brow,

And let your genius rest awhile;
'Tis not the time to ponder now

On things abstruse; today we'll smile
At all the venom'd stings of fate—

Lord knows they're numerous enough—
We've discord, envy, slander, hate,

Each day to pierce us quantum suff.
Here, drink this toast—'tis water, Gene,

That sparkles brightly in *my* glass,
And readers of the *Magazine*

May know inside my lips don't pass
A stronger liquid, just because

I dare not trust my fevered brain
To violate some social laws

With flowing bumpers of champagne—
"Here's may the year we enter on

Our two great Brotherhoods restore
To friendship, from our counsels gone,

And lead us back to peace once more."
Ah! well, old friends, each empty glass

Bespeaks your wishes most sincere;
Who knows but ere a month shall pass
We'll say, "God bless this glorious year?"

FREAKS OF INDIGESTION.

T'other night to Pluto's regions, at a speed surpassing thought,
My poor self, despite remonstrance, on a wild-cat train was brought;
Down I went through dismal tunnels, passing China on my route,
Where the natives dine luxurious on a cast-off cowhide boot;
Where the rats and mice and vermin are the Pig-tails' daily food,
Ere they leave the Flowery Kingdom and upon our shores intrude.

It was melancholy riding, not a streak of light was seen,
Till a scabby looking trainman sung out loudly,
 “Fiddler's Green!”
Here a stop was made a second—just a second and no more,
To kick off some train dispatchers whose conceited days were o'er.

Next we sped by Hell's Half Acre—'tis a little spot of ground
Where some engineers and firemen in a painless state are found—
Curving around a jagged mountain, where the flames were leaping high,
I began to notice objects and some painful ones did spy.

Yet we never paused an instant till we reached a
level plain

With a mammoth union depot into which we ran
the train.

It required no stretch of fancy the locality to tell,
For a blind man with his nostrils might be sure
that it was—Well,

I sincerely hope my readers may ne'er find the
cursed place,

For 'twill always be a damned spot, terrorizing
Adam's race.

What a din of countless voices was resounding
in my ears!

I surveyed the crowd a moment but I saw no
engineers,

Not a solitary fireman, nor a brakeman was there
nigh,

But, oh Lord! a million other railroad dudes I
did espy!

And I thought I knew some faces—boys who
played the game alone

A few years ago with vengeance, so they'd
clamber near the throne.

I saw half-a-dozen wipers with their fingers light
as air,

Boys who picked my cab locks nightly, taking
things I couldn't spare;

I saw many superintendents of the good old days
gone by,
Who expected when they'd pass us on our faces
we should lie;

I saw several directors who had schemes for get-
ting rich
Paying scrip to us who labored, that was trouble-
some as itch;
It was sure to keep us scratching round among
the men of trade,
'Twas a miserable existence 'neath their manage-
ment we made.

I saw preachers there distracted, who in pulpits
foamed in rage,
And denounced their congregations as the par-
iahs of the age;
Sure enough the devil had them, yet I marveled
much, because
I supposed a crown of glory was for all who
preached God's laws!

I saw demagogues in thousands who were never
known to toil,
But kept hourly agitating that all honest wealth
was spoil,
That all things should be divided so they'd get
an equal share;
Judging from their wails of anguish, heaven
heard at last their prayer.

There were many red-nosed topers who drank
days and nights on earth,
Never thinking of their children or the wives
who gave them birth.
I saw bigots of all nations, who went round the
land like bulls,
Whose contracted hearts are harder than the
Ethiopians' skulls,
Fiends, who spent their days proclaiming heav-
en's vengeance swift and strong
Would be dealt to those who didn't to their nar-
row creeds belong.

I saw sights surpassing Dante's I am powerless
to describe,
For before my startled vision moved full many
an anguished tribe ;
My descriptive pen is feeble such fierce tortures
to portray,
Oh ! I made Herculean efforts from that place
to get away,
Till a sad, heart-rending wailing burst upon my
startled ear,
All my teeth began to chatter, and my eyeballs
shook with fear,
And a strange, unearthly figure totter'd up to
where I stood,
Asking for a drink of water to cool off its boil-
ing blood !

I surveyed it but a second, and what startled
me the most,
Was its fierce articulation, tho' it seemed to
surely roast!
There it pleaded in a language that thrilled
through my heart and brain,
And besought me not to leave it till I'd help to
still its pain!
I inquired its name—it told me that John Living-
ston 'twas called,
In the stupor of astonishment I stood almost
appalled!
All my old-time indignation, which I felt in days
gone by,
At the sufferings of the creature from my bosom
then did hie.
With an honesty of purpose and a moisture on
my nose
I conversed with it as follows, telling how I'd
ease it woes:
"I'll go fetch the Arctic Ocean and a dozen ice-
bergs here,
And I'll labor hard to chill you, for you loved an
engineer.
If old foes would now behold you for an instant
in your grief,
How they'd dive down here in thousands till
they'd give you some relief!
They'd be sure to come barefooted; if they kept
their cowhides on

They might kick up quite a shindy for the days
now past and gone.

There! don't cry! I didn't mean it, you are suf-
fering enough,

And I really feel quite sorry, for your lot is
pretty tough.

I'll be back here in a jiffy, now keep still till I'll
return,

Tho' you were a mischief maker, it's too bad to
see you burn." \

From its presence in a hurry round I started to
arise

And awoke from out my slumber filled with hor-
rible surprise,

For the caller he was thumping like a thunder-
bolt, the rogue!

And bewailing his exertions in this fluent Span-
ish brogue:

"Arrah, what the devil ails ye? Are ye tongue-
tied in the bed?

If ye don't get up, bejabers, I'll go back and say
yer dead."

QUERIES ASKED THE DEITY.

Great Jehovah! tonight I my duty must do
Ere I stretch on the bed, and commune some
with you;

I am weary and hungry; a porterhouse steak
Would delight me to munch, for with hunger I
ache;

But alas and alas, I have not got the wealth
To buy porterhouse steak, for the good of my
health,
So, like every poor devil that hustles for meat,
A tough chunk of bull beef I diurnally eat.

You endowed me with taste and with appetite
good,
But deny me choice dishes of excellent food,
If I covet the viands that rich men possess,
I am guilty of sin, and the same must confess;
And just so if I sigh for rich wearing apparel,
For myself or the kids or my legal old girl,
So the Bible decrees, and my pastor declares,
And such sin must be wiped out by sky-reaching
prayers.

I'm a doubter—chock full to the muzzle at that—
I want ocular proof to know "where I am at,"
What we call a "free thinker" in this age and
place,
And my good pastor says not a glimpse of your
face
Will I ever behold just because I am so.
Well, I doubt all such talk. Does his reverence
know
Any more than myself what is yon side the
grave?
Or am I to be here and hereafter a slave?

Don't you think I fulfill all your precepts divine
When I soberly work every day, rain or shine?
When I don't steal another man's goods or his
wife?

And reside 'mid my neighbors in peace all my
life?

When old Jennie Mendoza parades a new hat,
Do I sin to wish Kitty one equal to that?
If a coach and sleek horses pass by, do I err
When I wish to possess such a turn-out for her?

Now, dear Lord! you're aware of each pulse-
throb I beat,

And you know me all round from my head to my
feet.

I am just as you made me, no better, no worse.
I have only one wife, ne'er gave cause for di-
vorce,

And a chap who can prove, in this age of the
world,

That he ne'er in divorce court was ruthlessly
hurled,

He may not be a saint, but he's well under way,
For, you know, such a boast is a credit today.

When my poor erring soul up for judgment must
stand,

Oh, I feel you'll extend it a welcoming hand,
And you'll tell it: "Well done! There awaits
you a crown,

To reward you for brawling adversity's frown.

On my footstool below you have always been
good,
Although inside a church very rarely you stood,
Yet I love chaps that doubt and are broad in
their creed,
Evermore in my banquet hall here you may
feed."

THE FAMILY MAN.

He's noted for his downcast look,
And most dejected mien
His face is like an open book
Where all his woes are seen;
He stalks just like a spavined horse
Upon his shuffling pins,
And every movement seems a curse
On yearly babes or twins.

A distant glance is in his eyes
On days now far away,
When 'neath the glorious morning skies
The happy hours he'd play,
And not a pang within his breast
He ever felt of woe,
Before he left the parent nest,
Of darling long ago.

The mating time it came to him
Like many millions more;
He took the noose with eyesight dim,
As thousands have before.

The star dust off the honey-moon
Had hardly ceased to fall,
Before his lips, in doleful tune,
For single days did bawl.

A dozen years, a dozen brats,
With one or two thrown in!
That haunt his life like squalling cats,
So ceaseless is their din.
His pate is bald from thinking long
On how to find them bread,
And clothe the young, uproarious throng,
“God sent him” since he wed.

The cab has never got a rest,
The cradle is the same!
His lips have never winged a jest
Since first a baby came.
Their “chubby cheeks,” their “dimpled
hands,”
Their “eyes of flashing glee,”
All bind him down like cable strands
To toil and misery.

His “darling girl,” his “angel love,”
His “life light,” where is she?
Ah, yes, there sits his “turtle dove,”
With one upon each knee!
Her rosy cheeks are faded now,
Her bangs are rumpled, too,
And baby’s claws upon her brow
In scratches all may view.

She isn't quite so "slick" as when
He wooed her in the glade,
And thought himself the best of men,
To win so fine a maid;
Her stately form and queenly grace
Are kind of squelched away,
And smiles come never to her face,
Alas! she's also gray.

I don't upon my fancy draw
To paint this painful page;
And if it wasn't for the law,
I'd often in a rage
Choke squalling kids, and make them cease
Their never ending cries,
Until I'd get a moment's peace
And close my weary eyes.

Old nature should renew her style,
And not send babes so young;
A twelve-months-old, a silvery smile,
Besides, a silent tongue
They all should have when coming here,
Then few and far between,
And down the stream of life we'd steer
On waters more serene.

Read on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Establishment of the City Schools of Oswego,
N. Y., June 25, 1903.

Today from hearts that grandly beat
With thankfulness to Him who rules
And thrilled with honest pride, we meet,
To glorify our city's schools ;
To tell the tales of fifty years,
Which passed along with noiseless tread,
All freighted with their hopes and fears,
For those who have the vanguard led
Of widening the range of thought,
Of delving into hidden mines
For new ideas, keenly sought,
Selecting only what refines,
In search of knowledge everywhere,
Dethroning error, crowning truth,
And nurturing, with greatest care,
The plastic minds of callow youth,
Our city won an honest fame,
Until 'tis known beyond the seas,
And every educator's name
Is prized for such results as these,
And those who first the system taught,
Ere gathered in to Nature's breast,
Bequeathed their task to you, and sought
The toiler's crown, a peaceful rest.

The school, it is a mighty force
To mold a nation's peaceful life ;

It charts a true, straightforward course,
It buoys the rocks and shoals of strife,
In Legislative halls it rules,
The pulpit, press, the forum, too,
Thrill with the products of such schools,
As here are daily taught by you;
'Tis learning cleaves with giant might
Foul bigotry, a nation's bane,
It, like the sun, illuminates bright
The darkness of oppression's reign;
Dread superstition it dispels,
It broadens creeds, until they grow
Bereft of all eternal hells
To torture souls in depths below.
Sectarianism feels the weight
Of liberal enlightenment;
The little schoolhouse seals its fate,
And leaves it with its venom spent.
The aristocracy of birth,
Of ignorance, of wealth, and all
Their kind, it dashes to the earth,
And then, it glorifies their fall.

Oh, men and women, you who know
The progress which our schools have made,
You nursed them, and have seen them grow
In influence through every grade;
Responsibilities are yours,
Too great to mention in detail,
But long experience assures
That never shall your mission fail.

It is your task to elevate
The opening minds and thoughts of youth,
To nurture and to cultivate
The love of honor and of truth;
To ponder that before your eyes
The future sires and mothers stand,
And with them lives or basely dies
An offspring's love of native land;
'Tis yours the privilege to raise
Their aspirations to the height
Of pride in honorable ways,
And love of doing what is right.
To tell them that good character
Is worth the ransom of a king,
And should be prized by him or her,
Far dearer than what wealth can bring.
Today, with vision unobscured,
We scan the future, and we feel
Our present standing is assured,
With no abatement of your zeal.
We base our judgment on the past,
And by the good results you've wrought;
We know you'll toil until the last,
To widen the domain of thought,
To plant the seed in every breast
Of future women, and of men,
Until they'll hear themselves addressed:
"Good neighbor," and "good citizen,"
And when another fifty years
Have come around for grand review,
'Mid eloquence, perhaps, and tears,
Men shall with pride remember you.

Then in some local hall of fame,
With garlands culled in learning's bowers,
They'll twine them round each honored name,
Fit tributes to such schools as ours!

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY.

There's a dawn of a new creation
Due east in the toiler's sky;
It is faint as a gossamer tracing,
Yet, seen by the practical eye,
That has patiently waited its coming,
And prayed for its birth for years,
To illume the sad lines of the masses,
Long scourged in a vale of tears;
It will blaze up athwart the heavens
In a glory of light ere long;
It will master the types in motion,
To thunder the doom of wrong;
'Tis the light of the press untrammeled,
We hail from united throats,
That is teaching the toiling masses
Not in bullets is strength, but votes.

We have craved, and sued, petitioned,
Implored on our bended knees,
For redress from the wrongs of ages,
But in vain were our litanies.
On we plodded the road, unthinking,
And, lashed by the power of might,
Till, from out of our desperation,
Sprang the magical word "Unite!"

We have made it the toiler's slogan,
It thrills as it skyward rolls,
Inspiring us with the courage
And the hope of enfranchised souls,
No longer we crawl contented,
When trailing a slavish chain,
For soon, by the power of union,
We will sever its links in twain.

Oh! Brothers, for justice bravely
Up shoulder to shoulder stand,
And demand from our legislators
Just laws in fair freedom's land.
Insist that in arbitration
Decisions of questions grave
Must be rendered and voted final
By the master and by the slave.
Keep in touch with our educators,
Who are teaching with type and tongue,
To enlighten the struggling masses
That in union we'll conquer wrong;
And the sun of the day now dawning
Will soon in its splendor shine,
If we rise over abject fawning
And unite all along the line.

MOLLIE'S MISTAKE.

Oh, I once possessed a girl, in the happy long ago,
Whom I loved to adoration; and indeed, I wasn't shy
To drop down upon my marrow bones and often tell her so,
While the humidness of longing was like frost-fog in each eye;
She was but a simple maiden, nothing more nor nothing less,
And perhaps a little foolish, as the sequel may disclose;
She was often rather tardy in returning my caress,
And if too close I'd squeeze her, she'd show red flags on her nose.

How the years have traveled onward since those days of which I sing,
When the bloom of youthful manhood made elastic every stride;
Then I wouldn't change my habits for the throne of any king,
For my heart was bubbling over for the angel at my side.
I was with her late and early, and I'd always sound her praise,
Till she really thought to angels she was truthfully the peer;

But right soon I got the mitten in those bygone,
foolish days,
'Twas a sad mistake for Mollie, for I loved
the girl sincere.

Well, I wilted for a season, but the buoyancy of
youth

Didn't leave me long despondent, for I rallied
from the gloom,

And I quickly caught another, that my aching
heart did soothe;

I was soon right hale and happy, and my
cheeks regained their bloom.

Where was Mollie? She lived lonely, away up-
ward in the sky,

Far too proud to mix with mortals, till in time
she did decay—

Till her lips had lost their crimson, and the luster
left each eye,

And the turkey-tracks and crow-feet drove
each loving chap away.

I was landed without trouble in the matrimonial
net

And we've pulled long years together, with
some growling now and then;

For my bride was not an angel, nor myself a
lady's pet—

She's a woman, and no lambkin is now pushing
 this old pen.
I would never sing this ditty, but last night I
 went to church,
And I being there a stranger, was directed to
 a pew,
Where a woman old and hoary crowded inward
 with a lurch;
Saints of Heaven! It was Mollie sitting there
 before my view.

Dearest girls—say, that sounds splendid—when
 the roses on your cheeks
Are the very richest crimson, and the hopes of
 youth are high,
Never slight an honest fellow, although awk-
 wardly he speaks,
For he may turn out a husband worth the
 loving by and by.
If old Mollie had but listened to my love tale,
 long ago,
And not thought herself an angel, just because
 I had it bad,
She'd escape a dreary pilgrimage of ancient
 maiden woé,
And, besides, she could have boasted that she
 caught a comely lad.

SAM DELANEY'S REDEMPTION.

Shabby Saminy Delaney stepped up to the bar,
And from toeing that mark he had many a scar.
He was blear-eyed, and red-nosed, had wrinkles
so deep,

That a fly crawling round to cross o'er them
should leap,

There he stood, full of longing, no money had he,
And the bottles so tempting before him could
see;

He was nervous, unsteady, down-hearted and
weak,

But he managed these words there to shamefully
speak:

"I am sick and in need of a drink to restore
My poor head, for it aches as it ne'er did before;
All my nerves are unstrung, and my heart is a
load,

Bearing down like a stone in its fleshy abode;
And my stomach is empty, my sprees that are
past

Are as nothing compared to my greatest and last;
Will you give me a drink to recover my brain?
And, with God's glorious help, ever more I'll
refrain."

Then the bartender said: "Yes, I'll give you a
drink,

But in mercy's name, Sam, of your family think.

You've a wife whom you've sworn at the altar to
love,

And two children, akin to the angels above;
If you longer pursue such a dissolute course,
Separation must follow by death or divorce.

Here's the bottle, but pause ere you touch it
again,

Though I sell it, I prize the redemption of men."

Sammy thought for some seconds, but touched
not the glass:

He reflected when Kate was a beautiful lass,
As they strolled side by side, 'neath the shade of
the trees,

When her ringlets were tossed by each spice-
laden breeze;

Of the vine-trellised cot where they lived when
they wed,

And the hopes they enjoyed, now long faded
and dead;

Of the eyes that were dim from the fall of her
tears,

And the miserable life he had led her for years.

Then his heart that was seared by intemperate
hours,

Soon began to o'erflow, till the tears fell in show-
ers.

For an instant or two he let nature have sway,
Then he straightened himself, and he brushed
them away,

And he said: "There are times in the lives of us all

When a word can reclaim us or urge us to fall.

You have saved me, old friend, of my youth, and I'll prove

I am worthy my wife and my children's love."

Out he went; not a taste did he take, but began,
Once he passed through the door, to again be a man.

He fought bravely the battle the craving to kill
Which he had for all liquors. At length his strong will

Made him victor at last. Now he has his reward—

Once again is his mansion with merriment stored,
The glad face of his wife and the pranks of his boys.

As he shares in their sports, are the best of his joys.

If we stretch forth a hand and a kind word in time,

In the manner the bartender did in this rhyme,
We perhaps might reclaim many victims of drink,

Ere too deep in the dregs of damnation they'd sink.

Human nature is weak, there are none of us strong;

Though our aims may be right, we too often go wrong.

Let us aid one another, much suffering 'twill
save,
And perhaps we'll have peace t'other side of the
grave.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF, WARREN S. STONE.

"Hail to the Chief ruling o'er us,"
We liegemen devotedly sing;
No matter what fate is before us,
Our fealty to him we bring.
The course of our order is charted;
Along it we've many years sailed,
Conned by the great captain, departed
To endless reward, when Death hailed.

Yes, "Hail to the Chief" who is wearing
Our Brotherhood's mantle today;
Who sails the same course so unerring,
O'er which we've had long right of way.
How proud he must feel to be given
The bridge of our gallant old ship,
Unsought, although many have striven
To gain it, if but for a trip!

It is a fine craft he's commanding;
She's often been battered by foes;
But always came safe to her landing,
In spite of the enemy's blows.

The same flag is still o'er us floating,
'Neath which we have had some roast beef,
While thousands salute it, devoting
Their loyal heart's love to the Chief.

Our voyage by no means is ended,
It may be we've breakers ahead;
But, boys, the dear flag, we'll defend it,
Until the last member lies dead;
It typifies everything lawful,
And not one iota of brag,
Although every man has a crawful
To give if required by the flag.

"All hail to the Chief," now together
From ocean to ocean respond,
We wish him success and fair weather,
And smooth-water sailing beyond.
He holds a distinguished position,
'Tis one which is burdened with care,
But under each trying condition
The old ship he'll sail on the square.

A DECEITFUL DREAM.

'Tother night I went dreaming when prompted
by you
In your eloquent missive to me,
I obeyed your request, and what else could I do?
For your lines had inspired me, you see.

Soon I dreamt I shook off twenty years from
my life,

As I gazed in your clear liquid eyes,
Talking fondly of love, wishing you were my
wife,

And I conscious of winning the prize.

Oh! I dreamt we were back by the Barrow's
clear stream,

As it glides gently on to the sea;
Where I saw the dear scenes of my youth in my
dream,

And you nestled up closely to me.

On your crimson-hued lips I implanted a kiss,

Standing close to the dearly-loved shore,

Where existence contained flowing measures of
bliss,

Which I quaffed with companions of yore.

Through the suburbs of Carlow, delighted we
strayed,

And your features were beaming with joy,
As I pointed you out every boreen and glade
Where I sported a light-hearted boy!

There the blackbird and linnet melodiously trill-
ed,

And the sky-lark enraptured our ears,
Till our hearts were with ravishing melody filled,
And our eyes were o'erflowing with tears!

"This is heaven, indeed," I exultingly cried,
" 'Tis a land of supernal delight!
Will you share it with me? May I call you
my bride?
Holy church shall espouse us tonight!"

In suspense I awaited to hear your reply,
But, O Lord! I awoke with a scream,
For my elbow hit Kitty right square in the eye,
And she soon put an end to my dream.

**Read Before the Humidity Club of Wheelmen at
the Close of the Season 1897.**

Another grand season is over,
'Twas one most delightful of all,
For every off country ward rover,
Who went there spring, summer and fall;
Dear Nature was waiting to greet us,
The sheen of the plant and the shrub
She lavishly furnished to treat us,
Who're in the Humidity Club.

So boys to the brim fill your glasses,
Let mine be from Adam's best brew.
And drink to the lad's and the lassies,
Who love rural beauties to view.

Kingdom come may have limitless glories
To give to the orthodox class,
Who listen to post-mortem stories,
Each Sunday at meeting or mass ;
But oh, mid the field and the flowers,
We list to the birds in the trees.
Joy throbs through these bosoms of ours,
Inhaling the spice-laden breeze !

Now fill, and, my lads, to our goddess,
In temperate drinks we'll unite,
Winter garments she wears o'er her bodice,
Concealing her beauties tonight.

My noble old friend, Father Barry,
He lectures me sharp when we meet,
But seldom he gets me to tarry,
To hear what he says on the street ;
He worships the creed that he preaches,
And boys, we all know he's sincere ;
But Nature's our priestess, she teaches
New glories each day in the year.

Again let the liquid flow over
From loving cups pressed to our lips,
And think of the sweets of the clover
We tested on countryward trips !

If heaven had good roads to reach it,
We'd try to get there on a bike,
But those who're anointed to preach it
Describe it a hard riding pike ;

While downward run boulevards splendid
All leading to Satan's abode;
Oh, why was it ever intended
To Heaven should be such a road?

Once more let our glasses go clinking,
Toss off to our innocent joys,
There's not the least danger in drinking
With sober companions—the boys!

We're told that our wheels hurt the churches.
By keeping us riders away;
Does passing to pews through their porches
Make mankind more piously pray?
Too often we've listened to preachers,
Who never have done as they'd preach,
All fine and fanatical screechers,
But carried no weight in their screech.

So boys, pour the stuff for another,
Ye lads who have mastered the bike,
"To nature! our impartial mother,
Who treats all her offspring alike."

Some men—and God bless them, I love them—
Yet follow the lowly and meek,
They lead to the heaven above them,
When life's sick and sad ones they seek.
In hunger and sorrow they aid them,
They beg from the rich for such poor,
They tell them 'twas one God that made them
When bearing good cheer to their door!

Bend over your heads and I'll name you
Two good men, come, toast them for me,
If outcasts, as brothers they'll claim you,
"Father Barry and honest Ned Lee."

I really could stay here till morning
Comes stealing on tip toe along,
Ere giving the slightest of warning,
Before I would finish my song.
But soon will be time to be going
Yet, ere we depart, fill 'em up;
We'll make all the roosters go crowing
With hearty hurrahs ere we stop.

"To good roads and those who obtain 'em!
To wide tires and cinder paths fine;"
Don't pause till you thoroughly drain 'em
No danger lurks under our wine.

How oft when the white scuds were floating
Away through the azure a-lee,
We've fancied them yachts and we boating
Serene on an aerial sea!
We have lain on the roadside together
In languorous mood as we'd gaze,
While around us the warm summer weather
We felt in those memorable days.

Come, drink to the spots where we gloated
O'er bumpers of fancy's champagne,
While viewing white squadrons that floated
Aloft by our castles in Spain!

Clasp hands now and circle together,
Then down to the dregs drink this toast,
To Him who distributes the weather,
The "Sarge" there who sits at his post;
From March till the close of November
We ne'er missed a Sunday at all;
Drink deep to Him, boys, and remember
To give Him three cheers when I call.

"Here's luck to you, 'Sarge,' and God bless
you
For giving us weather so fine,
May witching Miss Fortune caress you
With all of her graces divine."

Tonight, and the season is ended,
The trees of their leaves are all bare,
Big snowflakes have lately descended,
And cold winds prevail in the air.
Pour out! 'tis the last time ere parting
I'll ask you this toast and no more
For homeward we now must be starting
All listen, then out through the door:

"Our big hearted host there before us,"
We always have found him a king;
And this ends my song and the chorus,
Adieu to you, Dan, till next spring."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

It is festival time,
And the weary old year,
In his garments of rime
Soon will lie on his bier;
But above him we'll carelessly gather,
Without ever shedding a tear.

We have little to praise
In his life or his reign,
From his earliest days
We did loudly complain
Of the ills in abundance he brought us,
To keep us in doubt and in pain.

We had panic and grief,
We had strike and dismay,
Without any relief,
For full many a day,
Till our sky seemed a dense mass of shadows
Obscuring the sun's faintest ray.

Now old Christmas is here,
And all ills we forgot,
In the midst of our cheer,
'Mongst the friends whom we've met.
They have lifted our hearts with their greeting
Which thrills through us hopefully yet.

There are good times to come!
Think how Christ at his birth
Had no shelter nor home,
But today all the earth
Is resounding its loudest Te Deums
To greet the Child King in its mirth.

If the present looks dark,
"In the sweet by and bye,"
Yes, and soon, too, we'll mark
A most prosperous sky,
With the wheels of all traffic in motion,
To please every railroader's eye.

So, we'll gleefully sing,
It won't better our lot
To make misery king
Of a palace or cot;
A big laugh never yet gave a sexton
A job planting bodies to rot.

Merry Christmas to all,
Full of health and good cheer,
And on heaven we call
For a happy New Year
For each one of the good pious readers
We pray from our bosoms sincere.

"THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO GETTYSBURG."

The boys have gone to Gettysburg, the boys of
sixty-three,
With hoary heads and grizzled beards, and
hearts that keep aglow,
Again they've gone to Gettysburg, historic sights
to see,
Made glorious and immortal just forty years
ago.
When life was in its rampant prime, and when
the country called
For volunteers to save the flag, they nobly
marched away,
Then death they faced in every shape with
bosoms unappalled,
And that is why these young old men are hon-
ored here today.

The boys have gone to Gettysburg, the few who
yet survive,
The halt and lame, with crutch and cane, and
empty pants and sleeve;
They've gone to view those olden sights, those
heroes yet alive,
And thankful to the Power above who gave
them such reprieve;
They've hobbled off the sights to mark where
hell's artillery played,
Where blood in crimson rivers ran from
slaughtered friend and foe,

Where breast to breast in deadly strife, with
bosoms undismayed,
They won the field and cheered the flag just
forty years ago.

They'll soon return from Gettysburg; they'll tell
of Round Top's sights,
Where Nature hides the bloody clay with ver-
dure from her breast;
Culp's Hill no longer shows the scars of great
heroic fights,
But stands in silent grandeur still above the
braves at rest.
And soon Oswego's little band, that yet of life
can boast,
Will join the ghostly army for review with
friend and foe;
They'll be assigned the honored place amid the
deathless host,
Front rank, right flank, like where they fought
just forty years ago.

Congratulations to Father Barry, Oswego, N. Y.,
on His Recovery from Rheumatism.

My dear father, I'm proud as a fellow can be,
That again from the rheumatic devils you're free.
Holy Moses! old friends, how they clutch a
chap's bones,
Till he writhes, and he roars, and he—prays, and
he groans,

While the tears from his eyes in a cataract stream,
And each breath he exhales is a heart-rending scream;
I have howled till the air had a sulphurous hue,
Oh, but why should God punish an angel like you?

In your eloquent way I have oft heard you tell
Of the tortures awaiting old sinners in hell,
And the pictures you painted with voluble tongue,
Sent a horrible thrill all your hearers among.
T'other night, as I kicked like a mule in the bed,
Every joint fit to crack, from my toes to my head,
I oft thought of that place below China, and swore
There was no pain like mine t'other side of death's door.

Dear old Soggarth Aroon, it is pretty severe
To be scourged by the ills of humanity here,
While we're fighting life's battles, in search of a crust.
To sustain us till taken to molder in dust;
Then, the moment our souls from our bodies let go,
To the devil be kicked into unending woe,
It is tough to believe it, I'm danged if I do,
And, poor slave of rheumatics, now, really, do you?

Well you know I neglect Mother Church, and
my love
Tells me hourly I'll ne'er see God's features
above;
I admit I'm like Thomas, o'erloaded with doubt—
Here is one thing, dear father, I'd like to find
out:
Why are you scourged the same as a sinner like
me,
Who's as saintly as any man mortal can be?
Well, in fact, you were worse, in my paper I
read
That you suffered so bad you were crippled in
bed.

Do not mind a reply. You're again on the street,
And, God knows, there's no man 'tis as pleasing
to meet
As your dear saintly self. When I feel your
kind hand,
All the strings of my heart with affection ex-
pand;
When I look in your face and I witness your
smile,
I can tell that your heart has no corner for guile,
And your words have a solace to soothe one to
rest,
Like a fond mother's coo o'er the babe on her
breast.

In the black penal days 'twas such Soggarths
as you
Kept the land of my birth to the ancient faith
true,
When the churches were closed, to the ditches
they fled,
There to celebrate mass for the living and dead;
'Neath their own Irish skies, on the emerald
sod,
Many gave up their lives in the service of God,
For the sake of their flocks, often shot in their
tracks,
Elevating the Host, with a ball in their backs.

Oh, if I had your chance, to the Hot Springs
I'd go,
And sojourn awhile in the sun's genial glow;
You have worked for your parish year in and
year out,
And have never been known to go gadding
about;
Your good people should now make you pack
up your grip,
And be off for six months on a European trip;
When they think of your labors, they'll fatten
your purse,
And please, father, take me, I'm an excellent
nurse.

You will pardon, dear Soggarth, this freak of
my lyre,

But you ached like myself, every joint was afire,
And a feeling of kinship impels me to write
That your seeming recovery gives me delight,
But I fear you are only enjoying a rest,
And your bones evermore have an unbidden
guest,

'Tis experience talks, but God grant I am wrong,
Is the prayer for your weal that I utter in song.

A DECEMBER WAIL.

Another year when the leaves are sear
And the clouds in the skies are gray,
Has revolved about, for the signs are out
Of a bleak December day;
And we'll very soon sing the heartsick tune
Of the frost and the drifting snow,
When our bones will ache and our bodies shake
In the biting winds that blow.

We have pleasures few when the skies are blue
And the hot sun belches red;
If we'd keep alive, we must drudge and drive
For our daily crust of bread;
While some others boast of their quail on toast,
And rich broadcloth on their backs;
But, alas! our share is the coarsest fare,
While we toil on the railway tracks.

We are told there's rest for the sore oppressed
When we're buried 'neath the clay,
And for evermore on God's balmy shore
We'll enjoy an endless day;
Yet, I'd like a slice of those things so nice
Which the lucky ones get here,
And, besides, the bliss far away from this,
On some more distant sphere.

But, O Lord, content, when its earthward sent,
If you'd give us here our share,
We can then defy the bleak wintry sky
And the chill December air;
It is happiness which alone can bless
Every poor man more than wealth,
Give us plenty, Lord, and our lives reward
With a robust round of health.

HAM SANDWICHES FOR TEA.

They are fine! My love made them. I ate them
until
I was gorged as a glutton could be;
Then to bed, and, dear Lord, don't I think of
them still?
For they raised the old Harry with me.
I'd a terrible time. On my breast lay a load,
Where it rested the whole of the night,
As away on a nightmare I furiously rode,
Until tossed on the floor at daylight.

Subterranean depths I explored—in my mind—
And I got to earth's end in a jiff,
Where a smoke-dried What is it? to joking in-
clined,
Said he'd make me the mate of his skiff;
I signed articles soon, and I stood at my post,
On the bow of that weird-looking craft,
Taking lost ones across the famed Styx for a
roast,
Loaded deep every trip, fore and aft.

At each tick of my watch came unfortunates
down!
And—God help me! My heart nearly broke,
When I recognized chaps from my own darling
town
Taking headers right into the smoke.
Every dive our old scow would go under the
seas,
Just to give the newcomers a dip;
As for me, well, I took to my job by degrees;
I was gallant first mate of the ship.

Not a woman I saw, every cargo was men;
And old bald-headed rascals came thick,
Who would pray at revivals on earth now and
then,
I would stop their amens with a kick;

Ten-per-cent boys, who watched every chance to
cut down

Us poor devils who toiled on the rail;
Oh, I tell you, their hides soon became nice and
brown,
'Mid the flame that belched round in a gale.

Many clergymen, too, who in pulpits above
Thundered eloquence out by the mile,
Very limber-tongued chaps, who the dollars
did love,
And who salted them down with a smile;
They would preach on how poor and how lowly
was God,
And how sinful to add to our store;
While themselves from poor devils who carried
a hod
Took the dimes and then hollered for more.

My physician came down in a terrible plight,
And I caught the old fraud by the throat,
And I said: "Doc, you'll take *my* prescription
tonight,
Ere you're kicked on yon shore from this
boat;
How you dosed me above with your poisonous
stuff
Till my cables of life you let slip,
Then dispatched me down here to look after my
luff,
From a very slight touch of the grippe!"

Many judges, who talked about justice and such,
And knocked Liberty down from her throne,
Squirmed hard when we got them right into our
clutch,

With full many a heart-sob and groan;
Many lawyers who tried to make white appear
black,
For the cash which they got for the same;
Had a fair wind across, we ne'er boarded a tack,
Till we tossed them right into the flame.

We had editors plenty, whose papers took sides
Against poor men, and lauded the rich;
And to hurry them over we worked double tides,
To where flesh and blood burned like pitch.

We had bank wreckers, demagogues, upstarts in
life,

And some would-be aristocrats, too;
Such we tossed into deeps where affliction was
rife,

And the flames had a sulphurous hue.

We had wretches whose hearts were as black
as the paint

On the door-knobs of nethermost hell,
Who would poison the acts of an angel or saint
With the falsehoods they'd fluently tell.

They were bound for the depths where the coals
are aglow,

With a heat as intense as the sun,
And I laughed as I saw them dive into the woe
When the race of their slander was run!

We had keepers of houses, who always ensnared
Poor unfortunates into their dives,
To entice from them dimes that could never be
spared

From their suffering children and wives.
O'er that river of flame they were rushed with
the speed

Of the wind and the tide in their tails,
To receive the reward of their damnable greed,
Where the blaze of remorse never fails!

We had red-nosed old topers, who stood at the
bars

Drinking hard-earned money away ;
Making hells of their homes with their family
jars,

For the want of their miserable pay.
They all seemed reconciled to the doom which
they got,

And my stories of roasting they'd scoff ;
They declared their existence on earth was so
hot,

That they hankered for this to cool off.

A full cargo of bigots one trip I took in,

And I ordered all sail to be set.

Till I'd rush them across to the father of sin,
Who was waiting to give them a sweat.

In my haste to get over, the pier-head I hit,

For the smoke at the landing was thick,
And the jar made me jump from the bed in a fit,
Wide awake, feeling terribly sick !

WHEN THE PAY CAR COMES.

One day in every month we hail
With varied feelings on the rail,
Where toil and trouble always reign
From end to end of every train.
This day with joy for some is fraught,
With others it amounts to naught,
For all depends upon the sums
We'll get, when in the pay car comes.

With business brisk and splendid health,
Some men may contemplate their wealth,
But when it's dull, a chain-gang crew
Must feel in every movement blue ;
The "steady runs" are sure to win,
Although they don't at all times grin ;
Their loaves may dwindle into crumbs
Before the longed-for pay car comes.

Some bonnets, gowns, and sacques, and such
May make a fellow's fists unclutch ;
Young Jennie, in her teens, may want
The latest modes to gayly flaunt ;
And Jack may beg for wardrobe fine,
And mother, for the last design
In silks, to "stifflicate" her chums,
The moment that the pay car comes.

His nibs himself may have a mash,
Who'll surely get her share of cash ;

His board will have to stand the blame—
It sometimes works when bluff's the game—
Or may be “chalk it,” tells a tale
Of whisky, brandy, wine and ale,
Hobnobbing with his brother bums,
To settle when the pay car comes.

The Lord above, He only knows
Just how and where the money goes ;
Today we may be kings and queens,
Tomorrow starved on musty beans,
Our pockets empty, credit bad,
A nickel hardly to be had ;
For comfort we may suck our thumbs
Until again the pay car comes.

THE MILLENNIUM.

When shall it come? Are there prophets who
tell

When on this earth we in comfort can dwell?
When shall the wolf, on his pugnacious ham,
Sit for a chat with the poor little lamb?
When shall all Christians together agree,
Those on the mountain and those on the sea;
Praising the Lord as a good Christian ought,
Giving his neighbor the freedom of thought?

When shall a preacher his Bible lay down,
And toil by the Cross till he reaches the Crown;
Sharing with those in the hovels his bread,
Soothing the sick and interring the dead?

When shall a lawyer—oh answer, forsooth—
When shall a limb of the law tell the truth?
When shall a doctor, prescribing us pills,
Take them himself, to allay his own ills?

When shall an up-to-date girl express
Her love for a poor lad, and share his caress;
Make him a wife ever faithful and true,
And not do as some that I wot of now do?
When shall a chap spend his evenings at home,
And not through dark by-ways persistently roam,
While a sad wife with poor innocents mourn,
Watching and waiting the rascal's return?

When shall a man with his millions decree
'Tis time to whack up with a fellow like me?
When shall a hypocrite throttle his cant?
When shall a demagogue cease with his rant?
When shall the pews in a church be for all?
And His Reverence slight a big-salaried call?

When shall I mutter a fistful of prayers,
And climb to my bed, up a steep flight of stairs,
There to remain, without nightmare or dream,
Till the rays of the morning right on to me
beam?

See! it is midnight! The hands of the clock
Denote that the ghosts soon around me will flock.
No answer. I'll get to my questions. Good
night.

The Millennium, though, may be here by day-
light.

PUBLIC OPINION.

I've read and I've heard of big frauds so delightful,
But this is the dandy of all;
'Tis a bugbear, to scare us with feelings most
frightful,
And if we can't win it, we fall;
We are told to adore it to lighten our labors,
This king of a mystic domain;
Faith, I don't count it much of a helpmate, bocab-
jabers,
For reasons I'll briefly explain.

I've known gallant fellows in thousands together
Drop tools at the word of command;
And I've read in "great dailies" whole columns
of blether,
Advising them bravely to stand
As a unit, until all their wrongs would be righted,
For justice they had on their side;
But the scabs got the jobs they vacated, delighted,
And public good-will proved a snide.

I have also enthused when high jinks of the
nation
In eloquent language would say:
"If you've public opinion, though humble in sta-
tion,
You'll conquer in every fray."

But experience has taught us such eloquent
vapor

Is nothing at all but a breeze
Far too weak to extinguish a half-penny taper,
A sickly great-grandmother's sneeze.

If public opinion is worthy of notice,
Why hasn't it helped us when right,
When our enemy's fingers were clutched in our
glottis,

In many a one-sided fight?
Like martyrs we've oftentimes stood undefended,
Good targets for tyrannous jabs,
In a comatose state, till the shindy was ended,
And places were filled by the scabs.

The other side don't care for public opinion,
They go for us hammer and tongs,
When they wish to increase either wealth or
dominion,
And little they care for our wrongs;
But we victims must always bend under oppres-
sion,
And public opinion must win;
We must never in thought dare commit a trans-
gression,
On our side it's pardonless sin.

Well, public opinion, here's to you, my darling,
You're powerful to aid us, aroon!

With you on our side, when for justice we're
quarreling,

We're solid as—fog-banks in June.

We'll build you a temple and worship you daily,

God bless you noon, morning and night!

We'll woo you, and win you, and fondle you
gaily,

You're just what we need in a fight.

"WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

Bob Ingersoll, Bob Ingersoll, I heard you here
one night,

As off you rattled fiery talk enough a man to
fright;

You preached on how we must be saved—'twas
doctrine strange to all—

And many thought you Satan, Bob, that listened
in the hall.

Bob Ingersoll, Bob Ingersoll, our dear old
mothers said,

If good we'd find a place with God the moment
we'd be dead.

And now, when tossed on life's rough sea and
sighing for a calm,

You tell us all were foolish tales, and mother's
tongue a sham.

It grated harshly on our minds, in days of callow
youth,
We felt the words they told us, Bob, were trum-
pet blasts of truth;
We dreamt of angels and their wings, and hourly
we would sigh
To leave this world in spring of life for mansions
in the sky.

Oh, eloquent Bob Ingersoll! I wonder how you
dare
Express such thoughts before mankind? I don't
know how you'll fare
When God shall call your sinful soul for judg-
ment, Bob; I fear,
You'll hear the dreadful charge to slide off down-
ward on your ear.

I know, my bold defaming chap, your doctrine's
sure to please
Some wealthy fellows, like yourself who lie on
beds of ease;
But we who struggle hard for bread beneath
each tyrant's frown,
Prefer our dear old mothers' tales, that pledged
an endless crown.

There's no one, Bob, who can deny but that your
brain is bright;
You've only got one grievous fault, your doc-
trine isn't right.

I wish you'd take a tumble soon, and come our
pious way,
Your tongue is just a dandy one to eloquently
pray.

If not, my flowery infidel, I fear you yet shall
roast,
'Way down upon a whirling spit, until you're
brown as toast;
Because you thunder forth such lies your audi-
ences among.
Ah, Bob, whatever else you've got, you have a
lying tongue.

I wish you'd join our choir above, where I my
voice shall raise
To topmost pitch, on Jordan's banks, in songs
of endless praise.
Indeed I wouldn't like to hear the devil rattling
chains,
To bind you tight for evermore in never-ending
pains.

SLEEP.

I dearly love to drop my nose
On downy pillows for repose;
'Tis one of nature's grandest treats,
To dive between two well-aired sheets,

And let the world go whirling by,
As there obviously you lie
To toil and care, coiled in a heap,
With eyelids closed in balmy sleep.

In sleep a chap forgets his ills,
And every pang of care that kills,
I've often in the land of dreams
Been floating over placid streams
And thought I was a royal king,
With wealth to do most anything,
Piled up in many a shining heap,
But—God be praised—'twas in my sleep.

Some early rising poets say
To jump from bed ere break of day,
And witness all the changing dyes
The sun throws up the eastern skies ;
I'd much prefer to take my ease,
With head bent over toward my knees,
While others such delights could view,
And, reader, darling, so would you.

There's great enjoyment 'neath the clothes ;
We get a respite from our woes ;
And dream, perhaps, we're railroad lords,
With slaves surrounding us in hordes,
The way some cringing knaves are seen,
That sneak around with fawning mien ;
Ah ! that's the time I love to snore,
And kick the sneaks outside the door !

Well, here's to sleep, that blissful kind.
Which in our beds at home we find;
An eight hour stretch, yes nine or ten,
A yawn, and then drop off again;
Without a dread of caller's boots,
To kick the door—the blamed galoots!
Until we think we've had galore,
Without a wish for any more.

TORONTO, 1898.

I've a story to tell, 'twill be truthful and brief
And I do not intend it to harrow up grief;
So come here, my old pen, from the cobwebs and
rust,
And have at it again, inoffensive I trust.
For my breast is aglow with memorial things,
And my head is as light as if mounted on wings,
As I tramp back again in a mental review,
To the time I enjoyed with the athletic crew
Who were cocks of the walk at Toronto.

'Twas a crowd that would make an old warrior
grieve,
Who from nature had got a forever reprieve
From the roystering tricks of his happiest days,
When his pulses with manhood and health were
ablaze;

When he'd laugh in the teeth of the ills of the rail,

And he never could tell one the meaning of fail;
When his eyes, like the eagle's, were gloriously bright,

And could see round a corner in mid of the night.
Everyone could do this at Toronto.

There they came from the East, with their hopes at high tide,

And they came from the West, full of brotherly pride;

From the North and the South, from the continent o'er,

Came the boys to the shrine where they worshipped before.

What a meeting was there! How the hand-clasps of steel

Indicated true hearts full of brotherly weal;

And each face all aglow with the friendliest joy
Told much plainer than words every incoming boy

Was delighted to get to Toronto!

Came the girls with the boys to enliven the scene,
And each one whom we met looked as grand as a queen;

How we gloried to have them 'longside us, to guide

With their counsels, our ship on prosperity's tide!

Marriage was not a failure to those who were
there;

Not a wrinkle was seen or a crow-foot of care
On the features of any, a matron or maid;
Not a turkey-track yet on a forehead was laid
Of the girls whom we saw at Toronto.

Now be silent, old pen, do not ever betray
What was done in a fair, parliamentary way;
Not a law but was wholesome and certain to aid
Each brawny and brainy chap climbing life's
grade;

Yes, and those who're descending to valleys be-
low,

Where all enginemen sooner or later must go.
The old banner yet floats, and Frank Sargent's
on deck;

He's in charge of the ship, she will ne'er be a
wreck;

And we all so declared at Toronto.

A PENITENT'S APPEAL.

Dear Father of infinite glory,
Prostrated on bare knees I pray

Thou'l list to a penitent's story,

And grant my petition today;
Too long after methods of Moses

I've scuffled with pencil and song,
To have Thee grind off the d——d noses
Of all those who did us a wrong.

Those Gowans, the Ashleys, and others,
The Dunhams, the Mortons and Stones,
United, whole armies of Brothers
Now march o'er their mouldering bones.
We saw them knocked out of positions,
Like dogs with the scurvy or mange,
While *we* live in better conditions,
And glorify Thee for the change.

All fearful oppressors of labor,
Thy wisdom raked into the tomb,
Their souls now in agony jaber,
Far down below China in gloom.
They've suffered enough for their folly,
Thou'st roasted their souls quite a spell,
Of late I have felt melancholy,
To think of their pains where they dwell.

We live, despite all their oppression,
We flourish, and foes we forgive ;
For every hard-hearted transgression
Committed we ask a reprieve.
The unsullied flags of our Orders
Are floating at mast-head supreme,
All over this continent's borders,
We thank Thee, kind friend, for the same !

Now, knock off their chains, the poor devils,
Thou'st taught them a lesson, I know ;
I'm anxious to witness their revels
In seas of ice water and snow.

We freely forgive the jackasses
Now toasting on anthracite coals;
We'll pass round the hat and have masses
Henceforth for repose of their souls.

TWO BURIALS.

My friend is dead—don't mind his name,
A man unknown to wealth or fame,
A plodder on life's lowly road,
Who daily felt privation's goad,
Who never got respite from work,
Nor never did his duty shirk
To win for wife or children bread,
Till called to join the legions dead.

A few companions at his bier
Lamented him with many a tear;
We bore his mortal part away
Into the church, then to the clay;
No organs pealed, no vocal song,
Assisted Jim's poor soul along,
No flowery wreaths, no censers swung,
Nor eloquence from priestly tongue.

Upon his grave we placed the sod,
And left him there alone with God.
We told his little ones and wife
We'd aid them in the fight for life,

Then took our leave, then bits of crape
Did engines' cabs and handrails drape,
Which notified each toiling slave
One of our kin was in his grave.

What sounds are these? The sad bells toll
The dirge to speed a parting soul!
A man of mark among the crowd
Is now arrayed in costly shroud;
The choicest flowers deck his bier,
He's mourned in grief that seems sincere,
And hundreds come to view him dead
Who never had to toil for bread.

Now off to church 'mid drooping plumes,
And horses draped, and liv'ried grooms,
The organ sounds a doleful song,
As up the aisle he's borne along,
The clergyman is promptly there
'Mid flowery wreaths and tapers' glare,
And censers swinging to and fro,
In measured time, denoting woe.

The service that the church decrees
For those who pay her princely fees
Is now concluded, and the priest
Delivers forth an ornate feast
Of eloquence, with measured breath,
To eulogize him there in death,
And then the censers swing once more,
And then—post mortem rites are o'er!

One died, but left no wealth to share
'Mongst those who did bewail him there,
The other had his bonds and stocks,
And gold secure 'neath banker's locks;
The church the first with service brief
Soon hustled off, devoid of grief,
The other in a princely way
Was wafted gently to the clay.

The Master, when earth's road he trod,
Proclaimed the poor was nearest God.
If back to us again he'd come
I guess he'd find things altered some;
The dollar is almighty here,
The churches at a poor man sneer,
And do not give a tinker's dam
About his soul, it's all a sham.

A NIGHT IN GLORY.

'Tother night I dove under the clothes in the bed;
Not a whimper escaped from my slumbering head;
I was anchored secure in the dear land of Nod,
And in dreams I flew round where my feet never trod.
A fine kingly salute at a gate I was given;
As I entered I knew that the place must be Heaven.

The good Lord for His favor I thanked with
delight,
As I frolicked about all that memorable night.

A fine, portly and handsome old fellow came
'round,

Who'd a magnetic voice, with a musical sound,
As he rolled out his mouthful of welcomes ga-
lore,

And I thought I beheld his kind features before.
"You're St. Peter," I said. "You are right, my
dear lad."

"To behold you again I'm exceedingly glad."

"You have reason to be," was his instant reply;
"Tisn't every old tramp we admit in the sky."

"This is Heaven?" I said. "You're not blind;
can't you see?"

"Well, I guess I observe, but it's novel to me,
Such luxurious sights! such contentment as now
Fills the cuts where the crows stuck their claws
in my brow."

"Bid adieu to all care. Here's a couch; sit
you down,

While we wait for the chap who's gone after
your crown.

You have won your reward in the hardships
you've passed

On the railroads below. Now feel happy at
last."

- "Have you any in here?" "Yes, a trunk line or two."
- "Does a crown-sheet e'er drop?" "No, nor leak from a flue."
- "Are the engines good steamers?" "You bet! and they go,
For the coal is supplied us from Hades, below."
- "Do they pound?" "They're as stiff as a mountain of brass."
- "Have men plenty of oil?" "Do I look like an ass
Who would persecute men for the need of more grease?"
- "Deed, you don't and God bless you, my mind is at peace."
- "I suppose you have master mechanics in here?"
- "Don't you foolish yourself, they all have to keep clear."
- "Well, mechanical heads of departments?"
"Ach, nein,
They can never atone for the sins of lang syne."
- "How are superintendents?" "As scarce as hen's teeth,
But acushla machree, they are plenty beneath."
- "Are there any chief clerks scattered round, can you tell?"
- "We've a few; but they're thicker than fiddlers in hell."

"Do the dirty low spawn of the offices try
To sneak up to these mansions of bliss in the
sky?"

"Well, I guess, but I fire them so far into
space,

Not a mark of their trail to the depths can you
trace."

"Are there any reports making Heaven a
fright,

Which we have to fill out in our own time at
night?"

"All reports are filled out full of well-disguised
lies;

They're promoters of sin, and debarred from the
skies."

"Who is that fellow now they've kicked out
with such hate?"

"He's a double-eyed sneak, who hangs outside
the gate;

He's a tale-bearer since the bad hour of his birth
And a curse to the fine manly fellows on earth."

"Give me hold your fist," I exultingly said,

"You're a trump of a saint, and I'm glad that
I'm dead."

As I grabbed for his hand, holy mother, a scream
From the girl at my side put an end to my dream.

REGRETS FOR MISSPENT HOURS.

The times are changing every hour,
And man for knowledge and for power
Is toiling late and early;
All those who are endowed with brains
Can drive, they're masters of the reins,
In old times met with rarely.

We men, whose heads are turning gray,
Can well recall our first sad day—
And many more thereafter—
When in the cabs we tried to solve
Each problem, with a grim resolve,
Amid spectators' laughter!

And yet, we somehow got along,
We learned the right thing from the wrong.
We wrought with good endeavor;
We filed our brasses, keyed our rods,
And put in springs, 'gainst fearful odds
Of rusty jack and lever.

We set our valves by gauge or sound,
Our wedges lined to stop the pound,
We also set out packing,
Until we couldn't hear a blow
'Neath valves or rings, as on we'd go,
Although in learning lacking.

We're men who rose from lowly ranks,
Who owe to none but Nature thanks
 For every inch ascension;
We lived before the days of schools,
And had to go by horse-sense rules,
 And seldom met declension.

Schools now abound of every grade,
Where heads requiring brains are made,
 All over this great nation,
Where every branch of learning's taught,
And ignorance is bravely fought
 By art of education.

Oh, could we but have had the chance
Men nowadays have to advance,
 How gladly we'd enjoy it;
Each hour we've squandered by the way,
In indolence or thoughtless play,
 In study we'd employ it.

Take this advice, dear readers, all:
“Where'er your lot in life may fall,
 Or high or low your station,
Acquire all learning that you can;
A dullard ne'er can gain life's van,
 For lack of education.”

TIME'S CHANGES.

I have been to the regions of nethermost hell,
But, thank God, 'twas a nightmare I had or a
dream,
And when back with my cronies such tales did I
tell,
Of the sights which I saw, that they all gave
a scream.
There were plenty of ten-per-cent-off boys I met,
Who were shackled together for slashing our
pay;
And, of course, all were sorry to hear how they
sweat,
And would gladly have taken their sufferings
away.

How reductions were piled upon top of our backs
In those days long ago by the play boys I saw!
They imagined forever they'd rule o'er the
tracks,
And would keep us their slaves without pro-
cess of law.
But old cloven-foot Lucifer caught them at last.
And he tickled their gizzards in pits full of
flame;
Where they're browning for sins they commit
in the past,
When they threw leaded dice, but were caught
at the game.

How they hankered to crush our old Brotherhood then!

And they gave it full many a jab in the neck;
But thank Jove, though they hit us again and again

Our old Admiral yet is in charge of the deck;
We are growing in numbers, and growing in wealth,

And in peace with officials united we dwell,
While the kibos who sneaked on our strongholds by stealth

Are enjoying hot weather where snow never fell.

What a change since those days of reductions and strife!

Now the song which we chorus is "Ten per cent more,"
Our officials all love us like groom does his wife,

And our buckets have pie, meat and cookies galore;

And a dollar or two in our pockets we've got
To assist us in sickness or sorrow the while;
And perhaps a good, savory stew in the pot,
And one's wife at the door with a welcoming smile.

Here is health in cold water tonight to the men
At the head of affairs; may their numbers increase.

And I hope nevermore must my truth-telling pen
 Have occasion to say we're not living in peace.
All the land's at high tide of financial success,
 And the Brotherhood lives, while old enemies
 roast
Below China, enduring the greatest distress,
 Who to crush us kept up a continual boast.

WINTER REVERIES.

There's another winter coming,
 When the blizzards will be humming,
And the hummocks piling upward toward the
 sky,
 When our bodies will be pelted
 With the snow before it's melted;
And old "hogs" upon the up-grades fall and die.

Soon the flanges will be icy,
 And our frozen hash unspicy,
As we snatch it mad with hunger from the pails!
 All the store-teeth lads must munch it,
 While we'll vigorously crunch it,
Cuddled in the bleary cabs to dodge the gales.

There is little joy before us,
 How official cranks they'll score us,
Charging engine failures up against the hand

That the trottle-bar and lever
Moves with eloquent endeavor,
Short of water, coal, and oil, and waste, and
sand !

There is vengeance, sure and certain,
When grim death will drop the curtain
On some scalawags of autocrats we've here ;
Down in Pluto's black dominions
They'll find heat to singe their pinions
At the first whiff of his dirty atmosphere !

Oh, my sunny Southern Brothers,
Thank your stars or thank your mothers,
Or your fathers of the fates that gave you birth ;
In your shirt-sleeves you may wander,
And on winter flowers ponder,
In delightful garden places of the earth !

Here in this land—Lord Almighty ! —
My poor brain is growing flighty,
Thinking of our stiffened joints and biting cold,
In the cuts and grades and so forth,
Over which we'll have to go forth,
With our hands so blue a lever we can't hold.

But we're tough, and don't forget it,
And we'll conquer, you may bet it,
For 'tis seldom one can kill us with a club ;

And our climate, we defy it
In its vicious moods or quiet,
And we'll neither starve nor steal when hunting
grub.

And perhaps beyond life's portals,
Our poor souls amid immortals
May get harps, and crowns, and time to sing and
crow,
To reward them for the tussle,
Made with brain and toughened muscle,
Which have never yet succumbed to frost or
snow.

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.

My dear Brown, you have knocked all the
notions up high
Which I've harbored and sung of for years ;
I suppose that beneath your much-glorified sky
One could dream life away till the sweet by and
by—
So Dick Kelly at Norfolk declared. Did he lie
When bewitching us bold engineers ?

All my wearisome life have I sighed for your
clime ;
And bewailed where my anchor was cast ;
Yes, and knitted my brows hunting plausible
rhyme,

To express to you all in presentable chime,
How I worshipped surroundings I fancied sub-
lime,

During many long years that have passed.

When the snowdrifts were over the top of the
stack,

And big icicles hung from my nose;

When the frozen-zone demons took charge of the
track,

And the cold chills were scooting the length of
my back,

How I sighed for your hills and your valleys,
alack,

Till I'd thaw out my ears and my toes!

On my knees have I prayed for a glimpse of the
blue

Of the skies you have over your head;

And I thrilled hearing Kelly orate on the hue
Of the odorous flowers, to dawn on our view,

If we'd pile in our votes as requested to do,

And keep step to the march which he led.

How we'd envy the boys on the coast as we'd
crawl

With a ballahoo into a cut,

Without water or fuel or victuals at all,

Or a dago or mick to respond to our call,

Where we'd shovel, until from exhaustion we'd
fall,

And our poor sleepy eyes we would shut!

But when birds from the Southland returned in
the spring,

We forgot all the hardships behind;
Neither sandblasts nor blizzards, nor freshets
they'd bring,

As again they'd delight us on melody's wing,
With their throats full of song, which they'd
gloriously sing,

And we then to our clime felt resigned!

Our thermometer, boiling at ninety degrees,

Dallies but a few days at the best;

Even then, every night we are lulled by a breeze,
Which comes stealing along through the leaves
on the trees,

Bearing perfume of flowers frequented by
bees:

Which assures us a heavenly rest.

You're a chap like myself, full of truth to the
chin,

As a Brother, your friendship I claim;
How slick liars discount the old father of sin,
When they try California tourists to win,
As they tell of that land with a hypocrite's grin,
In a manner we'd fly from in shame!

Here's my hand, and in fancy extend me your
own,

But if ever we meet, set it down,
That I'll shake till I bring from your bosom a
groan,

With the pressure you'll feel upon muscle and
bone;
And together we'll chat of the years which have
flown,
Since I first read your letters, dear Brown.

IN NATURE'S TEMPLE OF WORSHIP.

Come out in nature's temple, Jack,
'Neath heaven's dome, to pray;
We'll take our leave of railway track,
Until from service we'll get back,
This holy Sabbath day.

Dear mother church may promulgate
Her legal bans, but we
Shall worship where the song-birds mate,
With thanks to God, from hearts elate,
Who gave us hill and lea.

Observe the trees in verdure dres't,
That for long months were bare,
By gentle zephyrs they're caress't,
Which trip here lightly from the west
A mass of perfumed air.

The sky is now an azure deep,
Of limitless delight;
Our hearts salute it as they leap,
Awakened from the freezing sleep,
Of many a wintry night.

The odor of the flowers fills
My sense of smell with joy
My breast with adoration thrills
'Mid landscapes, and 'mid babbling rills,
On every hand, my boy.

Within cathedrals organs peal,
And vocal sounds arise ;
But here our inmost hearts can feel,
That God His presence does reveal
From yonder sunny skies.

We are not pampered sons of wealth,
Broad lands are not our share,
We sometimes feel the loss of health
And have to take an hour of stealth
To bask in balmy air.

And yet, and yet, my life-long friend,
We taste some joys in store ;
We see the various colors blend
O'er sweeping vales, with silent trend,
And God's work we adore !

The warblers sing their roundelay,
The butterflies and bees
Are jubilant in songs of praise
To Him, for all his mystic ways,
In peerless sights, like these.

Perhaps beyond life's portals, Jack,
When all its cares are o'er,
Such splendors we shall never lack,
When freed from burdens of the track
On Canaan's happy shore.

Beyond the ills so often met,
Which sometimes strike us dumb,
Beyond the worry and the fret,
Beyond the aching bones and sweat,
In longed-for Kingdom Come.

AFTER THE BALL.

On a personal invite, I went t'other night,
Out along with the boys and girls to a ball,
How I reveled around with the greatest delight,
Just as young as the youngest that was in the
hall!
When I first heard the music, it limbered me up,
And I looked for a "flower" that grew at the
wall,
And I coaxed her to come on the floor for a hop;
Pretty soon we were skipping away at the ball.

There I capered and pranced, promenaded and
swung,
Every chord sent a thrill of old times through
my brain,

Oh, those long ago days, when both blithesome
and young,
All my blood was a vortex of bubbling cham-
pagne!
And my partner, oh, dear! she was wreathed
with smiles,
And she tickled my fancy with eloquent
praise,
I could prance o'er that ballroom a million of
miles,
Just to list to her taffy and think of those days!

There is something bewitching in "all promen-
ade."
"Swing your partner" can knock the rheu-
matics sky high
When one's arm goes around a bewitching young
maid,
Only wanting two wings to float off to the sky!
Every strain of the band did my puddinghead
fill,
And my breast was aglow with flush feelings
of joy,
As I capered about in a romping quadrille,
With the shuffle of feet which I used as a boy.

Every joy has an ending—mine came none too
soon.
I went home, and I threw myself onto the bed.

Very briefly came cramps, then a stitch, then a swoon,

And a doctor, of course, they supposing me dead.

I was brought back to life. When full consciousness came,

I had no aspirations for living at all;
And my ailment was given a medical name,

Known as "leg-tangle palsy," oft caught at a ball.

There are some men so easily flattered, they think

When a woman smiles on them she loves them.
I'm one.

I drank full to the muzzle of taffy's sweet drink;

Never doubting my partner until she had gone!
Then I thought to myself, "What a hoary old fool!"

As I groaned in the bed, with my face to the wall.

I have plenty of chums who attend the same school—

Giddy gray-beards, who totter around at each ball.

FIGHTING SNOW IN A CUT.

I was sick, yes, I had a brief dose of the grip,
I recovered, and went out the road for a trip,
To fight snow in the cuts, which were filling quite
full,

The old mill which I ran was an engine-house
cull;

She was fit to be scrapped, great Jehovah! her
like

Isn't running today on a lumber-camp pike!

But I managed to get her well out of the yard,
With the help of my stoker, a faithful old pard.

Her black pointer it held up its head for a spell,
Then it paused for an instant, then backward it
fell,

But we ran for the drift at a pretty good gait,
And we buried her up, then prepared for a wait,
'Till the diggers would come. We slashed over
the fire,

To get steam to inject her. The pointer rose
higher,

Yes, and also the water, two gauges we got,
Then we dropped the back curtain, until she'd
get hot.

To the dear land of Nod in a jiffy I sped,
Where all thoughts of old pelters flew out of my
head,

I was soon in a dream, one I'll never forget,
It is niched in the halls of my memory yet!

There the season was nearing the last end of
June,
I was stretched in a hammock. "The glorious
orbed moon"
Was chock full to the muzzle, the same as my-
self,
As I swung 'neath the maples, a fortunate elf!

Within reach was a maiden, a Hebe in grace;
She was young, and she had a most beautiful
face.

As I swung to and fro she kept fanning me there,
And small blame if I thought her the queen of
the fair.

I kept chinning soft nonsense, she made fit re-
plies,

How I felt when I'd gaze in her bonnie blue
eyes!

I was nose-deep in glory, my head swelled with
pride,

As she kissed me and said I could make her my
bride.

Then the nightingale's song on the spice-laden
breeze

Made the atmosphere vocal. I drank to the
lees

Of the nectar the gods sent to give me delight,
And approve my betrothal, that mem'rable night.

Then we talked of our nuptials. She wanted to wait.

I requested her kindly to make a near date.

And the charmer consented to crown me with bliss,

Then I sprang from the hammock to give her a kiss.

Holy Moses ! I found myself down on the deck !
Where I rolled from the seat, an old physical
wreck !

With the pointer at zero, the fire-box as black
As the cloud that rolls out of a smoke-burner's
stack,

And the crown-sheet was sending down oceans of
tears.

'Twas a sight that oft buckled up good engineers.
The old pelter was dead—worse than that, and
my God !

I just prayed to be like her, down under the sod.

A JOYFUL DELUSION.

'Tis very strange what curious things run
through a fellow's head

When weary from a day of toil he stretches on
the bed.

Last night fatigued, and full of pains, I tossed
from side to side,

Until accumulated ills proclaimed that I had
died ;

I heard the wailings of my friends, at first so
loud and shrill,

Then sinking to a minor key, and then completely
still.

A little while, and forward came two heartless
wretches in,

To decorate me for the grave, one had a hellish
grin;

He smoked a pipe, the weed was rank, he swore
with every whiff,

And cried, "Be quick, come, bear a hand, until we
stretch the stiff."

The tapers next were placed about my head in
stylish rows;

And Kitty's tears were running down upon my
face and nose,

I wondered in my fevered dream were they from
grief or joy,

Or if she'd ever try to catch another handsome
boy.

The neighbors came in twos and threes, some
seemed to be in woe,

While others prayed as if they saw my suffering
soul below.

One gossiping old fish wife stood above my silent
clay,

And said 'twas only loss of time for my poor soul
to pray,

That Satan had me safe and sound within his
clutch at last,
Because at times I failed to keep our holy
church's fast;
I tried to limber up my leg, but tied were both
my toes;
Or, durn her eyes, that hag would get my foot
upon her nose.

The boys came in, two deep, to take the last sad
look upon
The silent chap that made them smile in days
now past and gone;
The girls came next, I heard them praise how
beautiful I lay:
"Oh! isn't it too bad," they cried, "that he has
passed away,
He was so sweet!" Lord! how I thrilled to hear
such tender praise,
And there I did my level best myself to gently
raise.
My efforts failed, and then I knew 'twas death
without mistake,
Or crimson lips with honeyed words could rouse
me wide awake.

The muffled drum in solemn tones now smote
upon my ears;
And many sparkling eyes were moist, and some
were shedding tears.

Along to church I then was brought its last sad
rites to share,
And have my pastor tell how much my soul was
needling prayer.
Adown the aisle the chap that's named "the poet
of the rail"
Was borne, amid such grief that seemed a uni-
versal wail.
Inside the chancel in his robes a well known form
I saw,
A man who often labored hard to make me keep
the law.
He read a chapter, then he knelt a little while,
and soon
The angels in the organ loft struck up a plaintive
tune;
They sang it in melodious voice. The moment of
its close,
To roast a poor, dead erring chap his reverence
arose:
"Ah, there he lies, behold him now—he'll never
scoff again,
Or ridicule the truths I preach in sanctimonious
strain;
He'll not dispute the meaning of the Holy Scrip-
ture now;
He's passed the great tribunal, where all such as
he must bow.
In charity I'd like to pass his wayward follies by,
But, friends, my duty is to teach the living how
to die.

That man within the casket there broke every
rule was made
To keep the flock within the fold, and very sel-
dom prayed.
He broke the Ten Commandments oft, and to
his lasting shame,
When reprimanded, he replied that Moses did
the same;
He broke the precepts of the church, and on her
penal days,
His appetite to gratify good Christians he'd
amaze;
He'd lick his lips for ham and eggs on Fridays
or in Lent,
And ne'er on penitential knees his errors he'd
repent.
He was a black sheep in my flock. A false light
on the shore,
Whose disputation long and loud in grief I did
deplore.
His saintly wife did all she could to make him
come to church,
But very seldom would his feet be known to
cross the porch;
She did her duty well I know, and made his life
so hot,
To have him heed, that seldom coal was wanted
in his cot.

At last she's free, poor patient soul! her future
is secure,
A pious man to fill his place she shortly may pro-
cure—”
“Not much!” I cried, as with a spring I bounded
from the bed,
To find 'twas all a foolish dream about my being
dead.

A LULLABY.

What song shall I sing for my boy tonight?
Shall it be of the sounding sea,
Where the hurricane sweeps with gigantic might,
And with chorus of ghoulish glee?
Shall I sing of the calm in the liquid caves
Where the force of the tempest dies,
Or the creamy foam on the crest of the waves,
As they leap toward the inky skies?

Shall I tell of the ships and the dauntless tars,
By the drive of the breakers tossed
On rock-bound shores or harbor bars,
Till the ships and crews are lost?
Shall I tell of the time on the Spanish main,
When the cut-throat buccaneers
Dyed the water red with the blood of the slain
And unheeded their victims' tears?

Shall I sing of the seas where the icy blasts
Chill the marrow in human bones?
Of the bergs that rise o'er the loftiest masts,
Drifting round in the frigid zones?
Where explorers find not the northwest course,
Nor oftentimes their homeward path,
But are crushed to death by the mighty force
Of the bergs in their drifting wrath?

It would curdle the blood in thy youthful veins
If I were to relate such tales;
So I'll sing of the flower-bespangled plains
And the shady emerald vales,
Of the songbirds flitting from tree to tree
And caroling notes of joy;
And I'll tell of the haunts of the bumble bee,
To delight my darling boy.

So now, hurrah for the sylvan streams,
Where the gamy trout is found,
And the mossy sod where rich verdure teems
And the butterfly flits around;
Where the robins mate, and the ring doves coo,
And the lambkins brisk and leap.
Now listen attentive, "my yittie gugoo"—
Why, bless me, he's fast asleep.

MEDITATIONS.

I stood in the potter's field thinking one day,
Over the mounds where unfortunates lay ;
Noting the graves of the luckless and poor,
Thinking of all they were called to endure,
Ere they were stricken by want and disease,
Which ended their lives and brought to them
 peace ;

There they were huddled together like stones,
With barely a handful of earth on their bones.

Soggy and wet was the soil on each mound,
Rank were the weeds which encumbered the
 ground,

Rude were the marks on the boards at their
heads,

Telling who slept in the mud-streaming beds ;
Here it was, "Father, for whom we do mourn,"
There it was, "Mother, who'll never return,"
Over beyond 'twas "A sister we love,"
Or "a brother now happy in heaven above."

Up on the hill 'neath the evergreen trees,
Where the foliage rustles and sways in the
 breeze,

Up where the grasses are nurtured with care,
And flowers spread perfume abroad in the air,
Monuments rise of the grandest designs,
Richest of marble from Italy's mines,
Telling of loved ones inurned below,
And wept for in couplets of classical woe.

There I stood thinking, my brain ever rife,
Trying to solve the great problem of life;
Asking myself why should these in the tomb
Sleep their last sleep 'mid the verdure in bloom,
While the poor lorn ones over the way
Slept in wet mud holes, scarce hid in the clay,
Where the rank thistles and burdocks just hid
Hemlock and pine of the cheap coffin lid?

Answer me, clerics, whose Scriptural lore
Aids you earth's mystical things to explore?
Tell me, why here on this earth must the poor
Suffer and sink when they cannot endure
All of the tortures which poverty brings,
Cruel and crushing in deadliest stings,
Then, when at last it deprives them of breath,
Why must their bones be afflicted in death?

Come, solve me the problem, where is the reward
Held in store for the poor? Is the fault with the
Lord?

Are you sure that a man linked to sorrow and
strife
After death is assured of eternity's life?
Is religion dealt out in our churches today
With regard for hereafter, regardless of pay?
Is the gospel alike for the Christians and Jews?
And impartially preached to your flocks in the
pews?

Do you favor the rich man and scoff at the poor?
Are the mendicants driven away from the door?
Are you careless of bodies and seek but the
souls?

Do you mete out salvation according to tolls?
Can a poor man have services read o'er his bier
Just the same as a rich man, with hearts as sin-
cere?

Now, awaiting your answers, I'll pause with my
pen,

Then perhaps, reverend friends, I may write you
again.

TO MY WIFE—A LA MODE.

Dear Wife: Sweetheart of long ago,
Somewhere within the misty past:
When you and I trod to and fro,
And swore our spooning days would last;
I'm troubled with the blues tonight,
A fit of most cerulean hue,
And, while I'm in this downcast plight,
Some questions, love, I'll ask of you:

Suppose the grim destroyer, Death,
Should straggle with his scythe along,
To slit my windpipe, stop my breath,
And kick me 'mid the ghostly throng,

Would you remain in widow's weeds,
And weep your sparkling eyes away
In anguish that by far exceeds
Your plaintive murmurs every day?

Now tell me, darling, tell me true,
When in the casket I'd repose
Would tears of grief be shed by you
Until they'd trickle down your nose,
When gazing on the silent lips
That thrill'd you with a love divine
When you and I sailed freighted ships
Of fancy east of life's mid line?

Of course you're not like other wives,
Who decorate themselves in black,
Just like the way a road gang strives
To renovate old worn out track;
You'd never wear a sable veil,
Unless as emblem of your mind,
Or let it down your shoulders trail
To catch admiring chaps behind.

Would frantic screams be heard to ring
Above the brazen drum's tattoo
When six stout lads would march to bring
My mortal part away from you?
Or would you gently sob and moan,
In fashion's latest style of grief,
Reserving anguish till alone,
To give your troubled heart relief?

You see I'm confident, my love,
The olden fires are burning still;
And no one—save great Jove above—
Could change your predetermined will
To live a life of widow'd wails,
To sigh for me, to weep and moan,
To furl your old coquetting sails,
And every night retire alone.

You'd sadly miss me from your side,
When searching round to find the form
To which on wintry nights you'd glide
Beneath the sheets to keep you warm;
Besides you'd feel much cause for pain,
When sleeping in a lonely room;
You, in a little while, might fain
Desire some chap to share your gloom.

Long custom, darling, slowly grows
The most imperative of laws.
I fear, to ease your widow'd woes,
You'd reason from effect to cause.
To sleep alone would feel so sad,
For you who felt my arms for years;
I think another handsome lad
You'd try to catch to dry your tears.

Oh, love! such thoughts I can't endure,
They tear my heart in anguish wild
Until my tears in rivers pour,
Like dribbles from a teething child;

And sooner than give up my life,
To place you in temptation's way,
I'll keep on deck, my darling wife,
As long as God will let me stay.

TO GRAND MASTER SARGENT.

Dear Frank: I'm on the wing tonight,
And full of fancies flowing;
'Tis just the time I love to write,
When fluent thoughts keep glowing,
Until they reach a fever heat,
And flit in measured numbers;
So, sit beside me on this seat,
We'll chat while Kitty slumbers.

This is a wicked world, Frank,
'Tis full of roguish schemers;
But you and I can Nature thank,
She made us harmless dreamers.
We're innocent as turtle doves,
Perpetually cooing,
With willing mates, where balmy groves
Invite a ceaseless wooing.

I know you're not a saint, my boy,
You're many leagues behind one;
'Twould fill our honest hearts with joy
If we could only find one.

You've tramped this country more than I,
And been in places many;
Did ever you, when strolling by,
E'er stumble over any?

No doubt you may have angels met,
Sweet, wingless, charming creatures!
Whose lisping lips you'll ne'er forget,
Or dear bewitching features?
You haven't, eh? Indeed I fear
I'll taunt with words uncivil,
Just lend me your attentive ear:
"Tell truth and shame the devil."

I like you, Frank, your honest face
Is handsome and transparent;
And on it I can plainly trace
Sincerity apparent.
There's not a lady in the land
Could keep her heart from beating,
If she'd but see your smiles so bland,
And saintly eyes dilating.

I wish I had your winning ways,
And sweet, seductive blarney,
Until I'd skirmish 'round the bays
Of much beloved Killarney,
Where elfin sprites are rich, I'm told,
And open to persuasion;
Dear Frank, I'd soon have lots of gold,
And wouldn't fear starvation.

A hand upon the furnace door,
Or leg coiled round the lever,
Is sure to keep a fellow poor
And hold him there forever.
Provisions gained by "honest toil"
Don't need much skillful carving,
They taste like West Virginia oil,
And simply save from starving.

Some men can live on water, Frank,
And some on airy nothings;
And many a rhapsodizing crank
Bescribbled lines of frothings,
Reclining in an easy chair.
How man should toil contented—
By Jove, I toil and starve, I swear,
And almost am demented!

My darling in the bedroom, oft
In earnest conversation,
Directed all my thoughts aloft,
And urged me to salvation;
She told me of the joys above,
For those who wished to find them,
Where souls are sure of endless love,
When leaving earth behind them.

She feels she's right—she always is—
Since first on life's young morning
She grew to love my handsome phiz,
She fights my doubtful scorning.

She tells of fires that belch severe,
To purge my skeptic laughter;
Dear girl! She keeps me blistered here
With sermons on hereafter.

Ah! well, my moralizing pen
Begins to rudely caper;
To sermonize some railroad men
Is only waste of paper.
I don't insinuate that you
Are in this category;
I know you'll get a sleeper through
To everlasting glory!

My thread of thought is rudely cut,
Dear Frank, my girl is calling!
I'd like to linger longer, but
I must appease her bawling.
Good night! I wish you lots of joy,
When Jove his stock's disbursing;
And may you never know, old boy,
The terrors of dry-nursing!

A VACATION AT THE SEASHORE.

Kate and I packed our duds up together
And went to the shores of the sea,
Away from the midsummer weather,
Our hearts full of juvenile glee.

We closed all the blinds, so our neighbors
Would know we were sniffing ozone,
Away from our work-a-day labors,
Where beach combers die with a moan.

We sighted the ocean next morning,
And went to a stunning hotel,
Then down where the sun was adorning
The crest of each big creamy swell.
Kate said: "This is health-giving pleasure,
Inhaling the salt-laden breeze,
And here 'tis dispensed without measure,
Right fresh from the tops of the seas."

The bedroom assigned us was really
No bigger I'll swear than a trunk,
I hankered to stretch my legs freely,
If but in a fisherman's bunk;
When Kate would her frizzes go twisting,
I had to remain in the bed,
And list to the charmer insisting
I'd old-fashioned thoughts in my head.

I grit my teeth tightly together
And never once tremored a lip,
Because 'twould be wrong in such weather,
Besides, she was bossing the trip;
I merely "put up" when invited,
My job was dispensing the swag,
Which kept me so really delighted,
Some thought I'd a beautiful jag!

The menu—oh, say I am weary,
And bent nearly double with grief,
I failed in convincing my dearie
My teeth couldn't crunch the bull beef!
The butter ran over the platter,
The tea was a dirty dish wash,
The pudding a sort of a batter
That tasted like tow line and hash.

The napkins and so forth were rather
A little the worse for the wear,
No wonder! for huddled together
Some scores on vacation were there.
The service was tedious and faulty
The waiters chock full of conceit.
The cooking decidedly salty,
Though sometimes they sugared the meat.

We daily took dips in the ocean,
Said Kate: "We are now in the swim."
But water in wind-driven motion
Can thump with considerable vim;
It treated us all democratic,
It is no respecter of wealth,
It tossed us about so despotic
We'd die, but endured "for our health."

At night, on the crowded veranda,
We gossiped of this one and that,
Picked flaws in some lanky Amanda
With too many plumes in her hat.

Mosquitoes were there by the million,
They jabbed me with merciless hate,
I danced a wild Irish cotillion,
My eyes shooting daggers at Kate.

I said: "You've a heart most inhuman
To bring me along with you here;
Come home, like a sensible woman,
Or widowed you'll soon be, I fear."
She smiled in her manner bewitching,
And whispered, "Because you are sweet,
Mosquitoes insist on you itching
Yourself from your head to your feet."

"Oh, none of your taffy," I told her,
"You can't come your blarney on me."
The Lord knows I hated to scold her,
But sick I was now of the sea.
"Come back to your own little shanty,
And, darling, you know we will there
Enjoy homely blessings in plenty,
Surrounded by pure country air.

"I never have felt you are homely,
But oft has my bosom been proud
To witness you shapely and comely
And fit to be seen in a crowd.
But, gosh! in your bathing apparel,
A rusty straw hat on your head,
You look like some ancient old girl
Dug up for a swim from the dead!"

"There's nothing but scratch and starvation
Right here in this blooming abode,
God knows, if you call this vacation,
I'd rather tamp ties on the road.
I want a square meal of your cooking,
The sort you give daily at home,
I'm sick dress-parading and fluking
In wet flannel tights in the foam."

Once more, where this jingle I'm scribbling,
I taste homely comforts of life;
Kate ceased opposition and quibbling,
Again she's a dutiful wife;
We don't go from home for enjoyment,
To roll in the swim or the swell,
We 'tend to our daily employment,
Away from a seaside hotel.

A SIGN OF SPRING.

Today I heard a robin;
His old familiar trill
Right through my heart went bobbin'
Tho' cold as winter still;
He tells me it is over,
And since he went away,
He lived in fields of clover,
And sported every day.

'Twas down in southern valleys,
Where sunshine lingers long,
And every songster rallies,
To fill the vales with song;
While we are fighting blizzards,
And digging out the trains,
With cold and hungry gizzards,
And almost stagnant brains.

He tells of southern Brothers
In shirt-sleeves on the rails,
While our beloved mothers,
Amid the driving gales,
Would never know the darlings
They danced upon their knees,
Unless 'twas by their snarlings,
And efforts not to freeze.

There is a land of all lands
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where wreaths of choicest garlands
Are waiting engineers,
Who toil with brain and muscle
To keep old mills alive,
Through many a weary tussle
Of ceaseless drudge and drive.

From there no robins wander—
'Tis summer all the time;
Fond hearts ne'er drift asunder,
In that delightful clime.

I heard so from my pastor,
Long years and years ago,
Ere called to meet his Master,
Away from frost and snow.

SIGHS FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I sigh for Pasadena,
Where flowers are aglow,
I long for Catalina,
Away from frost and snow;
I'd like to view the roses
Profusely growing round
Where frozen ears and noses
Are nowhere to be found!

The zephyrs tripping lightly
In orange groves along,
And siroccos so sprightly
Are musical with song;
While here the roaring blizzards,
With devil's-fury rife,
Come tearing round our gizzards,
And cut us like a knife.

Grand lemon trees in blossom
I dream of every night,
I press them to my bosom,
In daring rapture tight;

But briefly I enjoy them,
The pelting of the gale
Abruptly makes me fly them,
To fight the wintry rail.

In Redlands—Holy Father !
'Tis there I'd like to be,
Than Heaven I would rather
That glorious place to see !
But hummocks round me growing
And cold chills in the air,
And frost and constant snowing
Denote I'm far from there.

O land divinely blooming
With flowers rich in hue !
O skies that know no glooming
To shade their deepest blue !
O mountain peaks sky kissing !
O vales of Paradise—
Alas, such sights I'm missing
Here 'mid the snow and ice.

I sigh for Pasadena,
Where flowers are aglow ;
I long for Catalina,
Away from frost and snow ;
But what's the use in sighing
For God's most favored clime,
While here with cold I'm crying,
And crooning out this rhyme ?

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

My poor old friend of bygone days,
That five feet down is lying,
I've come amid the full moon's rays,
With two eyes red from crying,
To sit awhile upon your grave
Tonight soliloquizing,
While night winds through the grasses rave,
As I sit moralizing.

Six months ago, or maybe more,
The requiem mass was chanted,
And then we laid you here, asthore,
Beneath the maples planted.
Poor Mary was convulsed with grief,
We could not pacify her,
In sobs we let her seek relief,
Ere anguish would destroy her.

She bought the richest kind of crape,
Her plumes of sable dancing,
Kept many eyes and mouths agape,
As at them folks stood glancing ;
She mourned you, Jack, in finest style,
Her purse has great endurance,
Her grief she labored to beguile,
Thanks, lad, to your insurance.

Her trailing veil was all the rage,
She dressed in rich apparel,
That threw ten years from off her age,
And made her look a girl.

Some said she casts a yearning eye
Oft at your foe, Tom Barry ;
But, Jack, we gave the rumor lie,
And swore she ne'er would marry.

Now if your ghost can hear me, list—
Oh, poor old worn-out toiler !
That couldn't hoarding wealth desist,
But always delved a moiler
For woman fickle, faithless—say !
Her grief was light and airy,
The banns in church were called today,
Tom takes your place with Mary !

Now, don't turn over in your grave,
Or kick like holy Moses,
She couldn't otherwise behave,
With two cheeks red as roses,
And dollars in her purse galore,
That you yourself provided ;
No widow with them yet, asthore,
In singleness resided.

Good-night, old friend, 'tis growing late,
Too long I mustn't tarry ;
Tomorrow I must dress in state,
As best man to Tom Barry !
They're going on their wedding tour
To trans-Atlantic places,
To sport the cash you left, while you're
Down there in earth's embraces.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

"Are you guilty or not?" said the judge to me,
And I then collapsed upon bended knee,

With my two hands clasped, imploring;
"Oh, Judge," I cried, "I am innocent,
And to fire the shot I had no intent,
It was hell in my breast was warring.

"I went out with the boys, when I drew my pay,
For a little time, just to while away

An hour or two in the city;
But I drank too deep of the fiery stuff,
For I didn't know when I had enough,
And I now implore your pity."

"You'll have justice dealt you," His Honor said,
"There is little doubt that a man is dead,

Off from earth by a pistol hurled.
Call the witnesses!" Every one gave oath
That I fired the shot. They were nothing loath
To assist me out of the world.

The jury united my guilt decreed.

"Oh, God!" I exclaimed, "in this hour of need,
Will you shield me from shame and sorrow!"
But a drunken wretch is beyond His care,
And I got my sentence then and there,
That I'd die at the dawn of the morrow.

I was taken back, when I heard my doom,
For an hour or two to the living tomb,
While the gallows was preparing;
I was dazed with grief and I cowered with
shame,
For I brought disgrace on my friends and name,
And I tossed in the "cage" despairing.

My relatives came to take their leave,
For they failed to get me a day's reprieve.
Oh! the look of their pallid faces!
But my cup flowed over with black despair,
When my four-year-old, with the golden hair,
Croodled in to me for embraces.

And she lisped: "Oo must never get drunk no more,"
Then the hangman came to my prison door,
And he said: "For the end get ready."
Oh, my God! my God! is it come to this?
Then all gathered round for the parting kiss,
And the good priest said: "Be steady."

Then began the march to the gallows tree,
With my life to pay for a drunken spree,
Amid blood-curdling sobs and screaming;
With a sudden snap all my heartstrings broke,
And Great God be thanked, I then awoke,
And I found I was only dreaming.

A FRIEND'S SILVER WEDDING.

Dear Tom, 'tis five and twenty years
Since one of nature's comely dears

The spell of love cast o'er you,
And at the altar made your life
So blest when she became your wife,
And promised to adore you.

You were the envy of us all,
Kate looked so queenly, sweet and tall,
A Juno in her motion,
An angel made of flesh and bone,
Who'd melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make it yield devotion.

One little angel flew away
To realms of never-ending day,
To rank amid immortals ;
The home, indeed, seemed desolate,
When flowery wreaths and little Kate
Were carried through its portals.

You're young as in those days gone by
Of which I tell, not so am I,
The ills of age I'm dreading ;
You yet retain the stalwart stride
You had when first you kissed your bride,
Tonight's your silver wedding.

And Kate yet keeps her comely youth,
A handsome dame she is, in sooth,
 Arrayed in stylish dresses!
What's better, Tom, a faithful wife
She proved to you all through her life,
 And knows but your caresses.

Come, fill the bumpers to the brim,
My worthy friends, with hearty vim,
 Clasp hands and circle near me;
Dear Kate, let mine be lemonade,
And let the tongues of all be staid
 A minute till you hear me.

"I was your 'best man' on the night
When holy church the marriage rite
 Gave flattering espousal;
I always found your latch-string out,
And never did your friendship doubt
 Since that long gone carousal.

"The post of honor yet I fill;
So, here's a toast, drink with a will,
 With hip hurrah, and standing!
May health and wealth, and happiness
Still all beneath this roof-tree bless
 From dome to outside landing.

"And may your faces never show
A single line of care or woe,
 Or mark where crows love treading,

For decades yet, adown life's tide,
Until again, as groom and bride,
 You'll have a golden wedding.

"Come, drain your glasses, every drop,
Fill up again, we'll never stop—
 Oh, what's the use to blather?
To judge our feelings by our thirst,
We'll drink your healths until we burst,
 Or all get drunk together."

THE NIGHT WHEN WE WENT SLEIGHING.

One moonlight night, when fleecy clouds
 Across the sky were floating,
Like giant ghosts wrapped in their shrouds,
 I took a fit of doting.
I said, "Old sweetheart, don your wraps,
 My heart won't brook delaying,
Dispel all thoughts of other chaps,
 And with me, love, come sleighing."

My horse had spirit, strength and speed,
 And restive to be fleeing;
My dear old girl looked sweet, indeed,
 A fascinating being!
We huddled up, she crowded close,
 And off we sped together,
Aglow with love's o'erflowing dose,
 Despite the wintry weather.

A fiery pace we drove along,
And ne'er in summer bowers,
Amid the sounds of wild birds' song,
Had life such joy as ours.
The moon was full—and so was ,
Of feelings pure but glowing—
Unmindful of the western sky,
Fast clouding up for snowing.

“Oh, sweet!” I said, “your pu.sing lips
Are strewn with peerless blisses,
And happy is that chap who sips
Intoxicating kisses.”
I dropped the lines, I clasped her up,
Just as the moon was hidden,
My shying steed a sudden stop
He quickly made unbidden!

Against a drift of mammoth size
We instantly rolled over,
Amid her scolding and her cries
I gathered up my lover.
But when her mouth was clear of snow
She said, ’mid peals of laughter,
“Why, you’re a fool! I’ll never go
To drive with you hereafter.”

My jealousy soon thawed me out,
Her words were most provoking,
But when she saw I meant to pout,
She said she was but joking.

Again I caught her. "Please," said she,
"While compliments you're paying,
Be sure you give the lines to me,
Whenever we're out sleighing."

A SEPTEMBER DAY.

Sitting alone 'mid the floating shadows,
Dreaming of hours full of rapture sweet,
Spent with my love where the fruitful meadows
Filled up a picture of joy complete,
Memory vividly brings before me
Every scene that has passed away,
And pleasing fancies are floating o'er me,
Thinking upon a September day.

The hills were brown and the grain was yellow,
The trees were tinged with an autumn hue,
The fruit hung down both ripe and mellow,
Beneath a sky of the deepest blue.
The air was rich with the scent of clover,
The zephyrs toyed with the new mown hay,
As I sat and rode alongside my lover,
That long departed September day.

Her eyes with the fires of love were beaming.
Her form was lithe and of queenly mold;
Her hair was in graceful ringlets, streaming,
And o'er her shoulders profusely rolled.

Her voice like the notes of birds when mating,

Full of the blooming joys of May,
Trilled me and kept my heart dilating

With new found bliss that September day.

A balmy feeling of perfect pleasure

Seemed to possess both her heart and mine;
And rapture filled out a flowing measure
Of nectar sweeter than richest wine.

Into our souls through our eyes were flashing

Glances of love in a ceaseless play,
Closer and closer our hearts enmeshing,
That dreamy delightful September day.

Many moons have changed since those hours de-
parted,

And time is moving with onward stride.

But I know my love is as faithful hearted

As she was the day of our autumn ride.

And while memory lives she will rise before me,

A peerless queen in her bright array,

Shedding the balm of her presence o'er me,

Just as she did that September day.

THE MASQUERADE.

I have read in Saxe's poems how Count Felix
once essayed

To enjoy a flirtation at a fancy masquerade;

How a stream of florid language ran in rapture
from his tongue,

And he wooed a stately lady, whom he fancied
fair and young,

Till the moment of unmasking, then the doting
fool beheld
His own handsome, comely daughter, and his
fiery pulse was quelled.
Pay attention, patient reader, to these lines, and
ere they close
You will find more fools than Felix shuffling
'round on ancient toes.

T'other night, on invitation, off I sauntered to a
ball.

Soon I saw a lonely "flower" that was growing
near the wall.

She appeared a perfect Hebe, bust delightful,
slender waist,

Ah, thinks I, this prize I'll capture—in deport-
ment she is chaste—

And I'll have a flirtation while the dancers are
in glee,

If I can induce the charmer to exchange some
talk with me;

Soon, without an introduction, I was filling up
her ears

With a tale of admiration, that would melt a
saint to tears.

She was mute, she scarcely answered, and her
voice was meek and low;

To my queries she would simply give a whis-
pered yes and no.

I grew eloquent, emboldened by her silence then
and there,
And her reticence, I told her was a jewel very
rare,
“If I had a wife I’d love her, should she be so
mannered mild,”
Then methought the darling creature at my
language merely smiled;
Oh! I glowed with ardent longing, and I told
her that her charms
Would be sung in strains of rapture if she’d
nestle in my arms.

“Lonely years through life I wandered, seeking
'round for my ideal,
Now, my dear one—moving closer—here you
stand a perfect real,
For I’m sure you are an angel, one who loves
this sinful earth,
Full of charity for creatures, like myself, of
mortal birth;
I am fond and very foolish to confess my heart-
felt love,
But you know mankind is finite, and the heart
inclined to rove;
Here I stand in adoration, like a pious devotee,
And I hope your lovely features you’ll unmask
my love, for me.”

'Twas a waltz the band was playing, and a chord
of louder strain
At that moment seemed to thrill me, and to fire
my longing brain,
Most imprudently I caught her; she resisted, in
the strife
Off her mask came, great Jehovah! there before
me stood my wife!
And her tongue, that scarce could falter yes and
no for half an hour
Grew as natural as ever, filled with all its pris-
tine power.
Heaven help me, for I need it, yet, dear reader,
there are more
Like your truthful, humble servant, who got
caught and suffered sore.

THERE'S SUNSHINE AHEAD.

I remember one winter the "beautiful" lay
Piled in hummocks all over the track,
Much too often disputing my right to the way,
As it rose to the rim of the stack.
On one trip of a sudden as light grew each flake,
I observed a dark cloud fringed with red,
And I cried to my fireman, "Old pard let us
shake;
See that omen of sunshine ahead!"

Soon the snowing had ceased, we ran out of the storm,
And again saw the blue of the sky;
Felt our spirits ascend as the weather grew warm
With no thoughts of the hardships passed by.
Thus it is on the road that we journey along,
With our hearts much too often like lead,
If we'd only break in with a snatch of a song,
We would sooner gain sunshine ahead.

I have no use at all for old owls on a perch,
Sitting croaking the whole of the day;
Or for preachers who groan every Sunday in church
About sleep under five feet of clay.
People don't want to buy bottled darkness to keep;
To such sermons they'll never respond;
'Tis more pleasant to preach with a smile than to weep,
And to tell of the sunshine beyond.

We have tragedy here on all sides, I confess,
Oh, but comedy, too, plays a part;
There are times when we bend 'neath a load of distress,
Till we feel most all gone round the heart;

If a friend, about then, would come close to our
ears,

And just whisper us, seemingly fond:
"There's nothing to gain from your eyes full of
tears,
Wipe them off, think of sunshine beyond!"

As I've trudged on life's road I have sounded
the deeps

Where the ills of humanity reign;
But I'd hustle my way out again up the steeps,
For I'd die if below I'd remain.

When I'd get to the top I would think what a
goose

I was down stretched on misery's bed.
Then I'd laugh at my woe, pitch despair to the
deuce

And stride off toward the sunshine ahead.

There is no one so poor but can boast of a friend,
If his heart is but in the right place;
And may hold him close up to its beats till life's
end

With a feeling that naught can efface.
Let us lean on each other when tempests arise,
And give proof that in sorrow we're wed,
If we do, very soon neath serenity's skies,
We may bask in bright sunshine ahead.

THE TOILER'S DAWN.

Awake, ye men, in your towering might,
Awake from your slumber long;
Lift the somber pall from your starless night,
Let your hearts exult with song!
For the sun of hope in the Orient skies
Has dawned, and its morning beams
Bid the toiling slaves from the earth to rise,
And shake off their inactive dreams.

Too long our backs felt the cruel scourge,
Which was plied with a vengeful ire;
And our wails were heard, as we crooned a dirge,
When a brother would expire.
Too long we toiled 'neath the weary load
Of incessant hourly toil;
And our recompense was the fearful goad,
To repay us for life-long moil.

But a change has come, and we hail the dawn
Of the new-come welcome day;
When those endowed with both brain and brawn
Are in union's grand array,
To unbind the chains which too long have bound
Their limbs, and heartless might
Must stand appalled at the stirring sound
Of the men demanding right.

Oh, noble heroes of the rail!
Brave hearts of an iron mold!
Who fight with death, and who never quail,
Until lying stark and cold!

While justice is the goal ye seek,
Your mission is assured ;—
If your manhood rules, and your thousands speak,
In one union till secured.

It is thirty years since slavery fell,
Stricken by the towering wrath
Of the dauntless men who rang its knell,
As they drove it from their path.
And it never more can rise again,
With its welts and its bleeding scars,
To astound the gaze of united men,
While we live 'neath the Stripes and Stars.

So brothers all of the scoops and brakes,
Of the punches and levers, too,
Grasp your hands around and with hearty shakes,
All avow you'll your duty do.
And some much sought rights we'll soon receive
From the men whom you served so long ;
It is justice speaks and we need reprieve
From full many a cruel wrong.

MAY.

Once more we have beautiful weather,
Sweet harps are atune in the trees ;
All round us is newly-grown heather,
There's health in the spice-laden breeze ;

The songsters, melodious, are singing
Exultingly over the sod,
All nature is joyously winging
Great praise to omnipotent God.

On yonder green upland we tarried
For many a long wintry hour,
And there in yon cut we lay buried,
Cold, hungry, and waiting for power
To pull us from under the hummocks,
To get us in motion again ;
To thaw out the chills from our stomachs,
And find were we corpses or men.

Behold where that rose-tree is growing !
'Twas there that we jumped from the rails,
One night in the drifting and snowing
And pelting of merciless gales ;
The blue sky of May is above it,
Inviting the roses to bloom !
Gold bless its deep azure, we love it—
And never look back to the gloom.

O Nature, our marvelous mother !
Here in your cathedral we bow :
Our thankfulness ne'er should we smother,
For sights which we're gazing on now.
The hardships of winter are ended,
The uplands, the valleys and plains,
Are garbed in a verdancy splendid,
Where erstwhile we stalled with our trains.

When life's toilsome journey is over,
God grant that our souls may arise
The same as the grasses and clover,
To bloom evermore in the skies ;
Away from our struggles diurnal,
To get the scant mouthful we eat,
Where joy on her throne rules eternal,
Above this abode of defeat.

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

I stood 'longside a new made grave,
December winds did round me rave.
The one beneath in life I knew,
And every day admired him too.
A man he was of mien uncouth,
Who hourly toiled from early youth,
At everything that came along,
And lightened labor with a song.

He never injured man or maid,
His honest debts he always paid ;
His wife and children he adored,
And for their sakes he wealth implored.
He wasn't what some people call
"Strict orthodox," saw good in all.
And that's the reason I am here,
'Longside his grave to shed a tear.

The Church decreed his clayey bed
Should not be near her faithful dead;
Her burial rites she did deny,
Uneulogized his bones must lie,
Because he didn't roll his eyes
Beneath her roof up toward the skies,
With thanks to God for this and that,
While she'd be passing round the hat.

Great Jove, of supreme power above,
Who knows how well he hourly strove
To win a share of daily bread
Will never persecute him dead,
Because he doubted things he heard
About hereafter, most absurd,
Beyond the reach of common sense,
That's why he lies outside the fence.

He's got more room to molder now
Than if her mark was on his brow;
In yonder field are many stones
Above the faithful's crumbling bones,
All epitaphed—'twixt me and you,
Not one in ten of them is true—
While he is sleeping all alone,
His grave devoid of cross or stone.

Dear life-long friend your journey's o'er,
I hope your soul has reached that shore
Where toilers find eternal rest,
And every one's a welcome guest.

The lazy, prayerful, tearful crowds,
That went across in laundered shrouds,
If they've been given harps and wings
Your lot is 'mid eternal kings.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.

I love an off-hand manly chap,
However greasy is his cap.
If rich or poor, or gay or lorn,
One just the same at night or morn,
Without a shadow of pretense,
Whose brain has got some common sense,
Whose heart at times is tuned to glee—
Such is the chap adored by me.

I do not care a picayune,
If he's an animated ruin,
If his old duds are tattered rags,
Or if he shakes from frequent jags;
If nature planted in his breast
The seed of manhood, then the rest
Is surely there, for he'll be brave,
Instead of being a fawning slave.

A railroad aristocracy,
Shall much too soon around us be,
We now can note the haughty smile,
When Fanny struts in latest style,

Who six or seven years ago,
When walking, saw her sockless toe
Cut through her shoe. She's now a bird,
And most precise in every word!

Her husband's head's expanded bad,
He used to be a social lad
When we tossed blocks together ; now
He thinks there's no one like his frau;
He minds not days when engineers
Had less of pay-check smiles than tears,
When Julia hadn't satin gowns,
Or on her pock-marked features frowns !

It isn't right to soar so high,
Beneath an ever-changing sky ;
Today you're rich, tomorrow's sun
May light you on the downward run,
Without a friend close at your side,
To help you stem misfortune's tide.
Should that time come, you'll wish to God
To be six feet beneath the sod.

THE TOUGH TIME COMING.

Dig out your arctics and rubber boots,
Your winter togs and your flannel suits,
You seasoned vets and you raw recruits,
For the tough old times are coming ;

Dense banks of clouds just o'er us fly,
Unfailing sign of a wintry sky.
And they tell of hardships by and bye,
When the blizzards shall be humming.

Along from now till the buds of May,
The atmosphere up in Hudson's Bay
Will come with a vengeance down this way,
And pierce us with devil's fury;
'Twill make us shiver and shake and roar,
From our nose-tips through to the inmost core
Of our hearts the same as so oft before,
Regardless of judge or jury.

With the big drifts pelting a hell's hurrah,
With the cramping pangs of a hungry maw,
And our hash so stiff it would break one's jaw,
And the blizzards o'er us sweeping;
'Tis then we think of the summer moons,
And the squandered piles of big doubloons,
And faded joys of the long gone Junes,
When the pulses of youth were leaping.

The mammoth hogs of the modern rail
Lie down too soon in a screeching gale.
Themselves and ourselves are doomed to fail
In a don't-give-a-damn contented;
Till the dagos come with their scoops and picks,
And a rearguard also of stalwart Micks,
To reduce the drifts with cuffs and licks,
When the blizzards have relented.

In a few short years, at the very best,
We will get from our troubles a good long rest,
If the Church speaks truth in her creed confessed,
 Where we'll all have pews together,
In a place where the rough and tumblers dwell,
Who have fought for grub on the grades pell-mell,
In a place our reverend friends call—well,
 In a place where is no cold weather.

STINTED, CALCULATING CHARITY.

The poor wretch, he begged a nickel and what mattered it what for?
If for bread or beer, his stomach was the best judge of its needs;
Those who pause disbursing favors all good-hearted men abhor,
They've no use for benefactors who dole charity by creeds.
He was begging, 'twas sufficient, and he looked most abject too,
With the mercury at zero, and the rags upon his back
Let the winds from Manitoba in a hurricane pass through,
'Twas no time for hesitation, and one's purse strings should be slack.

There be those who'll ask one's nation, his religion and so on,
Ere their mustard seeds of gizzards to poor pleaders will respond;
They'll outstare the sad-eyed creatures, those whose lives are nearly gone,
And who stand upon the threshold of the great unknown beyond.
Think, if health and friends should leave you, and you had to face the blast,
With a stomach wild with craving, and it gnawing for relief,
Would you then bepraise the donor, who would pause and doubt your past
As he doled you out a nickel to assuage your nameless grief?
"God rewards the cheerful giver," and the widow's mite is sure
To ascend above the planets, where recording angels stand,
To write down all benefactions which are given to the poor,
In that awful book of records kept in Canaan's happy land.
If for beer or bread, what matter, so we heed the sad appeal
To appease the fearful gnawing of the wretch who supplicates?
And if cheerfully we do it, how much better will we feel,
When we're called for final judgment passing through the Pearly Gates.

**ON A REVEREND FRIEND'S DEPARTURE ON
A VACATION.**

Dear father, before you depart,
I meekly solicit your blessing.
Bon voyage, I wish from my heart,
'Mid tear-drops most ready to start,
And feelings at parting distressing.

You've toiled in God's vineyard right here
With all of a zealot's devotion,
For many a wearisome year,
'Tis time for a season you'd steer
Away for a rest o'er the ocean.

If I had your job, my old friend,
I'd envy no Saint up in glory,
A paradise here would I spend,
Till life's very furthermost end,
An octogenarian hoary.

You've only to pass round the hat,
And tell your good people you're ailing.
'Twill soon be filled up for you fat,
With fives and ten dollars at that,
And hearty God-speeds to you sailing.

This winter's not very severe,
Yet, father, I'd like to be going
Away with your reverence from here,
To stifle my breast full of fear,
Expecting the freezing and snowing.

I know you would settle all bills,
“God blesses the generous giver ;”
I don’t require tonics or squills,
Peruna, Nervura or pills,
To tune up my stomach or liver.

We’d tumble old care to the fish,
Once Sandy Hook ranged o’er the stern
We’d dine on full many a dish,
And gratify each honest wish
We’d hanker for till our return.

I don’t think you’ll give your consent,
You call me a hardened old sinner ;
If with you I go, I’ll repent,
And chew every Friday next Lent
The tail of a herring for dinner.

God speed you again. May the skies
And the seas keep coquetting together,
As blue as my own darling’s eyes,
To give you a glorious surprise,
Of fair and enjoyable weather.

THE CHIEF CLERK.

His nibs is a wonderful fellow,
When once he gets hold of a pen,
Or typewriter, how he can bellow
When lifting the scalps of poor men !

He sits at his desk in his glory,
"He's monarch of all he surveys;"
The wretch would grow instantly hoary,
Who'd dare in his presence to sneeze.

The Czar of the Russias is truly
A babe in his scepter of state,
Compared to this Mickey Gilhooley,
Who thinks he's of lineage great.
He throws down the name of his master,
To philippics coined in his brain,
Intended to strike with disaster
Poor slaves of the engine or train.

How oft we are drugged with the malice
We get in full doses of guff,
Till full is our lives' bitter chalice,
From reading his damnable stuff!
In sarcasm "mighty is Allah,"
And keen as a mid-winter breeze,
When pen-dressing down a poor fellow,
Concluding like this: "Will you please?"

Some other sour pen-pushing apers
Surround his great highness serene,
Who dance when his majesty capers,
Whose style slinging ink is as mean.
That honest word "please," how it suffers,
Performing ambiguous work
For all of the poll-parrot duffers
And whale of the crowd, the chief clerk.

A man who attains a high station,
Has tact, or he'd never arise;
His head doesn't suffer inflation,
Or daggers don't shoot from his eyes.
'Tis underlings think they are mighty,
When clad with authority brief;
They soar up to atmosphere flighty,
And fancy themselves are the chief.

We know some head clerks who are gentle,
And patient and kind, but they're few;
In physical form, and in mental,
They stand out in every man's view.
We send them a kind salutation;
They're sure of promotion ahead;
For t'others, we'll pray for salvation
From fathoms in Hades when dead.

SMOKELESS FIRING.

I've lived on earth for many years,
The same as countless others.
Good firemen and good engineers,
Endeared to me as brothers;
We rose to progress on the rail,
And much we found inspiring,
But never met that word called "fail"
Till here came smokeless firing.

It is a fraud, or else a fad,
Beyond the bounds of reason,
To keep soft-coal dispensers mad
Both in and out of season,
Concocted in some fellow's brain,
Dead stuck on self-admiring,
Who fancied he could pull a train
On time with smokeless firing.

There's only one place where it works,
And that is down beneath us ;
Where every hare-brained mother's turk
On equal grounds must greet us !
There's no fog there, it's all white flame,
And cranks new fads desiring
May get their hearts full of the game
They preach of—smokeless firing.

THE BROTHERHOOD BARNACLE.

He always was boasting his pull with the lodge,
And work he endeavored to ceaselessly dodge ;
His tongue was perpetual motion almost,
And eloquent giving officials a roast ;
The road wasn't managed to suit him at all,
The trains were too heavy, which caused them to
stall,
The coal was but dirt, wasn't fit to make smoke,
And the fellow who purchased it only a bloke.

His engine required to be jacked from her frame,
Her pistons were blowing, her valves they were
lame;
Her flues they were dragging with mud through
the sheet,
And would not take up, for they could not get
heat;
Her pins were untrue, all her brasses played out,
And her boxes were ceaselessly flopping about;
Her guides had a rattle, her links were too
loose—
Oh, say? Such a chap should be fired to the
deuce.

The schedule he carried for hourly review,
To prove by it work not his duty to do,
He'd always debate it, construing each clause
To win from some fellows just like him, ap-
plause;
Neither he nor his pals gave a thought to the men
Who bearded the lion right into his den;
Who went, at the risk of their jobs, to obtain
From managers, rights on the engine and train.

To meeting, whenever in trouble, he'd go,
And occupy time telling chapters of woe;
He'd make out a case for the Grievance Com-
mittee,
He "built it on justice," he said, "and not pity;"

He urged the immediate attention of those
Who often endured railway managers' blows ;
When forced to defend worthless fellows like
 this,
Their only reward oft a cobra's hiss.

Thank God for the wisdom our leaders display,
It gives us a Brotherhood useful today ;
'Twill not go to war in defense of a wrong,
Nor let the disturbers have charge of it long ;
'Twill stand by the poorest, if only he's right,
And win for him justice, if needs, with a fight ;
But, asking for justice, the same it must give,
So roads and ourselves can in harmony live.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

We felt, oh, so sad, when you left us,
 Our anguish can never be told,
All joy at the notice bereft us,
 Our hearts took a shiver with cold ;
We knew when we heard you were going,
 We'd never get over our grief,
Mein Gott ! how our tears down were flowing !
 Alas ! who can give us relief ?

Oh, parting ! there's nothing but trouble
 Right here in this world of ours,
Life's sweets, which you made round us bubble,
 Are all at our loss gone to sours ;

We gathered in groups to bewail you
When truth set its stamp on our loss,
God pity the man who'd assail you,
The rascal to Hades we'd toss !

Some said that a nice presentation
Subscribed by us all on the road,
Would grace such a gloomy occasion—
Our grief's incomparable load ;
While others insisted on saying
“No present could fathom our grief.”
We then on our knees all flopped praying
For Jove to extend us relief.

Sure, parting from friends is a sorrow,
It opens the floodgates of tears,
Now hopeless we look on the morrow,
Because all the friendship of years
Is severed—God help us—forever,
Your goodness we loudly recall,
Your life was a ceaseless endeavor
To prove your great love for us all.

Bye, bye, dear; ta, ta, love; God speed you!
Oh, smooth be the road you may tread;
May angels thrice daily be near you,
And feed you on well-buttered bread;
And now, from our hearts which are breaking
All over each mile of the track,
We sorely regret the leave-taking,
And pray, “May you never come back.”

ILLUSTRIOS GUESTS.

I'm delving 'mongst my books tonight,
The choicest gems perusing,
For all alone, I take delight
Amid the poets musing;
Rich melodies I cull from Moore,
Enshrined in mental urns,
And next inside the ploughman's door,
I chat with Bobbie Burns.

Majestic strains from Byron's lyre
Salute my glowing fancy,
And Walter Scott's poetic fire,
Can sway like necromancy.
The martial strains of Homer's song
Roll forth in liquid sweetness,
And Dante moves his lines along
In grandeur and completeness.

Through Auburn's hawthorn lanes I glide
In Goldsmith's famous village,
And grieve to see man's wealth and pride
Deprive the land of tillage;
At Southey's waterfall I stay,
To hear its ceaseless plashing,
Its grand effect of foam and spray,
That down Lodore comes dashing.

Here's Longfellow, my charming friend,
The Brownings both beside him,
And with sad Poe a time I spend,
Although some men deride him;
Gray's masterpiece I often read,
And Father Prout is glorious,
Tom Hood I clutch with miser's greed,
And laugh with Swift uproarious.

I've John G. Saxe, morocco bound,
With Myles and Whitcomb Riley,
And Whittier 'mongst my guests is found,
With Shelley, Holmes and Smiley,
Jean Ingelow, and Eliza Cook,
Leigh Hunt, Bret Harte and Halleck ;
By Tennyson's clear, laughing brook
I often love to frolic.

Here's Shakespeare, king of earthly kings,
And Cowper, who so grave is ;
And Lowell, who so sweetly sings,
And noble Thomas Davis.
With Thackeray, and bouillabaisse,
We brim a glass to Terre ;
And Kipling can my wrinkled face
Suffuse with smiling merry.

I've Praed, a rhyme-creating chap,
And Milton, who sublime is ;
To Meredith I touch my cap,
And Mangan, which no crime is ;

And "Deacon,"—dear old "Deacon!"—you
And Mickey Free, together,
Are cherished with a feeling true,
Tho' told in rhyming blether.

I've scores I cannot classify
I sit with late and early,
But can't intrude ill-naturedly
Upon your space, dear Charley.
They're brilliant lights of genius, all;
They'll live adown the ages;
No shadows on their fame can fall,
Nor dim become their pages.

OUTWARD BOUND AGAIN.

Once more our old Brotherhood ship
Goes seaward triumphant. God bless her.
Her anchors are hanging a-trip,
The seas just begin to caress her.
Her officers yet in command,
That conned her through all sorts of danger,
Her course isn't far from the land,
Her keel to the same is no stranger.

Great Jove! how delighted she rides!
How grand to an old-time observer!
So buoyantly breasting the tides,
O'er seas where no breezes can swerve her

To show but the slightest lee drift
From where she securely is charted;
No matter how much the winds shift,
She'll not from her landmarks be parted.

Her Admiral paces the deck
In all sorts of fair or foul weather,
To guard her from tempest or wreck,
Or drifting too closely together
To other trim ships close aboard,
Which cruise within hail in the offing,
With all sorts of friendliness stored,
And colors of partnership doffing.

Two years on this voyage she'll be,
From Norfolk's hospitable bowers.
Until she returns from the sea,
To anchor mid billows of flowers,
Near Nature's most ravishing shores,
Where friendship and pleasure are blended,
And citizens' wide-open doors
Are waiting her voyage to be ended.

Dear Kelley, your eloquent tongue
Has captured us pilgrims by dozens,
We've songs full of praise yet unsung
For boys on the coast, and for cousins.
Say, Dick, what a glorious day
We spent on Virginia's waters,
When sailing o'er Chesapeake Bay,
With mothers, wives, sisters and daughters!

If Paradise equals such joys,
I'll pray that my sins be forgiven,
So, after my death, with the boys
And the girls I can cruise around heaven,
On board of some gallant "Louise"
As trim as the good ship that bore us
That day over Southern seas,
To scenes full of rapture before us.

COAL DUST AND HEALTH.

When one's muscles are strained to their fullest extent
By many long hours he's on duty,
When one's back is all aching, and over is bent,
Sure a chap cannot pose as a beauty;
When one's face is smeared thickly with black-strap and coal,
And he looks most repulsively frightful,
Don't you fool yourself thinking he'll soon fill a hole,
For his appetite's really delightful.

With a piece of black waste he'll wipe fingers and thumb,
And the bucket he'll dive in with vigor,
To snatch out a ham sandwich that soon he'll make hum
Down his throat, without thought of his figure;

He's an appetite sharp as a Shantytown cat,
And he cares not for stomach or liver,
With the coal dust and grub he keeps healthy and
fat,
And he sings songs of praise to the Giver.

Many proud millionaires, with their coffers of
wealth,
I am certain would gladly change places,
And the gods they would thank for the strength
and the health
Of the lads with the tawny-smoked faces;
And the stomachs to stand the ham sandwiches,
smeared
With a little good mustard, while riding
On a level, when high up the quadrant she's
geared,
Or when waiting a meet on the siding.

THE ENGINEER AND THE FIREMAN.

A loyal pair together,
As gentle as young doves,
With hearts as light as feather,
Or birds in leafy groves.
They've naught to do but squander
The rosy hours away
Or on grand scenes to ponder
From dawn till close of day.

The grangers in the meadows,
Or yokels at the plows,
Just merely see their shadows—
But not their beaded brows.
They cast begrudging glances
From furrow and from mead,
As on the train advances,
At sometimes dubious speed.

They can indulge in dreaming
Of hammock 'neath the trees,
Or with their sweethearts scheming,
Fanned by a spicy breeze;
Or how to spend the money
The pay car brings along—
Such brain work keeps them funny—
And fills the cabs with song.

Official smiles await them
For losing precious time;
No caustic tongues berate them,
Or on nerve-centers chime;
They need not give excuses
For mishaps of the rail,
Besides, they'll find abuses
Corrected without fail.

Oh, weary loads of trouble
Concealed in anguished hearts!
Oh, stalls and hills to double,
Bad stops and slipping starts!
Oh, flues that leak like fountains,
And crown-sheets coming down,
And grades as steep as mountains
Between them and the town!

Oh, thumping rods and brasses!
Oh, blowing valves and rings!
Oh, poor o'er-loaded asses,
Whom people fancy kings,
What obstacles beset you
Most every mile you make,
To fume and freely fret you,
Until your heart-strings break!

AN ECHO FROM WHITEFISH BAY.

I have been with the crowd at Milwaukee,
I returned, like a countrified gawky,
From that mem'ral trip,
With a bad dose of grippie,
And a tongue furr'd, much swollen, and balky.

My physician he calls it bronchitis,
How the Lord sends such ailments to smite us!
Every laugh we enjoy
Has a load of alloy
That is certain to painfully bite us.

One fine morning, 'mid sunshine and flowers,
Off we started for cool shady bowers,
Ninety-two was the mark,
But before it grew dark
A cold wave changed our sweets into sours.

It was then my teeth chattered together,
And I sang songs in praise of the weather;
I had plenty of chums
Who had none in their gums,
Who wore raiment as light as a feather.

My two eyes now are sightless from coughing,
And my hat to my Maker I'm doffing;
I've a long string of ills,
Can't be purged out by pills,
Spread o'er years I've been doubting and scoffing.

I expect to pull through,—Heaven grant it!
Send me back that good health often vaunted,
And I'll not be so frisk,
My poor body to risk,
In a clime where such ailments are planted.

HOMeward Bound.

TO THE G. I. A.

Dear ladies fair, two years have passed
Since off we sailed together,
With colors floating from each mast,
To sea in pleasant weather ;
The skies were bright, the waters blue,
The good ship staunch that bore us,
A gallant and a willing crew
And smiling hope before us.

No sooner were the harbor lights
And landmarks left behind us,
Than to the main went "Equal Rights,"
The flag 'neath which you find us ;
We carried it from dear St. Paul,
And always kept it floating
In rain or shine, in calm or squall,
In rough or placid boating.

We touched at many pleasant isles,
Where kindly friends did greet us,
With glowing hearts and sunny smiles
And open arms to meet us ;
But scarcely were our moorings made
Than came again the parting,
Their kindness on our feelings played,
And sent the tear-drops starting.

We never sailed for seas unknown,
Inviting certain danger,
In frigid' or in torrid zone
Our ship has been a stranger ;
A middle course we kept along
Where prudence did remind us
We'd speed our way, and free from wrong,
Return to those behind us.

Obedience to established rules
Implicitly we've rendered ;
No lore of inexperienced schools
To any have we tendered.
Our charts have always been our guide,
We sought no deviation,
Though winds and oft an adverse tide
Made tedious navigation.

The "G. I. A." is homeward bound,
The harbor she is nearing,
Her colors float, she's safe and sound,
For Ottawa we're steering,
To give you a complete report,
From competent recorders,
In full detail, of every sort,
Since given sailing orders.

OUR "OLD GLORY."

Let the flag of our Union be flaunted
Aloft in the breezes that blow ;
Let us all, boys, salute it undaunted,
Without any fear of a foe.

We move in the vanguard of labor,
Enrolled for the good we can do ;
Each one recognizing his neighbor,
And all federated and true.

No line of exclusion's permitted
To keep us one instant apart,
Each man in the place where he's fitted
We greet from the depths of the heart ;
If a punch, or a brake, or a lever,
Retains him on duty, what then ?
The tools which he works with shall never
Be thought of to rate him 'mongst men.

In days now gone by we were foolish,
And thought we could go it alone ;
So, while we were stubborn and mulish,
We often chewed hard on a bone ;
But now, since united together,
The strong nobly aiding the weak,
My comrades, without any blether,
We sometimes get porterhouse steak.

Bethink you one moment, my brother,
Of favors our Order has won,
Esteemed ones, and somehow or other,
We seldom have fired off a gun.

Conservative acts and attention
To duty have gained us a name,
Which we hold without apprehension
Of tarnishing ever our fame.

In block-tossing days long departed,
I've wondered when firemen could stand
Up erect, self-possessed, and brave-hearted,
In union all over the land;
Down deep in the depths of oppression
I groveled too often, alas!
Rebuked for the slightest transgression,
And roasted from polishing brass.

I prayed for relief, 'twas unheaded;
I groaned for redress from my woe,
The aches of my toil were exceeded
Too oft by a taskmaster's blow.
But once the old banner fraternal
Was flung to the breeze, a man blind
Could see that all torture infernal
Was pitched to the devil behind.

Conductors, telegraphers, brakemen,
And switchmen, and engineers, too,
Your hands now extend and come shake,
men,
With hands now extended to you.
Level down, level up, and united,
Each peer to the other are we,
With interests faithfully plighted
Together from center to sea.

OUR LODGE OF SORROW.

'Tis our lodge of sorrow day,
And for all who've passed away
 Here we mourn;
They were faithful and were good,
And our dear old Brotherhood
 Did adorn.

Call the roster of the moons,
The Decembers and the Junes,
 Till we hear
Who have passed the Great Divide,
And are now on t'other side—
 Brothers dear

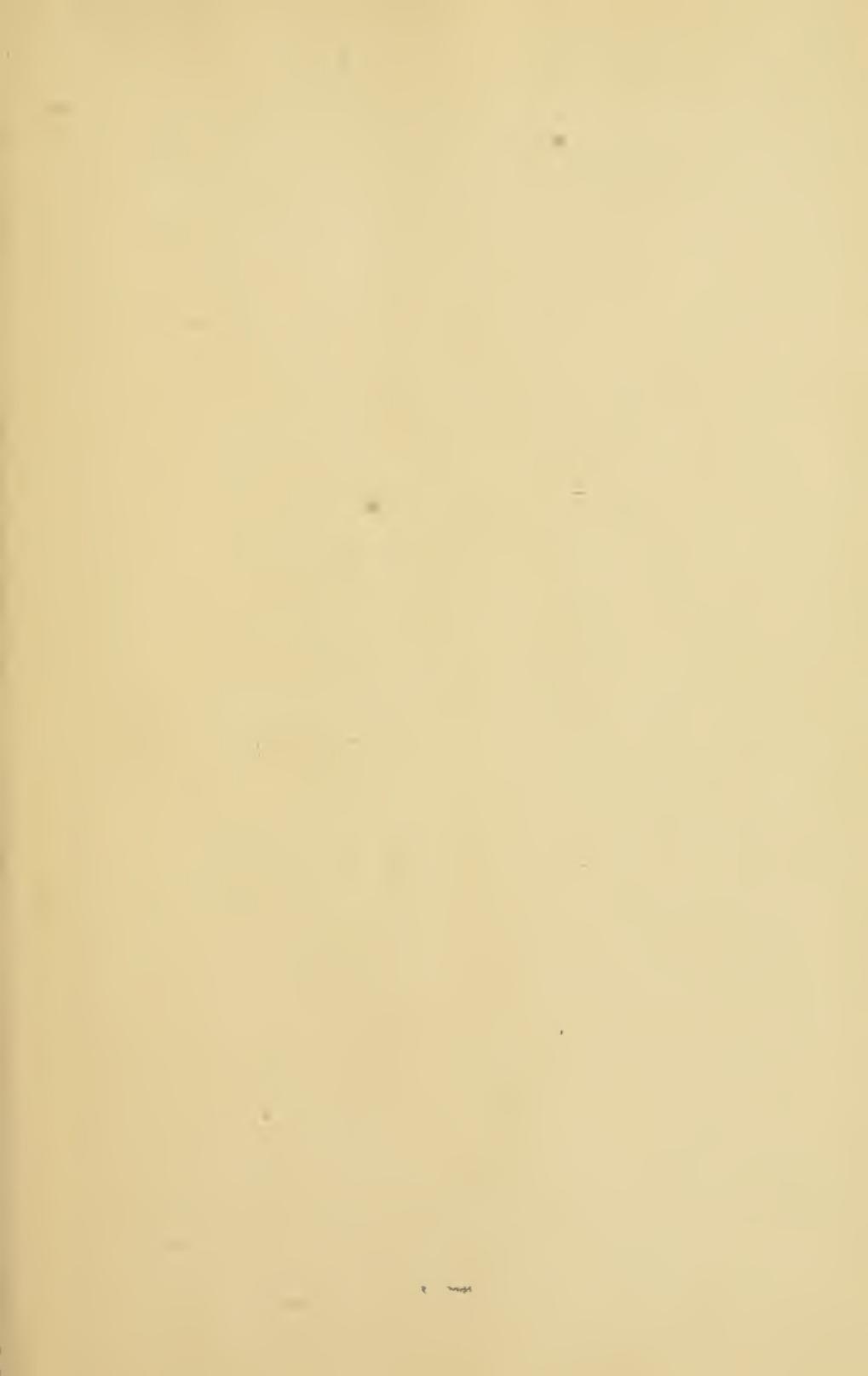
"Why's the charter draped in black?"
"A poor victim of the track
 Met his doom.
Wife and little ones may weep,
But he sleeps the silent sleep
 Of the tomb."

"There's another vacant chair!"
"A poor comrade right from there
 Went across.
He was to the order true,
And that chair when it we view,
 Tells our loss."

"Here's one more!" " 'Twas dire disease
Made his heart beats slowly cease,
Seeking bread;
He's a widow's only joy,
Now she weeps her noble boy,
Who is dead."

Strike the bell with solemn sound,
Let us hope their souls have found
Peaceful rest,
In the realms of God above,
Crowned with everlasting love
'Mid the blest.

And when we, too, pass away,
Let some friends above us say
"Here they lie,
Poor enfranchised galley slaves,
Whose souls passed beyond these graves
To the sky."



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